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August 22, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONA LY

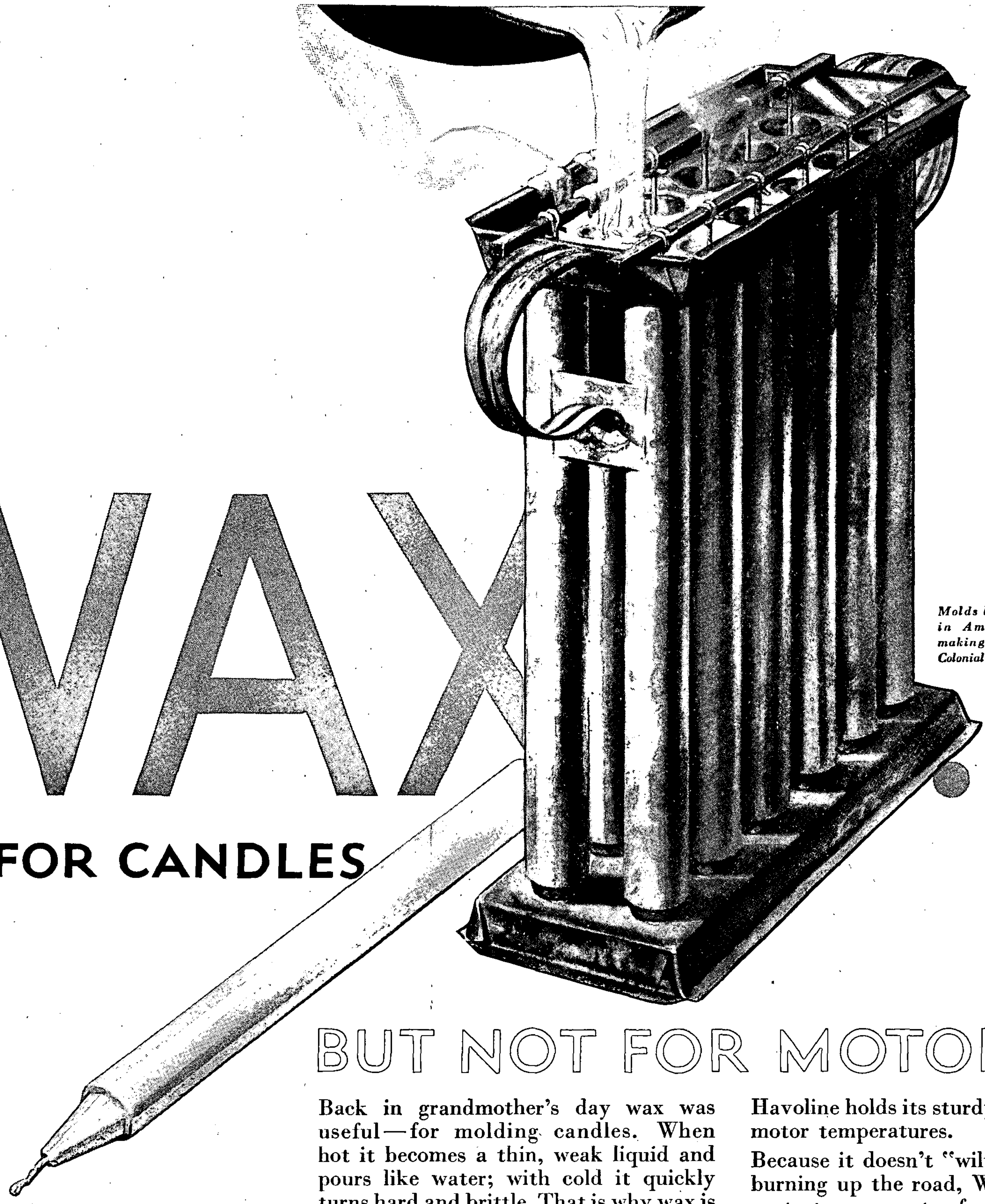
Gold Bricks by Radio

an article by

William G. Shepherd

WAX...

GOOD FOR CANDLES



Molds like this were used in American homes for making candles, from early Colonial times to about 1840.

BUT NOT FOR MOTOR OIL

Back in grandmother's day wax was useful—for molding candles. When hot it becomes a thin, weak liquid and pours like water; with cold it quickly turns hard and brittle. That is why wax is a poor lubricant for today's high-compression motors.

For years, all paraffin-base motor oils contained wax. It was in the crude and could not be completely separated—until improvements in refining made possible The New Waxfree Havoline.

When you fill your crankcase with this revolutionary oil, you are buying a 100%-distilled lubricant—not a mixture of light oil and sluggish residuum. Entirely free from wax and other volatile impurities, Waxfree Havoline holds its sturdy oiliness at high motor temperatures.

Because it doesn't "wilt" when you are burning up the road, Waxfree Havoline protects your motor from slow, insidious wear. It continues to cushion hot racing bearings—to sheathe pistons—to defy friction—when your motor is blistering hot. Neither does it stiffen your motor or clog the oil line when cold weather comes.

For economy's sake, for your own peace of mind, keep wax out of your motor. Drain and refill—*today*—with the proper grade of Waxfree Havoline. Remember: *Waxfree means carefree!*

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WAXFREE OIL
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
LOOK FOR
THIS SIGN

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General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois
Sales Offices: Indianapolis, Indiana

35c A QUART Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

USE ONLY *The New*

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

If you want the finest quality in a high-grade *regular* oil, use Blended Havoline—25c a Quart.

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An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 178 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

GOOD CROPS DEPEND ON GOOD SEED

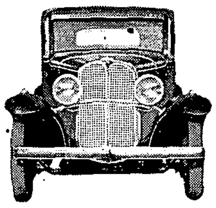
Ambitious farm boys, as they help to till the soil, learn first of all that only selected seed can grow the choicest crop. Much the same thing is true of building a barn, constructing a road, or making an automobile . . . the materials we start with largely govern our success.

We have searched the world over for the right materials for our cars. For instance, we have found that the best material for cylinder blocks is an alloy containing a rare type of iron obtainable only in a remote section of the Province of Oriente on the northeast coast of Cuba. In the original ore—called Mayari ore—nature has combined certain proportions of nickel, chromium, vanadium and titanium which no man has ever been able to duplicate.

Using this iron, we are enabled to make cylinder block castings with nearly twice the usual strength. The ore costs us a great deal more, but with it we can make our cylinder walls of such even texture that they take a glass-like finish. They last much longer, and hold a higher compression all through their life. Thus the motors in Oaklands and Pontiacs gain in both durability and performance.

And so it is with many other materials that go into these cars . . . we get piston electro-plating materials from Malaya; chromium from British South Africa and Portuguese East Africa; cadmium for rust-proofing from Australia and Transylvania; and antimony for Babbitt metal from Bolivia and China.

But if results interest you more than causes, will you drive one of these two fine cars? Learn the extra measure of value they offer through careful choosing of materials.

OAKLAND 8  **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

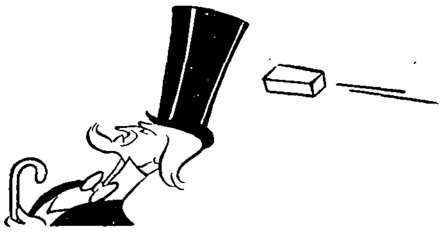
Bodies by Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WITH characteristic thoughtfulness for your comfort we have arranged to mitigate the late August warmth by a new and individual cooling device—a shudder-producer made by one E. Phillips Oppenheim. We guarantee it for ten weeks. It is simple in principle, the motive force being supplied by a smile—the sort of smile that pursues you in your dreams. It pursued Reuben Argels across the ocean. Not even the presence of Amboyna, the exquisite and enchanting movie actress, could distract Argels' mind from the smile on the face of his friend Moran Chambers when Chambers, on Argels' testimony, was sent to Sing Sing. The title is "The Man from Sing Sing" and it implies, quite accurately, that Chambers didn't stay there.

"GOOD fences make good neighbors," they used to say. Our neighbor on the north doesn't think so. She is particularly irked by the tariff fence erected by Messrs. Hawley and Smoot, and she is prepared to do things about it. Collier's sent Walter Davenport to Canada to get a first-hand account of this irritability—which is known, officially, as Nationalism. He found a number of causes, nor were they all economic. Canada thinks we're getting a little beyond ourselves, that we are lacking in modesty about the World War, that our radio stations make too much noise and that we are, to put it bluntly, up-stage. You'll find all sixteen sides of the question discussed in "Uncle Sam's High Hat."



AND then we invite you to leave all consideration of international policies behind and turn your attention to international—and universal—romance. The scene, this time, is the Gulf of California. Emma-Lindsay Squier tells the story of young Don Armando and that glorious sea nymph Reina, the "Queen of Pearls."

"I FREELY admit that my client made away with three of his wives in rapid succession, collected their life insurance money and spent it in the entertainment of girls to whom he was introduced by night-club hostesses. But this is the only blot upon an otherwise perfect character . . ." This extract from the speech of Mr. Anthony Billkus to the jury is not so much a defense of his client as a condemnation of the "plague that spreads forth from Moscow." It is part of a report prepared for Collier's by Don Marquis, who has, as the quotation proves, been interviewing a number of Eminent Authorities.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN writes the Short Short Story. Talbert Josselyn contributes the story of a golf game played for money and "Revenge." Commodore Hartley and W. B. Courtney continue their genial review of things maritime in "The Old Whale Blows." Frederick Hazlitt Brennan contributes "Get That Squarehead!" a story of courage. Kathleen Norris continues the adventures of the impetuous Sheila Carscadden and Arthur Somers Roche brings his serial to a triumphant close.

THIS WEEK

August 22, 1931

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COURTESY OF THE ROAD

Any Week

WE HOPE Mr. Pete Lister of Moline, Illinois, is now feeling better. "Collier's is a tonic and so soothing to the nerves after shooting an eighteen-hole gang of lizard golf shots," he writes and, eager to help those likewise afflicted, we pass on his prescription. There must be something in the very name of Lister that causes its bearer to think in terms of balm for the suffering. Keep on with your medicine, Mr. Lister.

MR. S. C. PAYNE, a native son of Arkansas who is now in the state of Washington and expects to start back soon, didn't like "The Drought and Other Blessings," by Walter Davenport.

"His article is a direct, forceful insult to anyone who is a native, or has lived in Arkansas," writes Mr. Payne, who removes the sting by calling himself an enthusiastic reader of Collier's.

BUT Mr. Charles Stuck, in the lumber business at Jonesboro, Arkansas, thinks "Walter Davenport paid Arkansas one of the highest compliments ever paid the state publicly." He concludes a letter we wish we could quote completely with the belief that "Arkansas stands on the threshold of a development period such as never has been seen in the history of our state." We agree with him, and it won't be confined to Arkansas, either.

MR. F. P. PICKARD of Spokane, Washington, lets us know that Courtney Ryley Cooper's "Queen of Beasts" brought back pleasant recollections of circus days. "I remember the grizzled old man while on his last Western tour with John M. Ringling. He is an unparalleled character, a true, sincere, big-hearted and care-free kid. Cooper is real."

As Mr. Cooper reads this that head of his, as grizzled as an eggplant, is undoubtedly red.

PHILIP WYLIE'S stories about Willis Perkins, the wistful amateur detective, have brought many letters of applause. The latest is from G. P. Molloy of Newark, New Jersey, who asks for more. He ends with what we take to be a one-word supplication: "Puh-leese." But what do *you* make of it, Willis Perkins?

MR. S. R. RAMSAY of Houston, Texas, is adamant. "Germany caused the World War," he writes, "now let her pay and pay in full." Just how the payments can be made he doesn't say but, referring to our editorial "As We Forgive Our Debtors," Mr. Ramsay reveals that he is privy to the Divine will. "That famous prayer as handed down by our blessed Master," he says, "does not apply to Germany, under the present circumstances."

YOUNG Mr. Thomas Cameron, a Chicago sophomore, thinks Corey Ford's short short story "Freshman" equals any of the classics he reads along with his textbooks, which is praise far from faint. And Mr. G. D. Michalopoulos, who has been reading us for the past four years of his life in Chicago, asks us to print Collier's *twice* a week. Have pity, Mr. Michalopoulos. Think of Mr. Lister. Would you like to see him soothed right into a decline? We wouldn't.

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$2.00 a year in the United States; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

It's that *EXTRA* something that creates Cuisine

...Clicquot *has it!*

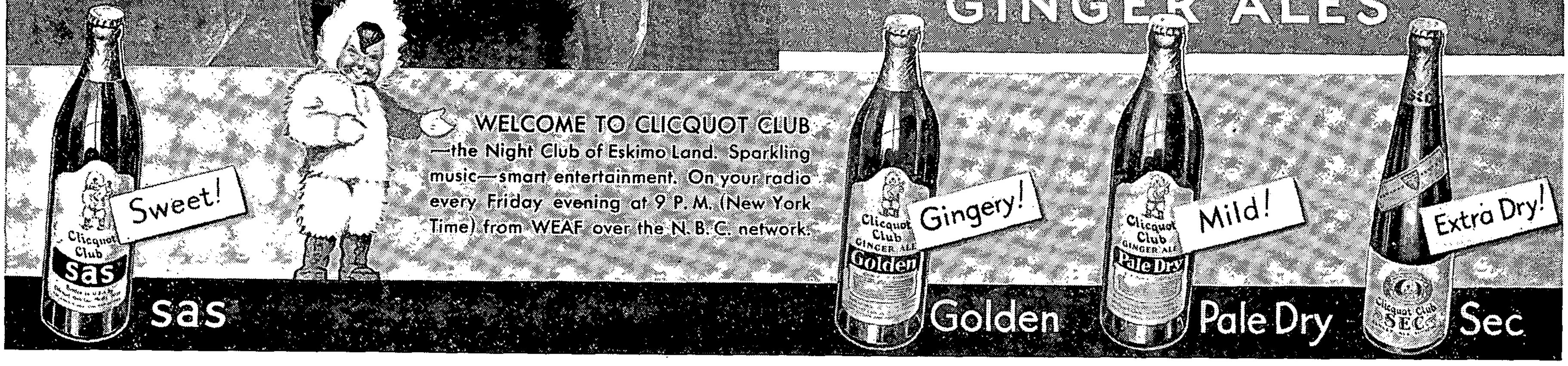
THE subtle skill of a world-famed chef... the secret of a delicious sauce. The difference between *cuisine* and just cooking. It takes the chef's own deft touch — that all-important *something more* that only the few possess — that EXTRA something.

Clicquot has it!

In its richer, mellower flavor... in its sparkling, keener life lies the secret of a subtle blending — a longer, slower blending that develops extra quality. That distinctive and delightful charm that has won the favor of three generations for this fine old American ginger ale.

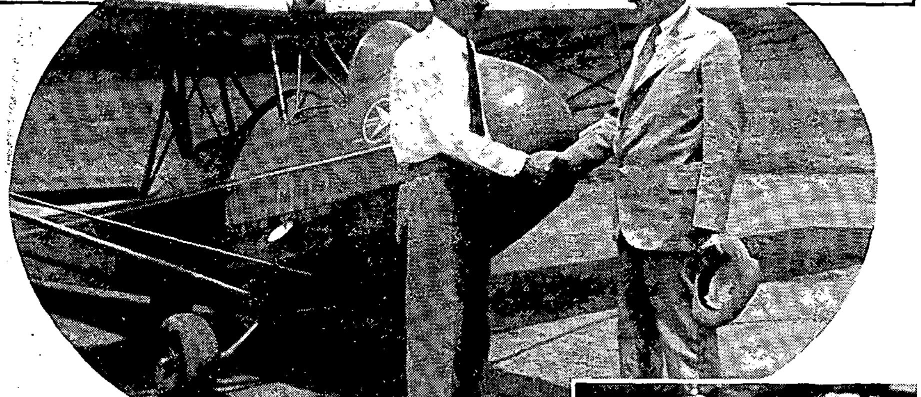
Enjoy its delicious mellowness — its gay, dancing bubbles, zestful and alive! Three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales await your choice — Pale Dry, Golden and SEC — each to suit a different taste. And SAS, Clicquot's own delicious confection drink with the true sarsaparilla flavor.

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALES

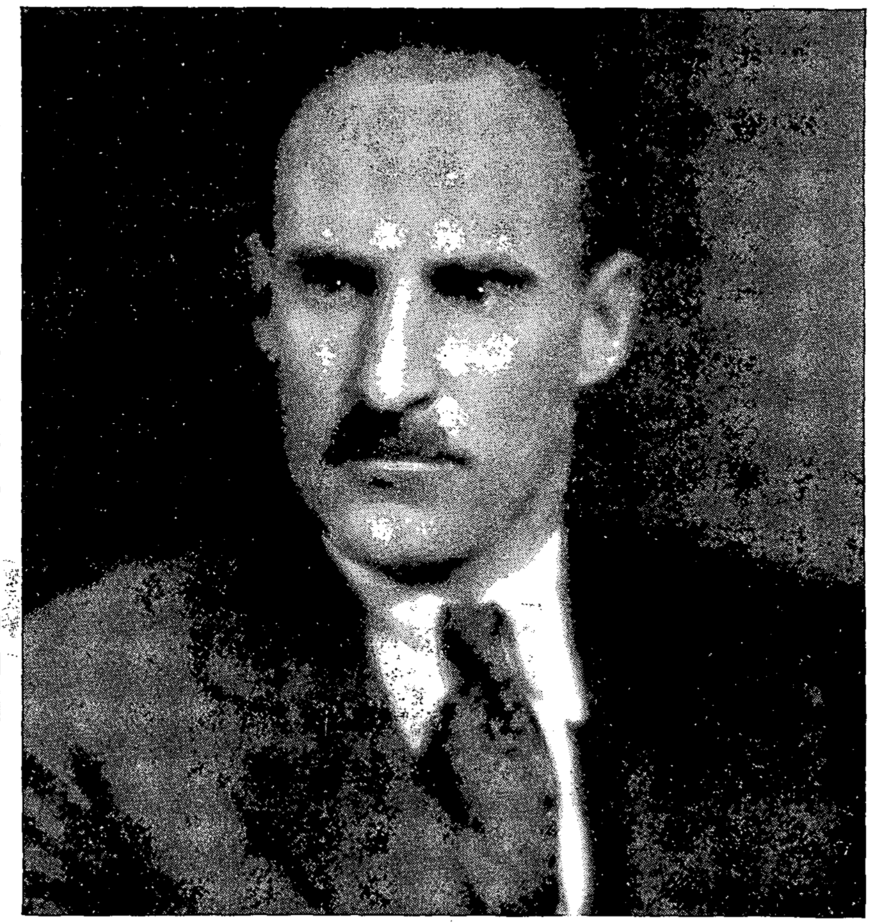

Sweet!
sas
Gingery!
Golden
Mild!
Pale Dry
Extra Dry!
Sec

WELCOME TO CLICQUOT CLUB —the Night Club of Eskimo Land. Sparkling music—smart entertainment. On your radio every Friday evening at 9 P. M. (New York Time) from WEAF over the N. B. C. network.

"IT TAKES GOOD MATERIALS TO MAKE *Good Shoes* JUST AS IT DOES TO MAKE *Good Aeroplanes*"



J. F. Jarman, President, Jarman Shoe Co., greeting Casey Jones on arrival at Nashville



Says CASEY JONES

Vice-President, Curtiss-Wright Corporation

Visits Friendly Five Factory

"A few days ago I had the pleasure of visiting the factories of the Jarman Shoe Company in Nashville and seeing for myself just how Friendly Five Shoes are made.

"I was surprised to find that it is possible to use the finest, most expensive leathers in a shoe selling for five dollars. However, anyone visiting this factory soon sees that low cost, without sacrificing grade of material, is accomplished by the application of Mr. Jarman's 'Pennies for Profit' plan and by the high degree of specialization carried out in each operation.

"The best way I can explain just what I think of Friendly Five Shoes is to say that I have eight pairs of shoes and six of them are Friendly Fives. The other two are flying shoes."

Casey Jones

If you have normal feet you may be fitted perfectly and comfortably in Friendly Five Shoes, for they may be had in sizes from the small 3 to the unusually large 15, and in widths from the extremely narrow AAAA to the extra wide EEEE. Every pair of Friendly Five Shoes is made over scientifically measured, combination lasts, insuring a comfortable fit throughout. The heel of each pair of Friendly Fives is one width narrower than the ball, insuring a snug fit at the ankle — another reason Friendly Five Shoes are *Friendly to the feet.*

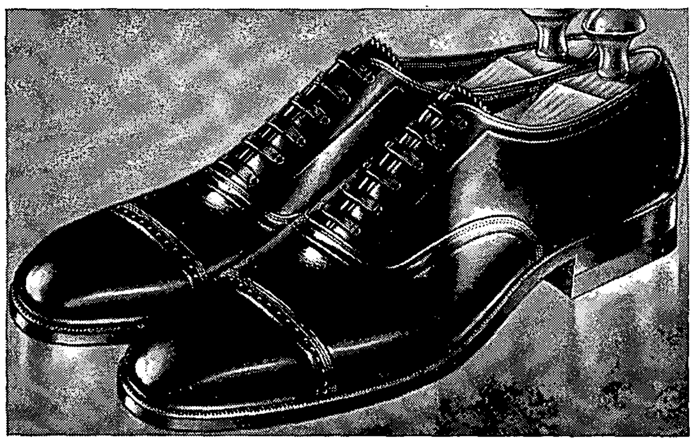
Here the choicest leather is carefully examined by experts before being fashioned into shoes.

- Friendly Five Shoes are sold by 5,243 stores in 48 states and 18 foreign countries. If you are not acquainted with your local dealer, write the factory—a post card will do—and name of nearest dealer and style booklet will be mailed you immediately.

SIZES 3 TO 15

•

WIDTHS AAAA TO EEEE



This is a typical example of the seventy smart styles available in Friendly Five Shoes. If these shoes were produced in old style factories by old fashioned methods, it has been estimated they would cost from $10 to $12. The style illustrated is the Senior, No. 446.

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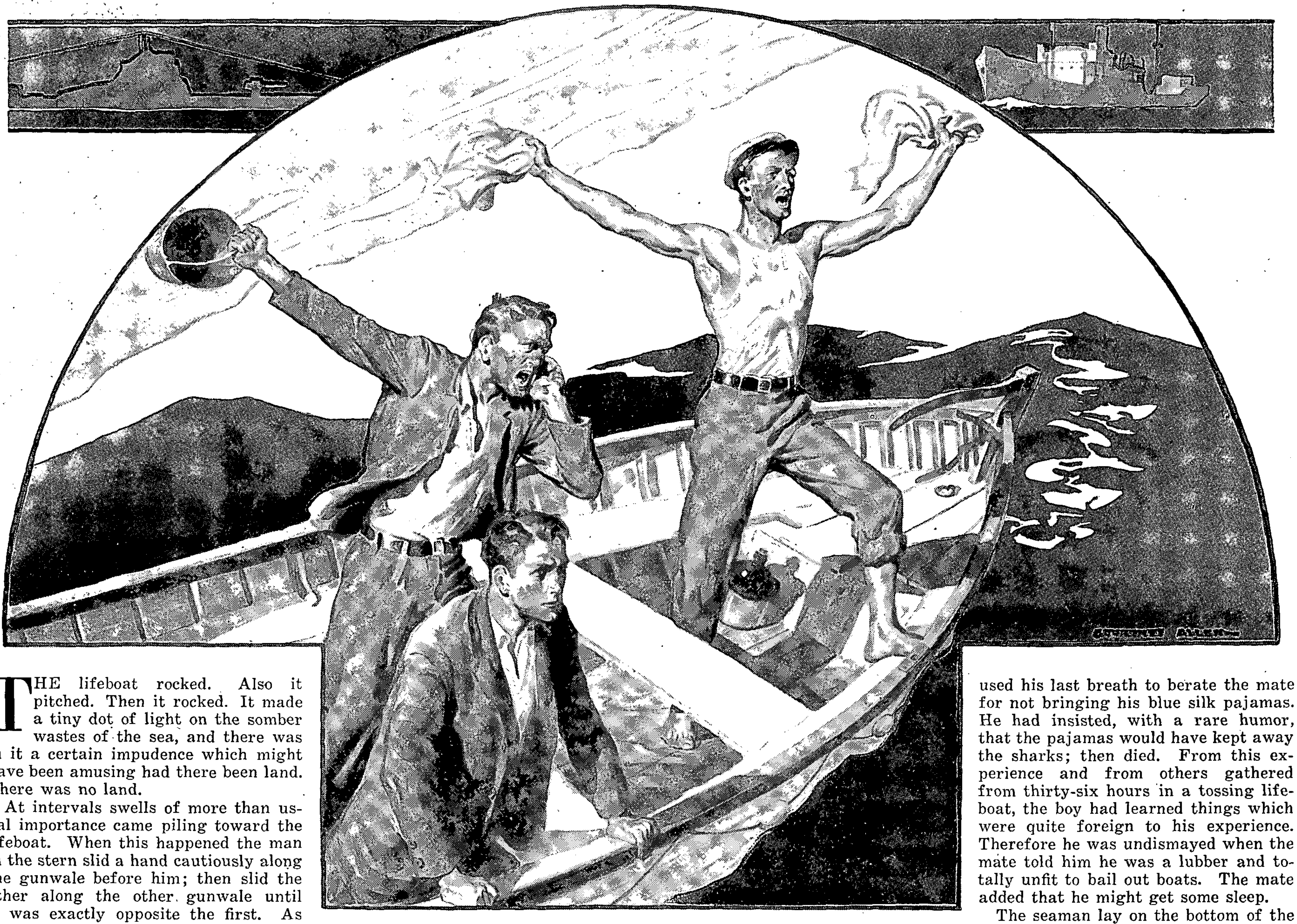
Friendly Five *Shoes*

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ALL STYLES $5

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers,* NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Collier's The National Weekly for August 22, 1931



The mate shouted as if the men on the destroyer could hear him

Torpedo Bait

One of those forgotten epics that war and the sea produced

By Stephen Grant Cooke

THE lifeboat rocked. Also it pitched. Then it rocked. It made a tiny dot of light on the somber wastes of the sea, and there was in it a certain impudence which might have been amusing had there been land. There was no land.

At intervals swells of more than usual importance came piling toward the lifeboat. When this happened the man in the stern slid a hand cautiously along the gunwale before him; then slid the other along the other gunwale until it was exactly opposite the first. As the lifeboat approached the crest he pulled himself to a half-standing position from which he searched the waves with great intentness. Then the others would cry out to him, "See it? Where? Is it gone yet?" Whereupon the seeker would point, but as the boat slewed downward, his pointing finger would describe an arc equal to half the horizon, so the next time he would have to search for it all over again.

That which they sought in the welter of seas was the periscope of a submarine. It had been with them constantly since morning of the day before.

In the limited area of a lifeboat men learn to value one another on a basis not comparable to that of ordinary life. Or they learn to hate one another with a hatred that is not comparable to anything. That these men had come to respect one another was strange. For one was the mate of the tramp steamer Olive Tree, torpedoed and sunk the morning before off the Azores Islands. One was a merchant seaman from the same tramp. And the third was a boy who did not want to kill.

The boy bailed. He filled the bucket; swung it over the side in an exact arc; returned it in the same arc; repeated. His movements had the same interminable quality about them which characterized the relentless seesawings of the boat; senseless, nerveless, meaningless motion. But in spite of the weariness in his face, there was a quiet deliberation in the sweep of his young arms. Frequently he swept strands of chestnut hair from his eyes with one blistered hand. When he did this, he stopped bailing and looked at the sea. His hazel eyes should have held the frank, immaculate gaze of youth. They did not. They were glazed with a great unbelief; an unbelief in all that was happening to him. This thing might happen in nightmares; it might happen in stories; but it would not—could not—happen to him.

THE boy felt that he was about to die. He was not afraid. This surprised him. Drowning, it now seemed, would be a comfort. His mind toyed with the problem. It could not be that he now looked at death with indifference because in running from war, war had caught him the more securely. It was not that Ann would be thinking him coward and slacker. These things he had considered, and faced, and followed to their ends. Nor could it be because of the harsh imprint of a silhouette in the dawn before—of the star-pointed bow of a brave ship, then nothing—that still lurked in the eyes of all three. It must be, he decided, simply the consuming exhaustion which dwarfed the importance of everything save the necessity to halt—if only for the tiniest breathing space—this incessant motion. In exactly the same flat tone in which one says "It is going to rain" the boy said, "I am going to die!"

"Go ahead," said the mate.

"Huh?" queried the man on the bottom. "That U-boat coming back already? Yuh'd think them guys'd get tired towing us around all night; then laying off all day just watching. Don't them krauts ever get homesick?"

"Naw," returned the mate. "Pig-boat sailors don't have no homes. They just has dates with mermaids! Besides, some ship'll see us and stop. Then the U-boat gets a swell shot at 'em. Boom. More men in lifeboats."

The evening before, when the carpenter lay dying in the lifeboat, he had used his last breath to berate the mate for not bringing his blue silk pajamas. He had insisted, with a rare humor, that the pajamas would have kept away the sharks; then died. From this experience and from others gathered from thirty-six hours in a tossing lifeboat, the boy had learned things which were quite foreign to his experience. Therefore he was undismayed when the mate told him he was a lubber and totally unfit to bail out boats. The mate added that he might get some sleep.

The seaman lay on the bottom of the boat. His hair made a bright red blotch on the coiled brown hemp of the painter. His head was round as a shot and rolled grotesquely with the unending motion. A faded blue suit covered his squat, powerful body. His naked feet rested in a pool of water. Water swirled about his body. He was asleep.

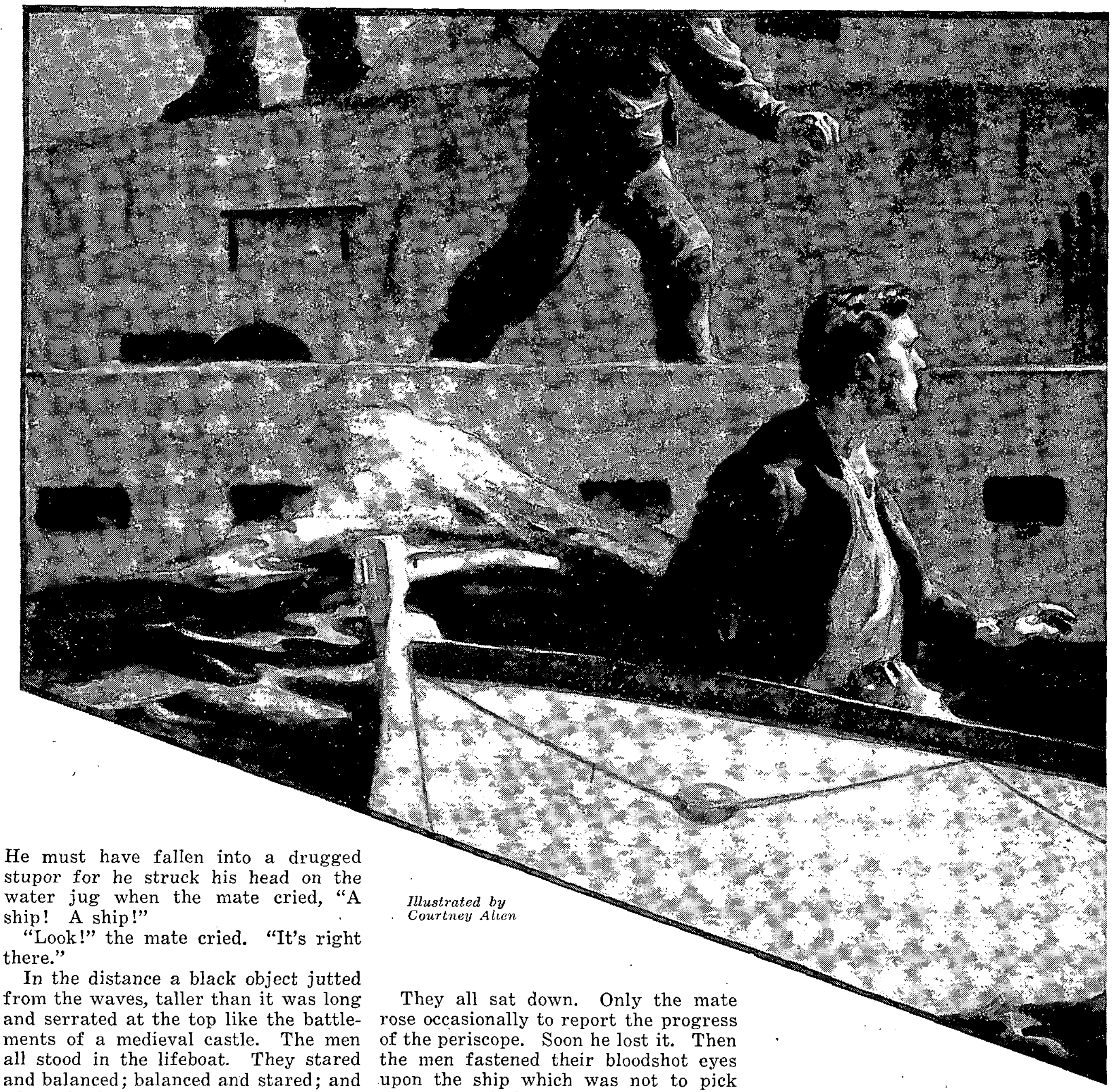
The boy nudged the seaman into wakefulness. Then he pillowed his head on the wet painter and snuggled down in the water. But he did not sleep.

The seaman bailed. Presently he said to the mate in a low voice, "Say, this here kid wouldn't fight. Scared he'd have to hurt somebody. Now he's bait. A submarine tows him around all night, then lets him float all day so's pity for his half-dead carcass'll trap some more men to be killed. Then the U-boat captain gets hisself a Iron Cross. He's bait, ain't he? We're all bait. Hell, that's funny!"

"Funny!" said the mate. "The hell it's funny!"

"Sure," said the seaman. "Sure, it's funny!"

SILENCE rode in the lifeboat with the men. A silence that was tangible. A thing to be reckoned with. As definitely an enemy as the thing which lurked in the sea and waited. As lately as the previous day these men had talked of their situation. They had even joked a little, comparing the plunges from the tops of the billows to the drops on the roller-coaster at Coney Island. They had slid from crest to valley jauntily in their brave little craft, and had grinned at each other



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

The figures on deck leaned far out turals cracked out.' A rope ladder

with cracked lips. They had struck each other playfully with their fists and cursed the sea together in a warm comradeship. But that had been yesterday; and at that time they had had oars. Now they had no oars. The U-boat commander had seen to this.

The lifeboat rocked. Then it pitched. Then it rocked. The men should have braced themselves against the motion. They didn't. The human body can stand just so much of this endless bracing. The mate of the sunk merchantman hung lifelessly across the stern. Periodically the tiller thudded against his inert body and batted about drunkenly in the crook of his arm. A wilted cap sat upon the back of his head, and a great, hooked nose on the front. Spindly, serge-clad legs were tucked under the thwart and his shirt was split up the back from trouser-top to shaggy neck. The white shirt ballooned out in the breeze and the mate looked like some huge bird which had come and perched on the stern. Often he passed one hand fumblingly across his breast where he carried a pouch slung about his neck by a cord.

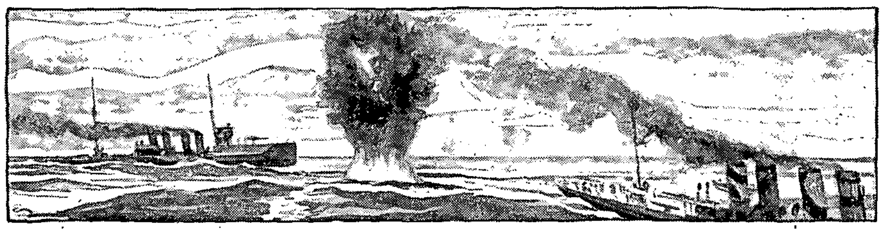
THE pouch held the photographs of a faded woman and a beady-eyed child. The mate desired greatly to look upon these things, but was deterred by the knowledge that sentimentality would be inconsistent with the code of actions assigned to such situations. So he fumbled the pouch. He did not open it.

The boy turned over in the water on the floor of the lifeboat and stared at the water jug which nodded a scant inch from his nose. The glistening black line of the gunwale arched above him, alternately deserting the deep blue of the sky and discovering the golden green of the waves. The mate and the seaman muttered in the stern, but the boy did not hear them nor see the glorious interplay of the colors of the sea. He had withdrawn deep within himself and the scene which his eyes considered was the dingy room of a waterfront hotel and the smudgy lines of the letter he had written there. These tiny black streaks were forever charred into his soul by their hopeless inadequacy. He had, that night, filled innumerable sheets and torn them up; used every salutation known to young love and discarded them all. Finally he had fled into the murk of the street and slipped the pitiful failure into the green maw of a post box. Immediately he had wanted it back. He had written:

> "ANN: I am not going to enlist. I am going to run away. I could not stand it. The blood, the hurting and the killing. There is a ship here. It goes to Spain tomorrow. I am going with it. Try not to hate me too much and to understand a little."

It seemed to the boy a terrible irony that the daring phrases and exact shades of meaning which had fled him that night should now troop before him in all their clarity and power to compel understanding. How much easier it would be now to make her understand that he was not afraid of being killed himself, but only terrified of taking the lives of others.

The sun slanted down the horizon and a gull came and sat upon the waves; then others. The gulls screeched stridently, but the boy did not hear them.



He must have fallen into a drugged stupor for he struck his head on the water jug when the mate cried, "A ship! A ship!"

"Look!" the mate cried. "It's right there."

In the distance a black object jutted from the waves, taller than it was long and serrated at the top like the battlements of a medieval castle. The men all stood in the lifeboat. They stared and balanced; balanced and stared; and when the boat swept into the troughs they talked in short, excited bursts, like men watching a race.

"Buck," said the mate to the seaman, "it's that new stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Camouflage."

"SURE, I know. It makes a ship look like she ain't."

"Can't you see her now? Look. She's changed course. Now you can see the whole ship."

"He'll see us soon and come after us. We'll signal him. Where's a coat? A shirt? Anything! Quick!"

"If it's a lone ship," said the mate, "he won't stop. The skipper'll think it's a trap an' get outta here as fast as he can."

"I know," said Buck. "Cargo first! Damn the war!"

"Wait," cried the boy. "Don't signal yet. Where's the U-boat?"

"Wait'll we rise again," returned the mate. "It's gone! No, it isn't. It's moving. It's going after the ship!"

On the next rise they all saw. The periscope moved off, flirting a white cockade of spray from its tip. Buck said, "Boys, I guess that ain't our boat. We gotta wait fer the next one. Hell! We're just canned meat on a line!"

They all sat down. Only the mate rose occasionally to report the progress of the periscope. Soon he lost it. Then the men fastened their bloodshot eyes upon the ship which was not to pick them up and the hunger in their gaze was inarticulate and beyond speech. The boy looked at his companions and wondered if they felt as he felt. Flashes of yellow light spat from the sides of the ship. A column of water rose out of the sea. Dull reports reached the men in the lifeboat. The ship disappeared and reappeared again on another course. Soon a thinning, dun-colored trail of smoke stretched across a tenantless sea.

"Well," said the boy. "I guess they didn't get her."

"Naw," said Buck. "They didn't get her."

"That's right," said the mate. "They didn't get her. We ain't no worse off than we was."

Again silence rode in the lifeboat. The men sat mute, staring at the smudging horizon, and it was at this time that they came to understand the full gravity of their position. The mate sat dumbly in the lifeboat and scanned the sea with his eyes, and the boy saw a dumb reproach there which made him look away again quickly, not wishing, perhaps, that the mate should see that which was in his own eyes. Later the mate dragged his glance from the waves and cursed the gulls in a steady flow of invective. The boy and the seaman bailed and the sun fled down from the zenith. The gulls bounced on the waves or circled above the boat with still wings and strident cries. This circling above the struggling boat was suggestive of certain inland birds, wheeling slowly above the flounderings of other small creatures and waiting for them to die. The boy wished the gulls would go away.

The mate said suddenly, "It's back!"

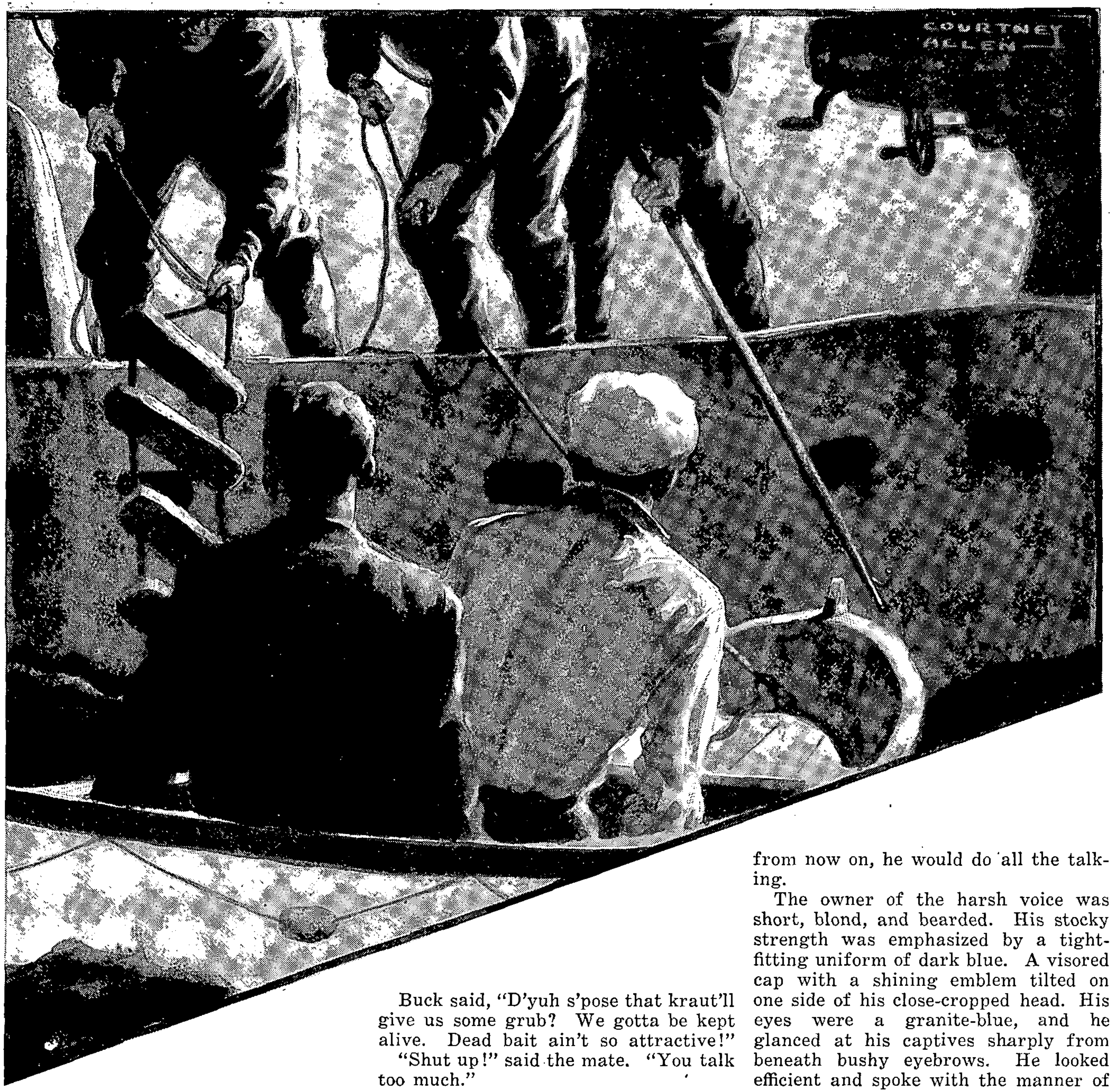
It was back. The mate crawled forward and secured the provisions. He passed each man a piece of sea biscuit. Then each took a drink. A small drink. The mate watched each as he took his pull at the jug. When time was up, he placed his hand gently upon his shoulder and the drinker passed the jug on to the next. The mate drank and the boy and the seaman counted the swallows. Buck took the tiller and the mate bailed.

THE color of the waves changed from green to gray. The setting sun fluted the sea with delicate mother-of-pearl. Streaks of vermilion slashed the wave-tops, spread, until the flood of blood-red inundated the world. The boy's eyes drank up the beauty while the wave of color flowed into the lifeboat, warming the cold hardness of the planks and suffusing the streaked bottom with the glowing hues of life. All the pent-up emotion of the boy's sensitive soul went into the one word, breathed softly between his lips:

"Magnificent!"

"I wish I had a steak!" said the seaman.

"Why don't yuh ask that kraut fer one when he comes up?" jeered the mate. "Ain't we gonna get him a Iron Cross? Didn't he say so? Hardtack an' water ain't good enough fer us human decoys. Why, that guy oughtta treat us like kings! You ask him, kid. You're peaceful!"



with long boat hooks. Sharp gut- clattered over the side of the U-boat

"Sure, he's peaceful," said Buck. "Ask him, kid. Tell him how you jumped the draft in the States. Tell him how you joined the ship he sank so's you wouldn't have to hurt nobody. Tell him how you got a cousin in the German army. Go ahead, Peaceful! Mebbe he'll give yuh a steak!" Both men laughed.

NIGHT crept out of the east. A cold breeze sprang up. The boat shipped water and the men bailed. Between times they warmed themselves in the water in the bottom of the boat. Then the boy bailed and the mate watched; while the lifeboat climbed to the tops of the waves and slewed into the troughs. The moon vaulted from the furrows of the sea and painted a broad stripe of silver on the jet of the waves which passed beneath the boat in glistening mounds of molten metal.

"I knew it," said the mate. "Whad-d'ya think that kraut wants tonight? Get the line ready, Buck. We're gonna move!"

"Mebbe the grub give out," said Buck. "Mebbe he's gonna give us a medal. Mebbe he wants t' borry a match!"

Soon the boy made out the muffled pulsations of motors. They sat tense; waiting. The nose of the U-boat poked slowly into the strip of silver. The conning-tower silhouetted itself against the moon. The motors quickened, and the submarine lay rising and falling gently with the swell.

Buck said, "D'yuh s'pose that kraut'll give us some grub? We gotta be kept alive. Dead bait ain't so attractive!"

"Shut up!" said the mate. "You talk too much."

"Anyways," growled Buck, "I don't guess I'll use live bait no more. Say, can you guys smell food cookin'?"

The silver disc above the conning-tower blackened with moving shapes; once, twice, then several times. The U-boat moved closer. The boy saw that the figures on the deck wore belts which were attached to lanyards. The lanyards ended at a wire jack-stay which ran the length of the deck, so that it was impossible for the men to fall overboard. The prow was ugly with the pronged and hornlike net-cutter. Forward of the conning-tower was a gun. Aft, on the wide slatted deck, the still forms of a life-raft and a dinghy humped their backs in the moonlight. A line snaked through the air and writhed across the bows of the lifeboat. The mate made it fast.

The men tensed their bodies and the boat swam cautiously toward the submarine; then danced alongside. The figures on the deck looked like puppets on a string as they leaned far out and fended off the lifeboat with long boat-hooks. Sharp gutturals cracked out of the darkness. A rope ladder clattered over the side and their nails dug deep into the seaweed and barnacles which festooned the hull of the U-boat as they clambered aboard. The puppets payed out the line of the lifeboat until it rode safely astern.

The boy followed the mate down through the instrument-cluttered neck of the conning-tower to a white-enameled cubicle where the owner of the harsh voice which had spoken on deck waited for them. The mate said that this was "Centrale" or the control room. He added, in no uncertain terms, that from now on, he would do all the talking.

The owner of the harsh voice was short, blond, and bearded. His stocky strength was emphasized by a tight-fitting uniform of dark blue. A visored cap with a shining emblem tilted on one side of his close-cropped head. His eyes were a granite-blue, and he glanced at his captives sharply from beneath bushy eyebrows. He looked efficient and spoke with the manner of authority.

"YOU may sit down. Do not attempt to touch anything or to move about." He spoke to the other occupant of the cubicle who was busy at the controls, squeezed through a water-tight door and was gone.

"Ain't it a shame," muttered Buck. "I left me callin' cards to home in me full dress suit!"

The room was a tangle of shining metal: wheels, levers, glass-faced instruments. Above, a huge ventilating fan whirred monotonously. The air was fetid with the stench of rotting oranges and burnt fuel oil. They found that the air at head height was warm, while that at knee level was cold and clammily damp. A small man entered. He wore two suits of thick, woolen underwear and heavy-soled shoes much eaten by oil. He carried a great copper pot and gave them coffee spiked with gin. The mate drank three cups. He pushed out his cup for more, but the underwear drew back, gathered up the cups and went away. The waifs felt better and the mate was moved to speech. He said, cheerfully, "Anyway, we ain't gonna be shoved over the side or he wouldn't'a wasted that gin."

The U-boat commander returned. He questioned the mate, asking the name of the ship he had sunk, her tonnage and nationality. He asked if more lifeboats had cleared the sinking ship. The mate said it had been too dark to see. Three more sailors came in, all in double underwear, and searched the captives. The mate's pouch was taken from him. Their belongings were piled on the deck. The motors started again and the officer was forced to shout his questions.

"How high did the column of water from the explosion rise?"

The mate answered that it had risen to the tops of the stacks and washed him from the bridge.

"How long after the torpedo hit did the Olive Tree go down?"

"About six minutes."

"Where did the torpedo hit the ship?"

BUCK answered this. "Aft." He said he had been thrown overboard by the concussion and had come up swimming in the inky patch where the coal from the bunkers was washing out of the hole in the ship.

The questioner repeated, "Four-thousand-ton ship. Column of water thirty feet high. Six minutes to sink." He entered the information in a black note-book. "A very good hit! One of the new torpedoes. They are making them better!"

The boy tried to understand a mind that could entirely forget the horror caused and remember only that it had been "a very good hit." This man looked just like anyone else. Probably he had a wife and children at home. The boy gave it up.

The officer said, "We are going to work near the Azores. I'll tow you to within twenty miles of Ponta Delgada. Some ship is sure to pick you up. Have you a large knife?"

The mate pointed to the deck and the man returned the knife. He instructed the mate to post one man in the bow of the lifeboat to cut the line if the U-boat should be compelled to dive suddenly. The men went back on deck and aboard the lifeboat. The puppets payed out the line and they were left with the blackness and the waves.

Buck said, "I guess they ain't got no steaks. What's a guy want with two suits of underwear to once't? I'd like to sock that guy one. Right on the button!"

"Didn't yuh get enough gin?" queried the mate.

"Sure," returned the injured one plaintively, "but he looked so warm. It ain't right fer guys to be so warm!"

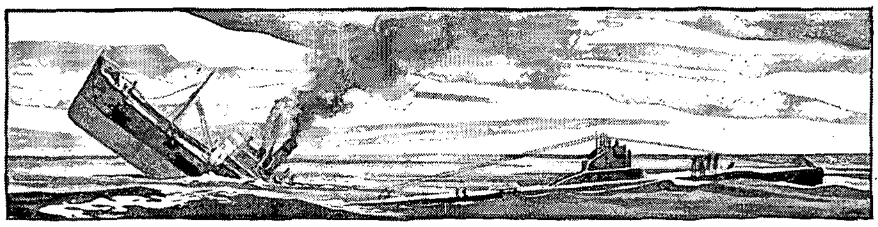
The mate went on, "That kraut ain't such a bad guy. Lots wouldn't'a bothered to give us coffee."

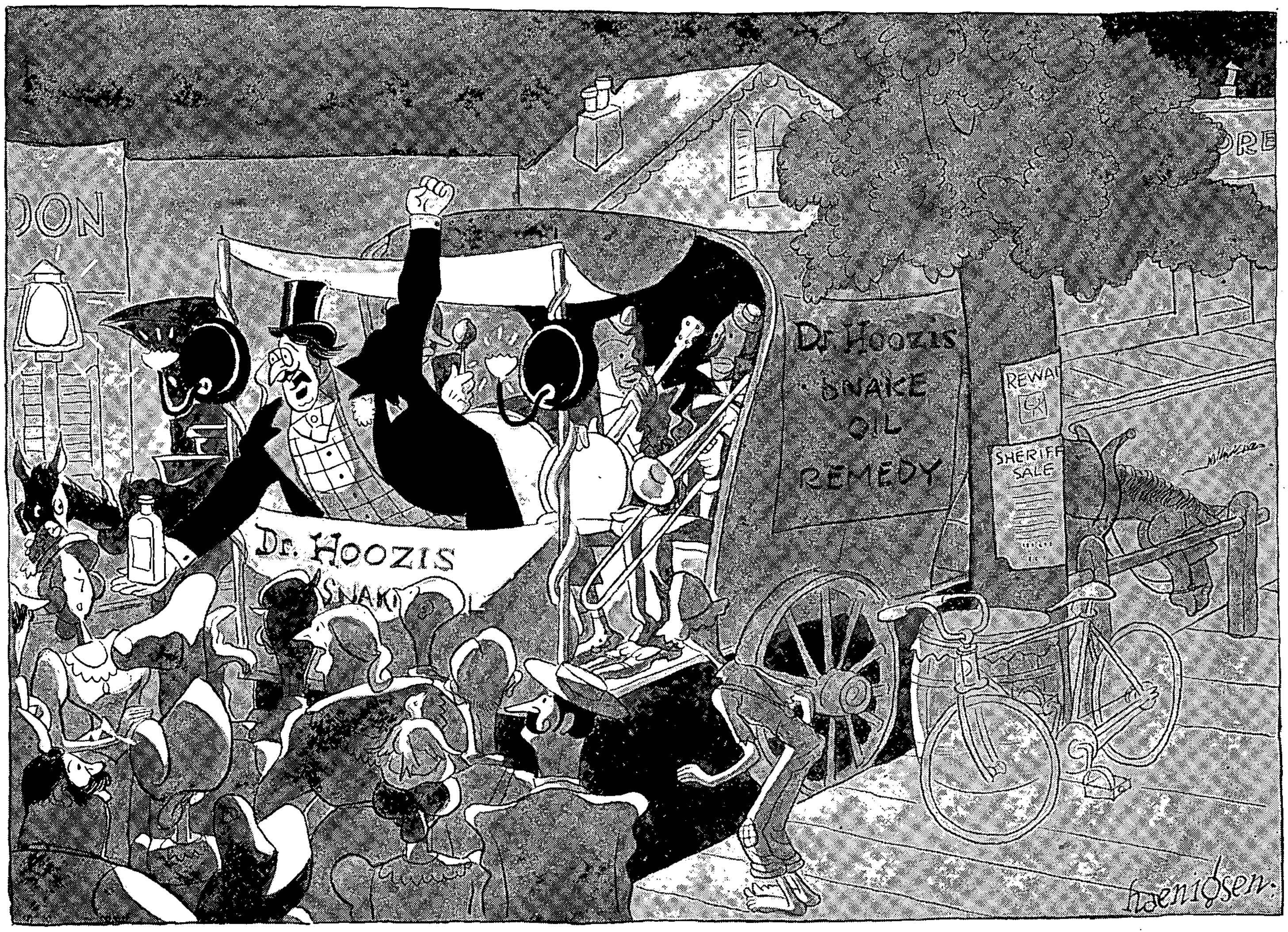
"I guess," said the boy, "he's just got a dirty job, and does it the best he can."

"Listen to Peaceful, will ya'?" ejaculated the mate. "He's gettin' some sense. I'll take the first watch, then wake one of you."

The mate took his place in the bow with his knife in his hand. Buck and the boy lay down in the water in the bottom of the boat. Buck threw his arm over the boy's shoulders and they cuddled together. Burned fuel oil from the exhaust of the U-boat mingled with the smell of rotten oranges. The motors ahead thumped and rattled. A tin phonograph wailed suddenly; lusty

(*Continued on page 34*)





Twenty years ago the medicine show was handicapped by small audiences and one-night stands

Gold Bricks by Radio

Blue Eagle, the Medicine Man, is with us again. He used to stage his show in the smoky glare of torches; now he lays his spell by radio. The hypnotic effect is the same. Nostrums and personal advice are liberally dispensed and once more the public pays. Here's how his game works

By William G. Shepherd

IF THAT Pennsylvania wise guy had only been able to control his waves, we never could have touched him, and probably he would have made a fine bunch of money out of his radio station. A couple of years ago we couldn't have caught him. But we got him the other night with this test car."

The clean-cut young employee of your Uncle Sam's new radio detective department, who does all his pussyfooting in the ether, pointed to the shining black motor car that looked, at first glance, like an ambulance.

I was to have a midnight ride in this car, to watch the new magic of the new ether detectives; the young operator of its mystical machinery was proudly telling me what could be done with it.

"This man," he said, "got a smart idea into his head. He figured that if he could put up a radio station of his own, right in the heart of Pennsylvania, and use just enough power, he could keep his broadcasts within the borders of the state. Then the United States Federal government would have no control over him, because he wouldn't be engaged in interstate business. He wouldn't need a government permit and he could tell the Federal Radio Commission and the Department of Commerce to go to grass. He would have gotten away with it, too, if he could have controlled his waves.

"He started off all right. The radio bureau of the Department of Commerce began to get many complaints from other broadcasters. This newcomer, who had given his station its own name and its own wave-length and frequency and had decided, apparently, to pay no attention to any interference he might make for other stations, simply answered that he was not in interstate commerce; said his waves didn't go into other states.

"That had everybody in Washington stumped, for a while. The law didn't cover the case, unless we could prove that the man's waves did spill over the border.

"Well, a couple of us were sent out in this test car, to play around the edges of Pennsylvania, in other states, and see if we couldn't catch his waves some fine night. We were ordered to get evidence that could be used in court. It was hard to plan this but when we started out, at last, we had a machine that would make phonographic records. We also had cameras, so that we could photograph the car in the very spot where we might catch the broadcast.

Policing the Radio

"We worked a couple of weeks along the Pennsylvania border. We'd tune in on his favorite frequency and wait to hear him. Nothing doing. Then we'd move to another spot and try again. He didn't stick to his frequency, either. He'd move his station all around the dial. We'd be near a different town every night. Sometimes we'd be in the woods, sometimes on a Maryland mountain, sometimes in the Jersey pines.

"It looked as though he had been right when he said he wasn't spilling over into any other state. He was controlling his power pretty well.

"But one evening, in New Jersey, I caught a faint flicker of his station announcement. We've got receiving sets in that test car that would make a fly's footstep sound like Camden bridge falling down.

"I nursed her and swelled her up. Pretty soon his station was coming in with a roar. Then we hooked on the recorder and caught the broadcast. And while we were doing that we took a moving picture of our truck and its surroundings, so that we could show just where we were standing at the time. The picture would be for the jury, to show them that we were outside of the state. It would have been fine to have a talkie camera; we could have caught our sound and our picture on the same film. Anyhow, the authorities told us we had the proper evidence. And the Pennsylvania man will be in plenty of trouble if he can't get a Federal permit to operate his station.

"And here's where that fellow made his mistake. He had an idea, like most people, that radio waves stretch out in a smooth circle, just like a doughnut around its hole. Nothing like it. If you were to make a line around a radio station, as we do, showing the limit of its power, you'd find it bulging out dozens of miles, over the water, for instance, and dented in among tall buildings, over a city, like a cross-section of a collapsed inner tube.

"It was one of this fellow's bulges over the water that we caught."

Not a day has gone by, especially since the first of this year, that the need of an ether detective service and police department has not been painfully obvious to Washington. "Bad boys," from bootleggers down to gyp fortune tellers, are playing in the air. There's an ether rush on, just now, as wild and as questionable in character, at times, as the worst land rushes of other days.

What the Wild Waves Say

In a certain government test station the other evening I was shown, fixed to a wall, a list of twenty-four small stations, mostly amateurs, that had, as the expert told me, "their doubles."

In other words, amateurs, honest young radio fans, who had diligently studied radio, passed the severe government tests and had been granted licenses and station calls, found themselves being "doubled" or "counterfeited" by other mysterious stations using the amateur's official calls.

"Mostly bootleggers, stealing other people's stations," said the station expert. "They're ether squatters. But

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it makes it tough on the amateur. Sometimes, when his station is called and he answers, on his own wave-length, he hears nothing but a mysterious code—bootleggers talking to each other. When his friends call him he hears another station answer, in his name."

"But can't you get these station stealers?" I asked.

"That's what the new test cars are for," he told me. "We can get 'em now, whenever we receive orders to go out and do it. That is, if they give us plenty of time when we need it."

Among all the ether detectives in the Department of Commerce the most famous, this summer, is Forest F. Redfern. He was ordered, last year, to trail down a radio station used by bootleggers along the famous old Atlantic Highlands.

The station was heard talking constantly, night and day, to ships in rum row. Some messages went like this:

"Champagne on the bottom of the boat."

"Be careful of hijackers impersonating Coast Guard."

"Send us ten thousand cigarettes."

"Send us two barrels of water."

"Send out a plumber."

"Send out the magazines."

"Be sure to send out some fresh beef and vegetables."

"Life's a bore out here. When can we come ashore?"

"We're being picketed by Coast Guard Patrol No. 145. Tell everybody to stay away from us just now."

"We're not being picketed and nothing is in sight. Tell the buyers to come on out."

"Don't sell the buyers all your good stuff. Mix it up. Make them take some of the other."

"Speed boat coming our way cut in two by Coast Guard Patrol. Men were picked up, O. K. Nothing doing tonight."

With a bootlegger radio service like that the Coast Guard was finding itself helpless in trying to catch the speed boats that moved between shore and the ships.

But Redfern got the secret station. He had first listened to it, for six months, learning its codes. Then, in due time, he went out in an equipped car to pick out its exact spot.

"Did Redfern use this car?" I asked, pointing to the shining vehicle before us. On its sides, in gold letters, I read, "U. S. Department of Commerce, Radio Division."

"Not on your life. That car would have been a give-away. We put its apparatus into an old bootlegger's truck so that Redfern could run around or stand still, just as he pleased, until he got his game trailed down."

A Game Two Can Play

Finally, by a system of circling the station, and measuring its power from all sides, he discovered it in a house at 33 Shrewsbury Avenue, Atlantic Highlands. Oscar Hammerstein had once used the place as his summer home.

Redfern was with the Federal raiders when they seized the place. He was so familiar with the rum ring's code, by this time, that he was able to sit down at the sending apparatus and talk for four hours, with the rum ships at sea, giving them orders which sent some of their crews to shore, into the raiders hands.

But the law doesn't cover all the activities of the "bad boys" of the air. Putting it in plain street talk, grafters who, in recent years, have been barred by law from using the mails in their search for suckers are filling the air like black angels.

Old Blue Eagle, the patent-medicine-show man, is back at business again, after an absence of almost twenty years. And business is rushing, in spots, because he's found a new way to sell his cure-alls to us.

He's had a hard time. He used to put up his platform, of an evening, when folks were loafing, dress himself in his long-tailed coat, light his kerosene flares, stretch his lips in orator fashion, like William Jennings Bryan or Samuel Gompers, tell his three-man colored minstrel show to start off with its music—and then wait for you and me and the rest of us, who are partial to cure-all medicines, to gather around while he joked, lectured and sold us bottles of his magical elixir.

But we got so we didn't gather around. How could we? We were in our automobiles. We were past old Blue Eagle and his patient-medicine show before we even realized what the flares flickering around Blue Eagle's square, sturdy little figure and the banjo music really meant. And then it was too late to turn around and go back. So we went on.

But Blue Eagle, the medicine man, has caught up with us at last. Science helped everyone else; why shouldn't it help Blue Eagle? Especially, after Blue Eagle tried as hard as he did to make us stand still and listen. There was the time when he put his patent-medicine show with all its equipment onto a motor truck and tried to chase us to the country or wherever else we were going. That failed.

He tried newspaper advertising, an unusually dignified thing for him, but reputable newspapers wouldn't take his ads. Mr. Blue Eagle's copy would be so full of lies that no newspaper could publish it and still keep its reputation for honesty.

Here was a pickle you'd think Blue Eagle, adroit as he is, never could work his way out of. But Blue Eagle has solved his life problem of selling fake medicine to believing suckers.

Blue Eagle has gone on the air.

And he's selling his medicine, selling it well. He has his music, as of yore; perhaps his old three-man minstrel show. He doesn't need his old kerosene flares, because radio studios are lighted by electricity and his long-tailed coat will not be necessary until television becomes common.

The Mountebank Returns

When you sit in your home and tune in on Blue Eagle you might just as well, if you have a weakness for trying cure-all patent medicines, be standing in the glare of his flickering lights, as in the old days, letting him play his old stand-by tricks with your mental apparatus. If you're the kind that used to believe Blue Eagle's talks, you'll go to the drug store, or to the little vacant store in your town that he has rented for two or three weeks and buy his stuff.

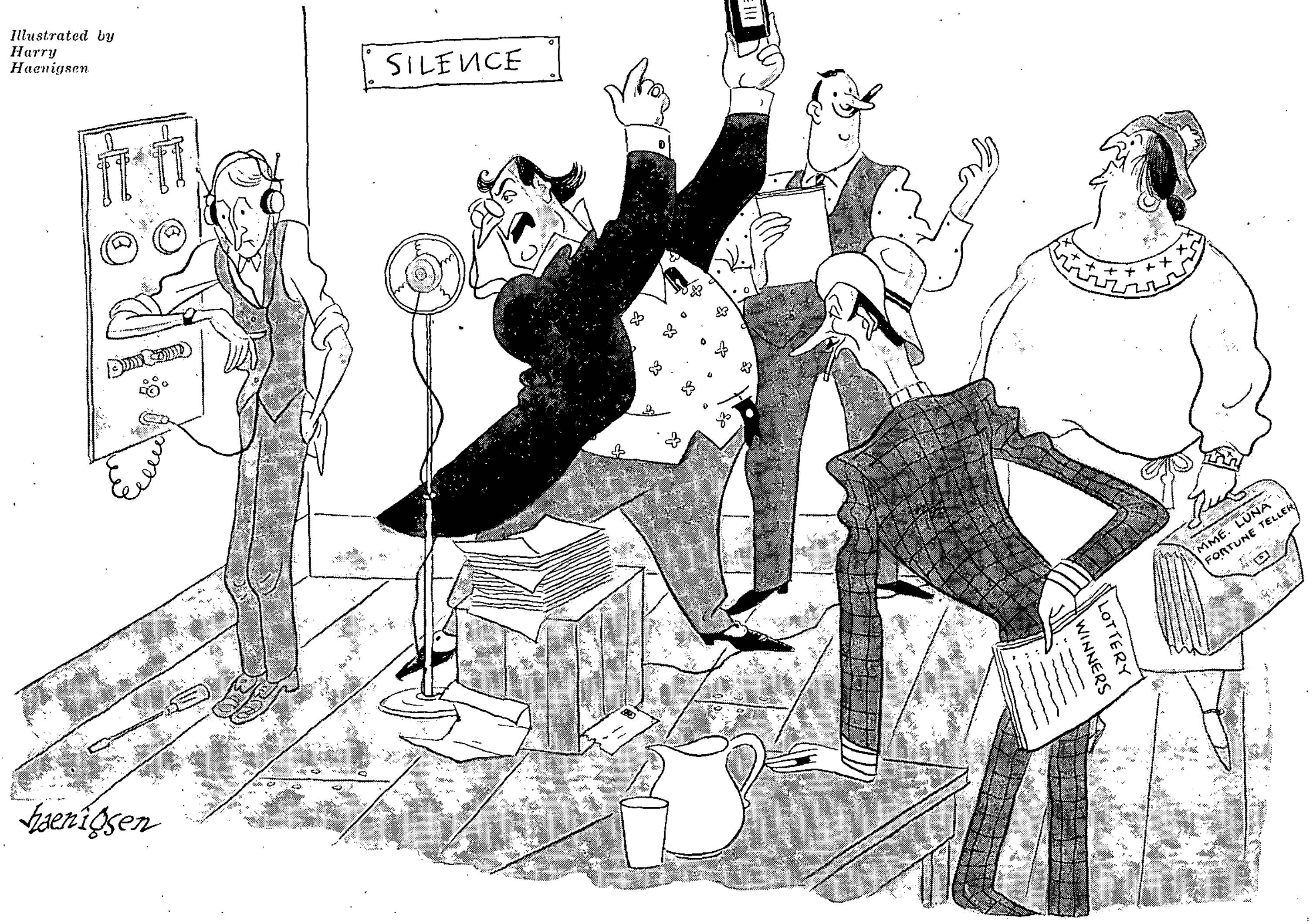
It's true that you'll be listening to a very small radio station; probably one of the three hundred or more "fifty-watters." The big stations, of course, won't permit Blue Eagle to enter their studios, but there are little stations that have hard sledding and gladly take his money.

Not long ago one patent-medicine man with a name something like Black Snake moved about from small station to small station, in certain sections, in two-or three-week stands, making a small killing in each community.

Some of these fifty-watters go even further than allowing the patent-medicine man to take his working kit into the studio.

On a small and somewhat different scale the old lottery, baseball pools and other gambling enterprises, long ago forbidden the use of the mails and the columns of newspapers, are appearing

(*Continued on page 54*)



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Today, charlatan, quack and crook enjoy a new and rushing prosperity through the medium of the air

The Bright Young Dream

Of beauty, and courage, and loyalty —the story of a boy you will love

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

OUR Tommy came home from school with the first news of Robert. It was sketchily reported between mouthfuls of mashed potatoes in this wise:

"There's a new kid in my class"—gulp—"says he used to live in Washington, D."—gulp—"C. Says his granddad was a ambassador. He played quarter on a high"—gulp—"school team."

"Who did? The boy or his grandfather?" Tommy's father inquired, grinning.

"Robert did. That's his name. Robert Vaschal."

"Isn't he rather young to be playing on a high-school team?"

"Same age as me—as I. We told him he was lying but he said he had a sweater to prove it. Said he'd bring it to school tomorrow and show us. May I have some more steak?" Then, "His mother's sick. They live in those apartments around the corner."

"That's too bad," I murmured. "I hope you'll be nice to Robert."

Tommy chewed meditatively, escaped strangulation by a prodigious swallow, and remarked: "We're gonna try him out on our team. He says he's got a headguard his brother used when he was a All-America. Pop, can I have a new headguard?"

The argument over the new headgear carried talk far away from Robert. But the next day, after school, I heard more of him.

My son dashed into the midst of a bridge party demanding, "I wanta show Robert Pop's war things. Can I, Mom? Can I show Robert Pop's war things?"

We discussed the matter in the semi-privacy of the pantry.

"We have company, Tommy. You can't bring Robert in this afternoon."

"WELL, lemme take 'em outside in the yard, then. I gotta show Robert Pop's war things. Robert's dad was in the war. He got killed in the Argonne. Robert says General Pershing gave his dad three medals. Robert don't—doesn't believe Pop was in the war. I gotta show—"

"They're all packed away and I haven't time to get them out. Now, you run along and play with Robert outdoors. Tell him you'll show him the things some other day."

"Aw, gee heck, Mom—I gotta—" then, perceiving an ominous frown, "tomorrow? Can I tomorrow, then?"

With my promise, Tommy disappeared.

That evening Tommy recited to his father a lengthy and glamorous account of the part Vaschal, senior, had taken in the World War. It was worse than illogical, having few elements of probability. I think Jack, who has a wound stripe from Château-Thierry, but a becoming reticence as to his exploits, was a little nettled that Tommy should have swallowed Robert's bragging, hook, line and sinker. But he contented himself with a genial "That's fine!" or "That certainly was a stunt."

I said, "Don't you think Robert was exaggerating, Tommy?"

Our son, with a twelve-year-old's fine scorn of facts when opposed to a rousing yarn, said: "Robert can prove it. Robert can prove it. He's gonna show me a letter President Wilson wrote his ma. That proves it!"

"I'd like to see that myself," I said. "Why don't you ask Robert to bring it over here some day?"

"I'll ask him to bring it over tomorrow," said Tommy stoutly.

"By the way, did Robert ever bring that high-school football sweater to school?" I wanted to know.

"No, Ma; his ma packed it away somewheres and couldn't find it." Then triumphantly, "But he brung—brought his brother's headguard! It's a swell headguard. He's gonna let me wear it part of the first half when we play Saturday."

I would have pressed my investigation, but Jack said, "Aw, lay off, Grace. Let the kids have their time at it."

His remonstrance made me a little ashamed of myself. I murmured something about Jack's not having to contend with the endless vagaries inspired by too close an association between a credulous youngster and an imaginative one.

Jack observed, "I am rather keen to meet Robert. He must be a remarkable youngster. I don't think he will do Tommy any serious injury."

I was obliged to acknowledge that Robert's fibs showed a certain masterful scope. But I saw trouble ahead if this sort of thing continued.

The next afternoon Tommy burst breathlessly into the house, announcing: "He's here, Mom! He's here!"

"Who's here?"

"Why, Robert! He's outside."

"Tell him to come right in. Did he bring President Wilson's letter?"

"No; his mom wouldn't let him. She said he might tear it. He's gonna show it to me as soon as she's better—over to their apartment."

I went downstairs and met Robert.

THE boy startled me. He was so beautiful. I know one must use such an adjective carefully, but Robert was just that. With a bath and a tidying up, he could have sat for Raphael. I suppose expectant mothers who believe in the prenatal impression theory try to imagine faces like Robert's. Large, gentle, innocent blue eyes; curly brown hair laid as if by an artist's brush; features cast in the mold of the young Saint John.

I asked him about his mother.

"She's a little better, thank you," he said.

"Has she been ill long?"

"Not very long."

"Well, I am sure you are looking after her like a good boy."

His angelic eyes were somber; their regard suggested an unusual maturity and rebuked me for the patronizing phrase.

"We have two trained nurses and a housekeeper taking care of mother," he answered easily.

"That's fine," I said.

"Come on, Robert," put in Tommy, impatient of adult participation in the things of his little world. "I'll show you Pop's war things and my Boy Scout bugle. Come on."

Robert must have seen me glancing at his clothes. I am not sure that he didn't read my thoughts.

"I didn't want to come in in these things, Mrs. Lewis," he apologized, "but Mother sent all my good clothes to the cleaner's." And I saw him eye me with a sort of desperate pleading for belief.

Tommy said matter-of-factly, "You been wearin' that lumber jacket and those knickers to school every day this week."

Robert said, "I know I have, Tommy. Something went wrong at the cleaner's. There's been a strike, I guess." And then, with haste, "I'd like to see your things, and I guess we had better be going upstairs because I haven't much time."

They went upstairs to Tommy's room.

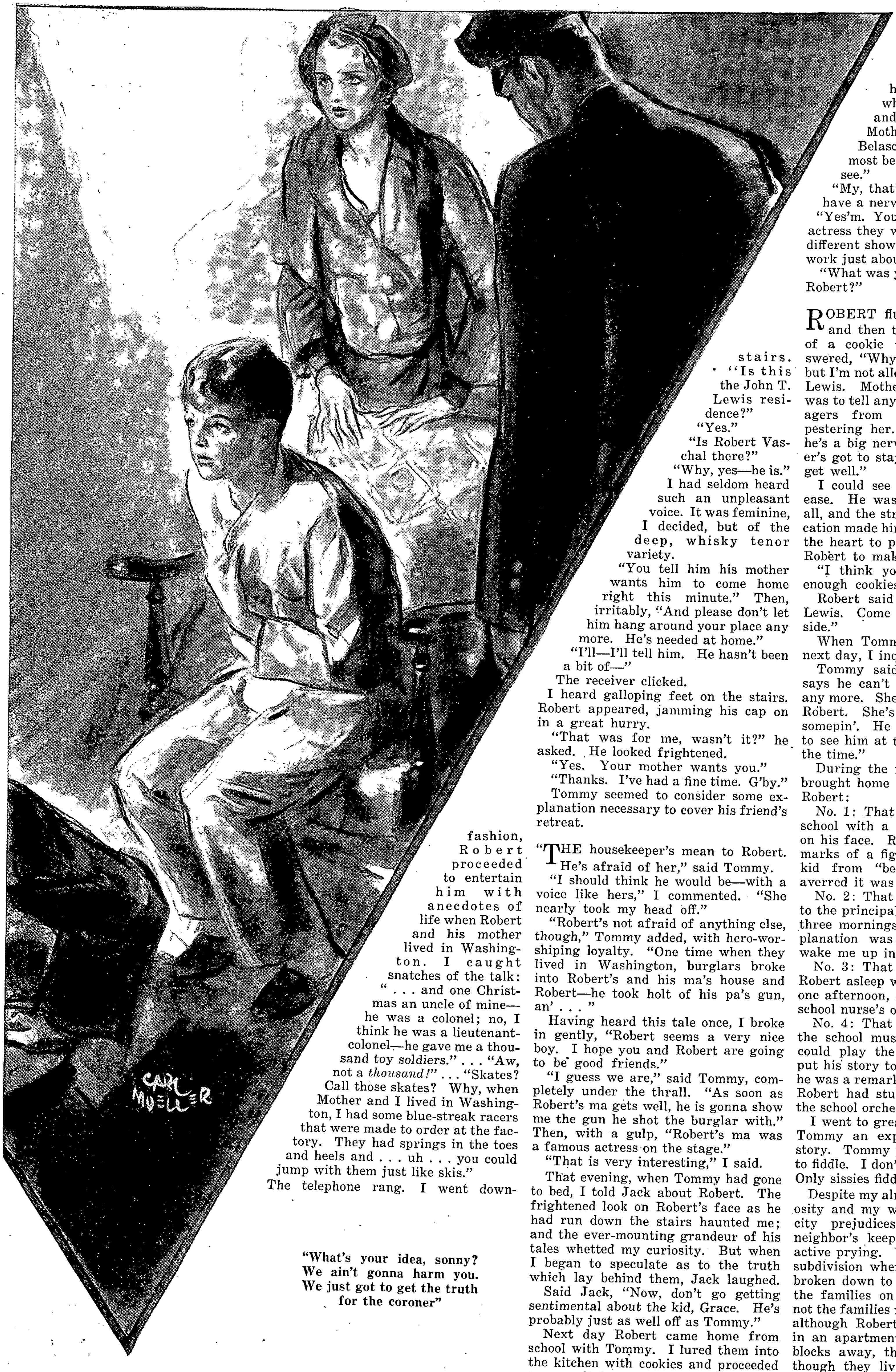
As I watched them go, some subtle undercurrent during the brief contact I had with Robert startled and abashed me. I had assumed that Robert was merely a spinner of yarns for their own sake, or else one of those egocentric youngsters who fabricate tall tales for self-aggrandizement. But that tortured embarrassment with which he had sought to explain his shabby clothes aroused both my sympathy and curiosity.

THERE seemed to be a precocious desperation in Robert's talk. I wondered if he was lying from an habitual effort to conceal the true conditions of his life.

I must confess that during the hour or so Robert was with Tommy, I invented numerous tasks which took me to the second floor, and eavesdropped shamelessly.

Robert proved a difficult guest. He was apparently unimpressed by the war relics Tommy displayed. It appeared that Robert had not only one captured German helmet, but four; and one of the four had belonged to a general. Robert's father had used a gas mask, but it was of a very special sort. And as for the Boy Scout bugle—Robert had one of silver and a violin besides.

My son's few possessions having been thoroughly depreciated in this



"What's your idea, sonny? We ain't gonna harm you. We just got to get the truth for the coroner"

fashion, Robert proceeded to entertain him with anecdotes of life when Robert and his mother lived in Washington. I caught snatches of the talk: "... and one Christmas an uncle of mine—he was a colonel; no, I think he was a lieutenant-colonel—he gave me a thousand toy soldiers." ... "Aw, not a *thousand!*" ... "Skates? Call those skates? Why, when Mother and I lived in Washington, I had some blue-streak racers that were made to order at the factory. They had springs in the toes and heels and ... uh ... you could jump with them just like skis."

The telephone rang. I went downstairs.

"Is this the John T. Lewis residence?"

"Yes."

"Is Robert Vaschal there?"

"Why, yes—he is."

I had seldom heard such an unpleasant voice. It was feminine, I decided, but of the deep, whisky tenor variety.

"You tell him his mother wants him to come home right this minute." Then, irritably, "And please don't let him hang around your place any more. He's needed at home."

"I'll—I'll tell him. He hasn't been a bit of—"

The receiver clicked.

I heard galloping feet on the stairs. Robert appeared, jamming his cap on in a great hurry.

"That was for me, wasn't it?" he asked. He looked frightened.

"Yes. Your mother wants you."

"Thanks. I've had a fine time. G'by."

Tommy seemed to consider some explanation necessary to cover his friend's retreat.

"THE housekeeper's mean to Robert. He's afraid of her," said Tommy.

"I should think he would be—with a voice like hers," I commented. "She nearly took my head off."

"Robert's not afraid of anything else, *though,*" Tommy added, with hero-worshiping loyalty. "One time when they lived in Washington, burglars broke into Robert's and his ma's house and Robert—he took holt of his pa's gun, an' ..."

Having heard this tale once, I broke in gently, "Robert seems a very nice boy. I hope you and Robert are going to be good friends."

"I guess we are," said Tommy, completely under the thrall. "As soon as Robert's ma gets well, he is gonna show me the gun he shot the burglar with." Then, with a gulp, "Robert's ma was a famous actress on the stage."

"That is very interesting," I said.

That evening, when Tommy had gone to bed, I told Jack about Robert. The frightened look on Robert's face as he had run down the stairs haunted me; and the ever-mounting grandeur of his tales whetted my curiosity. But when I began to speculate as to the truth which lay behind them, Jack laughed.

Said Jack, "Now, don't go getting sentimental about the kid, Grace. He's probably just as well off as Tommy."

Next day Robert came home from school with Tommy. I lured them into the kitchen with cookies and proceeded to pump Robert in this fashion:

"Tommy tells me your mother used to be on the stage."

Robert nodded, leaning against the table to keep his shirtwaist from bulging where two buttons were off, and said politely: "Yes'm, Mother was on Broadway. Mr. Belasco said Mother was the most beautiful actress he ever did see."

"My, that's fine. Did your mother have a nervous breakdown?"

"Yes'm. You see, she was such a good actress they wanted her to play in two different shows at once, but I guess the work just about did her up."

"What was your mother's stage name, Robert?"

ROBERT flushed, stood on one foot and then the other, swallowed part of a cookie with difficulty, and answered, "Why ... uh ... I'm sorry but I'm not allowed to tell anybody, Mrs. Lewis. Mother's in seclusion and if I was to tell anybody, why, all these managers from Broadway would come pestering her. The doctor we have—he's a big nerve specialist—says Mother's got to stay in seclusion so she can get well."

I could see the boy was very ill at ease. He was not a natural fibber at all, and the strain of sustained prevarication made him miserable. I didn't have the heart to probe further, and helped Robert to make his escape by saying: "I think you boys have had about enough cookies, now."

Robert said quickly, "Thanks, Mrs. Lewis. Come on, Tommy, let's go outside."

When Tommy came home alone the next day, I inquired where Robert was.

Tommy said, "Aw, heck! His ma says he can't come around the corner any more. She's awful particklar about Robert. She's afraid he'll get hurt or somepin'. He says she's got to be able to see him at the winder after this, all the time."

During the next two weeks, Tommy brought home disturbing reports about Robert:

No. 1: That Robert had shown up at school with a black eye and scratches on his face. Robert said they were the marks of a fight he had with a tough kid from "below the hill." Robert averred it was a glorious victory.

No. 2: That Robert had been sent to the principal's office for being tardy, three mornings in succession. His explanation was: "The servants didn't wake me up in time."

No. 3: That the teacher had caught Robert asleep with his head on the desk one afternoon, and had sent him to the school nurse's office for examination.

No. 4: That Robert had bragged to the school music teacher how well he could play the violin. That she had put his story to the test and discovered he was a remarkable violinist. But that Robert had stubbornly refused to join the school orchestra.

I went to great pains to extract from Tommy an explanation of the violin story. Tommy said, "Aw, Robert hates to fiddle. I don't blame him. Gee heck! Only sissies fiddle!"

Despite my almost overpowering curiosity and my worry about Robert, the city prejudices against being one's neighbor's keeper prevented me from active prying. We lived in an outlying subdivision where these prejudices had broken down to the extent that I knew the families on either side of us, but not the families next door to them. And although Robert and his mother lived in an apartment building a scant two blocks away, they were as remote as though they lived in another district.

(*Continued on page 39*)

Saddle Bum

A Western romance—with the spice of mystery that makes a good story irresistible

By Alan Le May

EVERYBODY saw the change in Bob Porter when he came back to his father's ranch—the Diamond Dot—in the Sunrise River country. Some change, of course, was noticeable at sight, for he was considerably filled out, and more mature (he had left at the age of nineteen); but it wasn't until he had been around for a few weeks that they began to realize what a punk effect four years of wandering had really had upon him.

To old Raff Porter, Bob's father, it seemed that his son had had the heart taken out of him, somewhere in those four years. He tried to draw the boy out about where he had been and what had happened to him. Bob Porter had been a lot of places; as far north and east as Oklahoma, as far south as southern Sonora, and he had wandered a crooked round-about trail between. He spoke readily, though without enthusiasm, about any part of his travels that anybody seemed interested in; but his father was unable to discover any clue to the change in his son.

Sometimes Raff Porter, letting his memory drop back ten years, thought that Bob was acting a whole lot like some of the boys he had seen return from the A. E. F. This did nothing to modify his bafflement. Bob Porter had not been to any war, for there had been no war. That he had not been *uniformly* unsuccessful in his wandering was attested by the fact that he still had eight or nine thousand dollars left from a clean-up he had made in some oil-well shenanigan in Oklahoma. Yet the unmistakable symptoms of something wrong were there: a lack of interest in anything whatsoever which an evident effort to dissimulate was not able to cover up; and a general silent wordlessness, as if the effort involved in speech was out of proportion to the possible accomplishment thereof.

RAFF PORTER was not the only one that noticed the change. Neighboring cattlemen, some of whom had known Bob all his life, noticed it too; and Madge Alexander noticed it, and she was perhaps the most puzzled of all.

For four years Madge Alexander had hung onto her mental picture of the reckless hard-riding kid that Bob Porter had been when last seen in the Sunrise country. Physically, at first glance, she found that he more than lived up to that picture; but something not physical was very obviously and literally gone. Men might have called that missing element by the homely name of guts; Madge, recognizing the change perhaps more keenly than anyone else, did not know what to call it, even in her own mind.

But what Madge Alexander noticed was that Bob Porter hardly ever came to see her now that he was back. He had been home two months and a half before he rode over to the Alexander place for the third time, and even then *there was nothing* satisfactory about it to a girl who had carried Bob Porter's image in her mind all the time he had been gone.

It was only shortly after midday, but Lee Heston had stopped by in passing, as he frequently *did*; and his presence made it even worse. Lee was the outstandingly eligible young man who is always among those present wherever a man is trying to raise an attractive girl. Heston already had his own average-sized outfit, which he had inherited from an uncle. And he had been after Madge Alexander ever since she was nineteen years old—which is to say, ever since Bob Porter had been away. Everybody assumed that Madge would ultimately drift into marrying him, if ever she got Bob out of her head.

And it looked as if Bob Porter were in a fair way to count himself out. Madge was much too wide-awake, to say nothing of short-tempered, to dedicate herself to a washout.

Now, as they sat on the broad gallery of the Circle Slash ranch-house watching the mouse-colored shadows of the Volunteer Peaks eclipse the mesas, it appeared that Madge found herself unable to watch the slow death of a hallucination any longer.

"What are you going to do, Bob?" Her voice was casual, yet all three must have recognized that a direct challenge had come to the surface at last.

"Do? About what?"

"Are you going to stay in the Sunrise Country?"

BOB PORTER had sat as motionless as a resting dog for the better part of an hour, but now he stirred with an uneasy restlessness. "Why, I might," he said vaguely. "But maybe I'll push on up Saskatchewan way."

"Are you right sure you'll find it much different from where you've already been?"

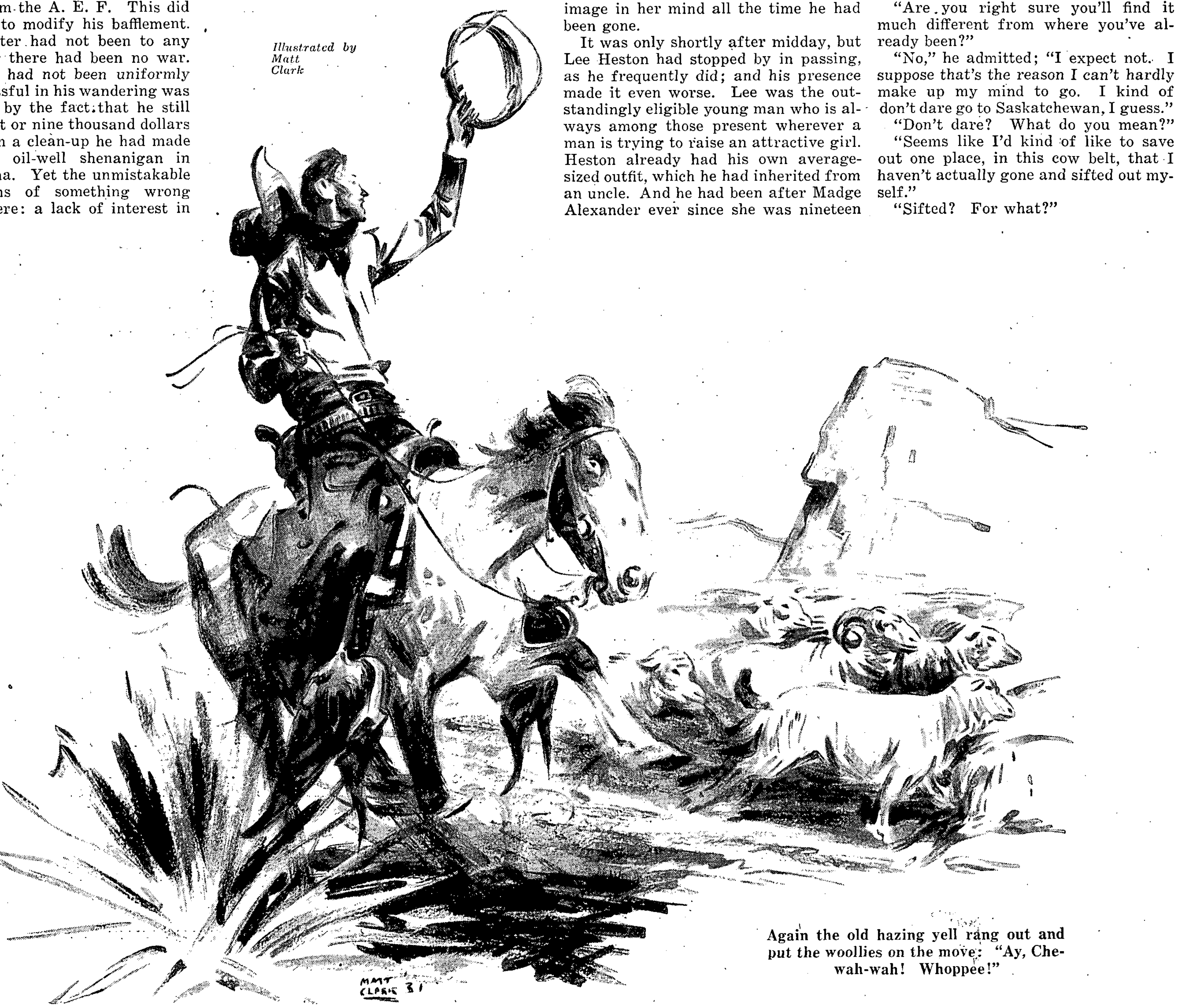
"No," he admitted; "I expect not. I suppose that's the reason I can't hardly make up my mind to go. I kind of don't dare go to Saskatchewan, I guess."

"Don't dare? What do you mean?"

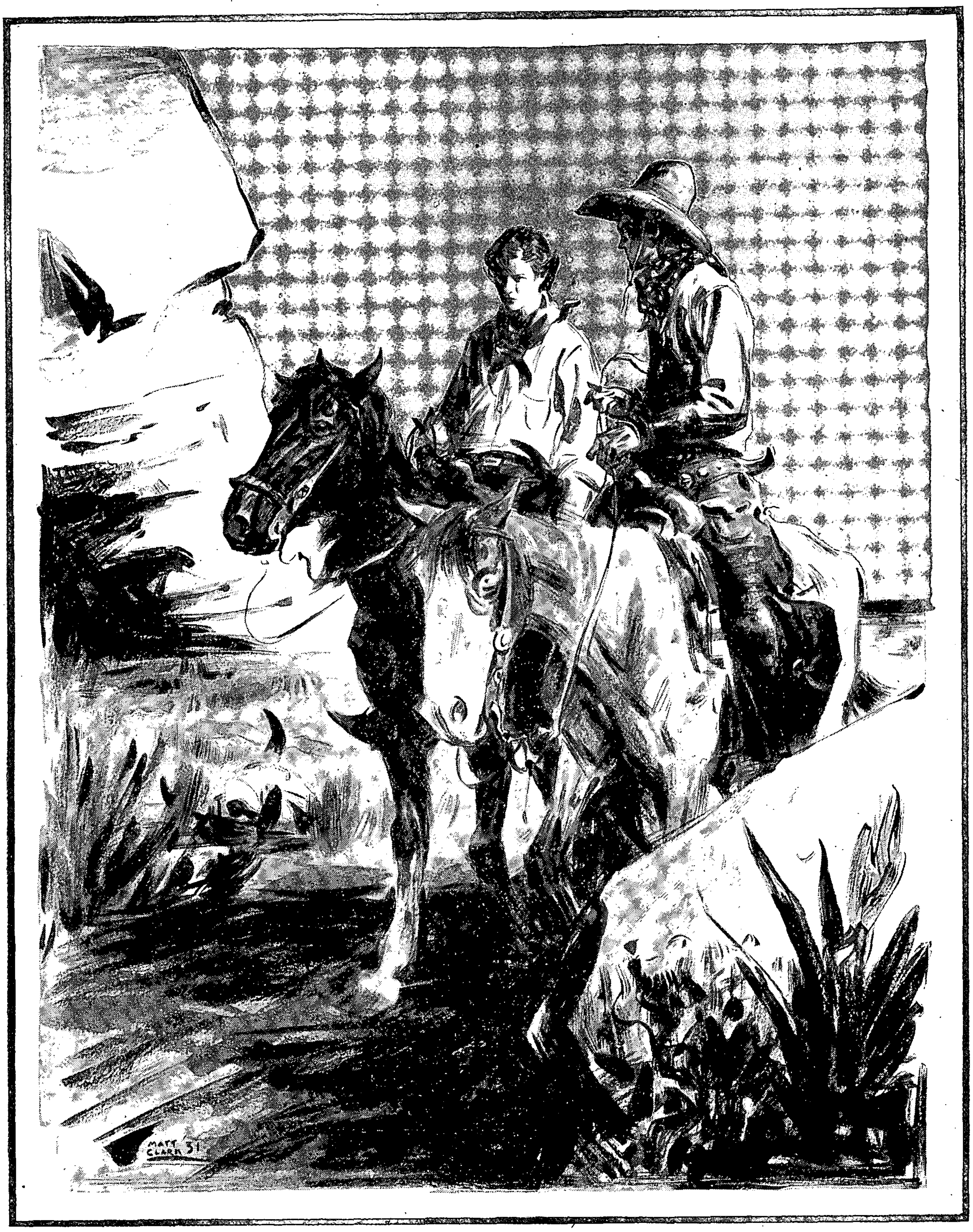
"Seems like I'd kind of like to save out one place, in this cow belt, that I haven't actually gone and sifted out myself."

"Sifted? For what?"

Illustrated by Matt Clark



Again the old hazing yell rang out and put the woollies on the move: "Ay, Chewah-wah! Whoppee!"



"I've got something I want to talk to you about," Bob Porter said

There was another of those dopey silences Bob Porter made a specialty of nowadays. "I'm not right sure I know for what," he finally brought out.

Nobody said anything for a little bit. Then Madge asked in a curious voice, "What's her name?"

"Name? Whose name?"

"Let it go," Madge said.

Lee Heston allowed that he had heard that Saskatchewan was a mighty pretty country, and that they paid good wages too.

"Yeah?" said Bob. He hitched himself to his feet slowly, straightening up his long length. "Well, I'll be drifting along." He idled his way toward his horse. "Take care of yourselves."

"Hurry back," Lee Heston called after him with an imitation heartiness.

"O. K.," said Porter, and rode shuffling away.

WHEN he was gone the thickness of the dusk gave Madge hope that she could snap herself out of the dark mood that had come upon her in time to conceal it from Lee Heston. With her boots as silent as moccasins she danced a slow solo step the length of the gallery and back, snapping her fingers to the time of a low-chanted song. It was a new song that the radio had brought in only a few days before:

"Try another song,
Try another tune,
Try a different man—"

Lee Heston had leisurely got up to dance with her, but Madge suddenly turned away from him to burst into tears that could not be hid.

Old Man Porter and Roddy Morton, who had ridden over with Bob to talk feed with Jess Alexander, were waiting for Bob out by one of the corrals. The three rode back a different way than they had come, Old Man Porter wishing to estimate certain possibilities of the winter graze.

"A feller over at Phoenix," said Roddy with irony, "was telling me that the old open range is gone. 'The cow country is all fenced up,' says he, 'and privately controlled.'"

"I'd like to lay hands on a feller like that," said Old Man Porter vindictively. "Lord knows, I wish that he was right! But seeing that only about one sixth of Arizona was private-owned by the 1925 report—I guess a few thousand of us will have to keep right on blundering ahead on the delusion that we're still up against open-range conditions."

He drew up his horse on the edge of the mesa they rode and waved a buckskin-gloved hand at a broken twenty-mile expanse. "Open range!" he repeated bitterly. "I can remember when we was strong for it." He ran a disillusioned eye over the very visible results of too long a usage without control.

"Look at it now!" Porter urged them. "*That's* what you might call overgrazed! Sometimes it seems like it's time to move on."

BOB PORTER laughed, a harsh sound, unexpected in the quiet of limitless space. "Move on, huh? That's a hot one!" The embittered, derisive note in his voice was unfamiliar, but his father did not take affront.

"Maybe down in Old Mex—" the old man's voice trailed off.

"I've just come from Old Mex," Bob Porter reminded him. "You're as good as looking at it now. Or maybe you think you'd like to push north. I can tell you you're looking at Nevada too, just while you're looking at this basin."

His father glanced at him curiously, then wheeled his pony and led the way northward along the shoulder of the mesa. "I'll show you something that looks some better, pretty quick, now, Bob," he promised. "I reckon it'll do us all good to take a look at the stretch we're coming to now."

"You mean this reserve range up here?"

"It's the first reserve winter feed we've been able to hold out for years. It was plenty hard for the Sunrise outfits to get together to save this out; and we took an awful chance on some outsider coming in on it. But when we come to the end of this shoulder you'll be looking down on something the Sunrise country hasn't seen for many a long year; near ninety sections of winter feed, untouched by the summer graze."

"It sure should look almighty good," Bob admitted.

THEN, as they reached the northern shoulder of the mesa, there came to them a familiar odor and a familiar sound and they reached the crest of the pitch to find themselves looking down upon a broad, long-reaching scatter of grazing sheep.

The elder two looked at each other, and Roddy Morton's leather face twisted in a wry, dusty grin.

Raff Porter had a peculiar genius for counting any amount of stock at a glance. "Eight hundred and eighty-odd," he said wearily; "not counting lambs hid behind ewes."

He set spur to his pony and went loping down the break, the others trailing after. An Indian whose rank hair almost reached his shoulders sat on the hillside overlooking his flock; beside him lay a silver-sprinkled old dog, like a wolf. A couple of dusky striplings squatted on their heels off to one side on the plain below; and there were four more dogs of that peculiar smoky-blue desert breed which has so long worked Southwestern sheep. Porter rode directly to the man on the slope, who watched his approach dourly, without salute.

Raff Porter demanded, "You on herd contract or payroll?"

"Contract, for the Double O."

The man spoke as good Western English as Porter, and that in itself seemed to anger the old man. "What do you think you're doing here?"

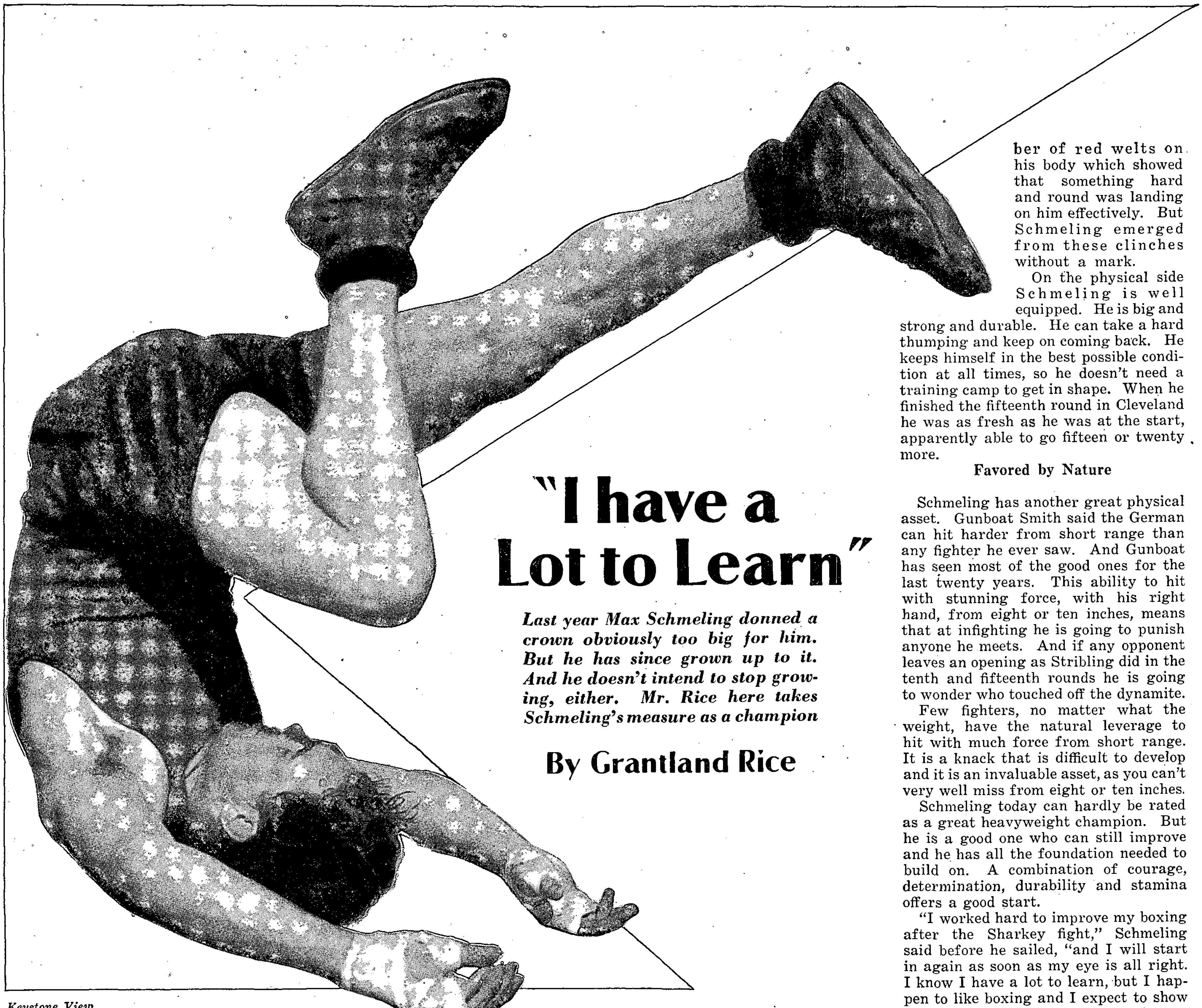
"Why not?" he said. "This range is free. You ain't using it."

"Nor you either," Raff Porter snapped at him. "All that's been threshed out ten thousand times. No sheep come this side of Mike's Wash, and you know that as well as me. Already you've cut a half-mile-wide belt through ninety sections we was holding for winter feed. Now you get them sheep back beyond Mike's Wash!"

"Abe Atwood is back of these sheep," the herder warned him. "The law says—"

"To hell with Abe Atwood! If you

(Continued on page 49)



Keystone View

"I have a Lot to Learn"

Last year Max Schmeling donned a crown obviously too big for him. But he has since grown up to it. And he doesn't intend to stop growing, either. Mr. Rice here takes Schmeling's measure as a champion

By Grantland Rice

HOW long will Herr Max Schmeling of Germany sit on the heavyweight throne before some better man comes along and knocks his crown from his head? Most heavyweight champions have been consistent in hanging on after climbing to the top. Jim Corbett held his title five years; Fitzsimmons two years; Jeffries six years before he retired; Jack Johnson lasted over five years, Willard four years and Jack Dempsey seven years.

Gene Tunney won the title in 1926 and no doubt he would still be heavyweight champion today if he had cared to linger any longer in the game.

This shows an average span of about five years, although Corbett, Jeffries and Dempsey, who won their titles when they were between the ages of twenty-four and twenty-six, averaged six years. And Schmeling is still in his middle twenties, a member of the younger group.

The new heavyweight champion has a number of things in his favor. In the first place, he hasn't any unusual talent to belt out of the way. So he doesn't have to be the greatest heavyweight of all time to last for quite a while. In the second place, Schmeling proved to be one of the most improved fighters the game has shown when he waded into Stribling and stopped the Georgian in the fifteenth round.

It seemed incredible that a fighter who had faced only four rounds of actual competition in two years should have made so much headway. And yet the answer is fairly simple. Schmeling is a smart athlete. He is handy at almost any game he tries. And through his long exhibition tours he had been studying and learning, working steadily at improving himself along all lines. He carried the same idea into his training camp. There were times when he let sparring partners nail him repeatedly as he worked upon developing his defense.

He's Better Than You Thought

He had brains back of his planning and he also had the Teutonic thoroughness needed to carry these plans through. His footwork was far better and his blocking had Stribling worried from the start. Schmeling is not only a much better fighter than he has received credit for being in the past, but he also has a much keener brain than most outsiders know about.

Schmeling has a quiet, cordial manner backed up with a friendly smile. There is nothing of the tough about him and he has no conceit whatsoever. He would much rather talk about golf or some other sport than he would about fighting. He is a good listener and this is always a help in these days when, as Tad once wrote, "You can't tell anybody anything for everybody knows it all."

What are the main qualities Schmeling will carry forward into his next fight? On the mental side he is brainy, cool and one of the most determined competitors you will see in some time. After the Stribling fight he said that he used up the first few rounds to study Stribling's methods and to find out just what he should do in order to break through. "I knew Stribling was a good boxer," he said, "and I also knew he could hit hard with either hand, if I gave him the chance. After a few rounds I found out I could do more damage at close range than he could. So I decided to soften him up in this way before trying for a knockout."

This is exactly what happened. When the two were at close body contact, punching away, there seemed to be no choice either way. But Stribling came out of these clinches with a battered mouth, a cut nose and a growing number of red welts on his body which showed that something hard and round was landing on him effectively. But Schmeling emerged from these clinches without a mark.

On the physical side Schmeling is well equipped. He is big and strong and durable. He can take a hard thumping and keep on coming back. He keeps himself in the best possible condition at all times, so he doesn't need a training camp to get in shape. When he finished the fifteenth round in Cleveland he was as fresh as he was at the start, apparently able to go fifteen or twenty more.

Favored by Nature

Schmeling has another great physical asset. Gunboat Smith said the German can hit harder from short range than any fighter he ever saw. And Gunboat has seen most of the good ones for the last twenty years. This ability to hit with stunning force, with his right hand, from eight or ten inches, means that at infighting he is going to punish anyone he meets. And if any opponent leaves an opening as Stribling did in the tenth and fifteenth rounds he is going to wonder who touched off the dynamite.

Few fighters, no matter what the weight, have the natural leverage to hit with much force from short range. It is a knack that is difficult to develop and it is an invaluable asset, as you can't very well miss from eight or ten inches.

Schmeling today can hardly be rated as a great heavyweight champion. But he is a good one who can still improve and he has all the foundation needed to build on. A combination of courage, determination, durability and stamina offers a good start.

"I worked hard to improve my boxing after the Sharkey fight," Schmeling said before he sailed, "and I will start in again as soon as my eye is all right. I know I have a lot to learn, but I happen to like boxing and I expect to show an even greater improvement in my next fight."

The two greatest improvements Schmeling has shown are in the use of his left hand and his blocking. He hasn't any Dempsey left or any Tunney left, but where this same left was almost useless two years ago it is now back at work in a useful if not a murderous fashion.

Belated Popularity

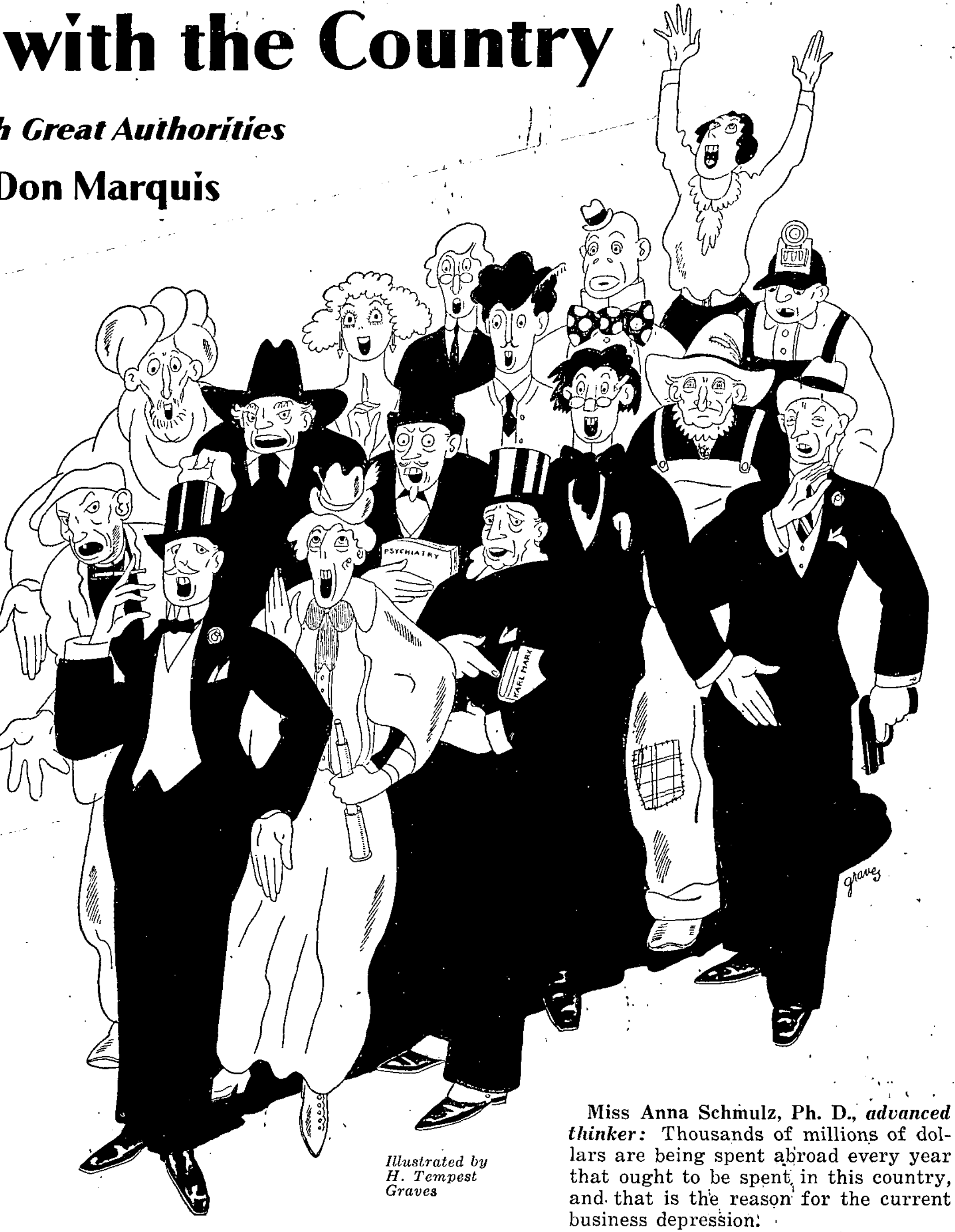
Schmeling has another quality that should find public appeal. He is one of the fairest fighters in the game and his quick half-smile when he is hit seems to pay tribute to his opponent's skill. He is also willing to fight all the time, once the bell rings, and this means action.

From being one of the most unpopular champions, largely due to his winning on a foul last year, the German is on his way to real popularity. He made thousands of friends by the way he fought and conducted himself in his last start and if he can win his next battle decisively he will be a big favorite everywhere and one of the big money makers of his trade. He hasn't reached his full stride yet, but he is the sort that will get better and better as he moves along. And it is going to take a real champion to bowl him over.

What's the matter with the Country

Brief Interviews with Great Authorities

Collected by Don Marquis



Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

ANTHONY GUDDLE, ***financial expert:*** The way out of the present depression is for everybody to spend more money. This is obvious and elementary. The question as to where they will get it to spend is so academic that it needs no consideration. As soon as they begin to spend it, they will get it from each other.

Mustache Pete Loscacio, *gorilla:* The trouble with the country is that so many people are beginning to lose faith in Al Capone.

Aunt Prudence Hecklebury, *professional puritan:* Sin! That's what's the matter with the country! There are beaches where the nude of both sexes may bathe freely from 9 P. M. to 6 A. M. And they do it, too. I stand all night with a telescope and watch them from my front veranda, and in the morning I am all tired out.

Dr. Rudolph Blawney, Ph. D., M. D., *psychiatrist and humanist:* I impute the present condition of the United States to the failure of Birth Control. In P. T. Barnum's day one was born every minute; but there were only 30,000,000 people in the country then. Now there are 120,000,000 and one is born every fifteen seconds.

J. Dexter Kydd, *international banker:* Capitalism, that's what's the matter with the country. I have begged, pleaded, threatened, cajoled, wept, and tried to coax my fellow bankers everywhere to be a little more unselfish in money matters, and read Karl Marx a little oftener. The situation will not clear up until all of us bankers get together and force the government to cancel the war debts owing to the U. S. And then we should contribute out of our own pockets a sum equal to these debts and give it to the Russians so that they will feel that we are behind them in their Communistic experiments, and will be able to trade with us on a larger scale. A spirit of kindliness and helpfulness is what the world needs today.

The Swami Bhandranath, *yogi, mahatma and mental worker:* Americans don't breathe right. There is not a solar plexus in the U. S. A. which really vibrates in harmony with the Cosmic All.

Bayard E. Brush, *tonsorial artist:* Yeah? Well, I tell you what I think. I think this country went to hell when the old-fashioned long razor went out of the home, that's what I think, and you can take it or leave it, but that's my tip on what's the matter with this country. Maybe I'm a sap, but I tell you what I think is the matter with this country. Now, you're a reasonable man, you ain't like some of the people who come in here, and you can take it from me that I keep my eyes open, and I tell you what I think, I think. . . .

Miss Floretta Duvalle, *film star:* Something the matter with the country? I guess you ain't seen my picture, The Melted Heart, yet!

Senator Voke Easely, *statesman:* Too many reckless agitators have been pointing the finger of scorn at the ship of state, and this lack of respect, spreading through all ranks of society, has tarnished and decimated the confidence which the people, who are fundamentally sound, would normally feel towards the lodestar of constructive statesmanship which is incarnated in certain of our national leaders.

Emmanuel Perkins, *farmer:* I don't understand all this talk about business depression—you don't ever hear us jolly farmers kicking about anything, do you?

G. Washington Jones, *colored night-club artist:* Too many white folks pretendin' over the radio they is colored men, and takin' the bread out'n the mouths of us genuine born artists.

Mr. Mike Rockmush, *sociologist and bump-off expert:* The trouble with business right now is too many boobs and customers is allowed to squeal before they can be put on the spot and rubbed out. It destroys confidence in the system, and makes people think leadership ain't what it once was. If a guy pays for protection he ought to get it. But it's getting so that a witness can go right into court and squeal like a dirty yellow skunk and half the time nobody chops him for it. There's got to be a reorganization of the forces that really run the country, or the public will lose belief in our efficiency. Good times won't come back till everybody knows a right guy ain't gonna be interfered with in his legitimate racket, and more of these squealers learns what pineapple bombs and choppers was made for. Why, there's places now where you can't even trust all the cops.

Miss Angelina Allspice, *popular preacher and evangelist:* Gossip! Peepers! Snoopers! Unbelievers! Crabs! That's what's the matter with this country! I don't think I've pulled a dozen miracles in my life that I wasn't accused of having something up my sleeve. The only way out of this condition is love, and more love, and love of every kind, and more love, and more belief in me, and love. Oh, love, love, love, love. . . .

Filmo Keypunch, *Hollywood scenario writer:* I can tell you one thing that is the trouble. A man gets as much as $65 or $75 a week on a New York newspaper, and establishes a world-wide reputation as a literary genius, and he comes out here to Hollywood at $500 to $1,000 a week, with every expectation that his wisdom will be listened to—and what does he find? Slavery, just nothing but slavery, and half the time somebody else horns in on his creative art! It's a disgrace! Why, I had a sketch in the New Yorker in 1929, and I contributed two verses to F. P. A.'s column in The World, and a one-act play I wrote with some other fellows in 1928 was almost produced by the Dutch Treat Club, and you'd think I had established a permanent reputation, wouldn't you? Well, believe it or not, I come out here and tell them how to run the picture business, and they won't listen to me! I've a notion to go right back to New York and get my old job back—and I would, too, if somebody else with no literary background didn't have it for $50 a week now. It's an outrage the way a literary genius like me has to suffer at the hands of these picture upstarts!

As far as the difference in pay is concerned, what does that mean to an artist? You'd think when they give a man like me $750 a week because I'm an established creative artist they'd realize that the salary ought to carry with it some authority, wouldn't you? The movie business is going to flop pretty soon, and drag down with it the whole financial system of the country, and it's all because they won't listen to me—they don't know creative art when they see it!

Miss Anna Schmulz, Ph. D., *advanced thinker:* Thousands of millions of dollars are being spent abroad every year that ought to be spent in this country, and that is the reason for the current business depression.

The reason is not far to seek—there is not enough interest in sex in this country. Both men and women are normally interested in sex, but in this country one never hears it mentioned, and so, naturally, hundreds of thousands of our best people go abroad every year where they may hear it discussed freely and learn something about the facts of life.

If the stage, the moving picture films, the tabloid newspapers, magazine stories, novels, the Sunday papers, the popular lecturers, only made some reference to sex now and then—ceased to ban the subject entirely—all these people would stay at home, and spend their money here, and prosperity would soon come again. It would be comic, if it were not tragic and pathetic, to witness these multitudes of Americans expatriating themselves every year just to satisfy a wholly worthy curiosity concerning one of the most interesting facts of nature. They are so eager to be taught! I remember in one of my college lectures recently that I mentioned casually that even flowers have sex, and what a furore it caused. My lectures were crowded thereafter in the hope that I might say it again some time. I was reprimanded by the faculty in executive session. Some did not believe it; others acknowledged that it was true, but thought it should be concealed; one young man wrote me that I had destroyed for him his faith in purity. If only we could get a few people in America to talking about sex, the country might yet be saved!

The Cooper-Schoedsack expedition crossing to Portuguese East Africa in quest of "locations"

When the Movies tell the Truth

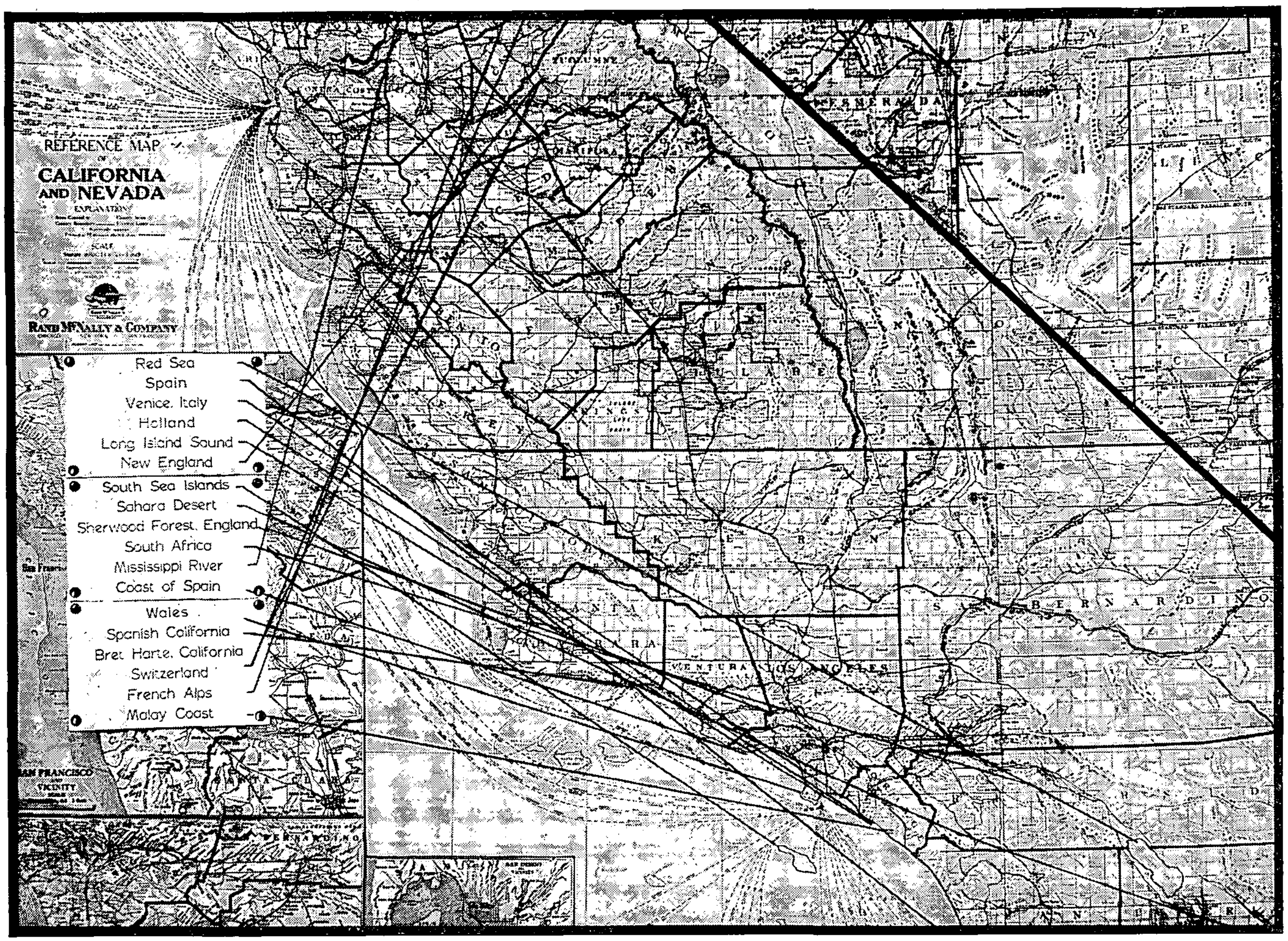
Was that jungle death battle you saw last night shot in Africa or Southern California? Did that moving incident in the antarctic snows really happen the way it appears on the screen? How can you tell what's real and what's not? Here Mr. Wagner explains the ethics of the game and tells of the excitement and danger encountered by the adventurers of the camera

By Rob Wagner

A TREE'S a tree and a rock's a rock. Shoot it in Griffith Park!" When Abe Stern—the famous comedy producer of Movieland—uttered that now classic order in answer to a director who wished to take his troupe into Canada to make a Mounted Police story, all Hollywood laughed. Abe was also credited with such delightful whimsies as—"So you're one of these here smart writers, hey? Well, say me a big word." And that oft-told one that went the rounds during the war when a scenario editor proposed filming Pudd'nhead Wilson. "No!" Abe indignantly replied, "at a time like this we should all stand shoulder to shoulder behind the President."

But when Abe said that a tree is a tree and a rock is a rock, he uttered profound wisdom, as Movieland during the ensuing years learned over and over again at great expense. While shooting a picture at the studio or within a short distance of it, a director is an underling of the big executives; when he takes a company on distant location, he is king. Many a director, loving this imperious sense of power and wishing either a pleasant vacation or an escape from domestic troubles, had a way of convincing his boss that he could put over "big production stuff" if he'd let him take his company to the actual scenes of the scenario.

A New England story *must* be shot in New England. If the script called for the South Seas, well, he'd cut his company down to just the principals, but he'd have to go to the South Seas. I recall one gorgeous vacation when, in order to shoot a bunch of sand dunes, a director took his company of twenty on a six months pilgrimage to the Sahara Desert.



A studio location map showing where foreign "atmosphere" is found in California

Those long and happy adventures took place, however, before the mean old location hunters had surveyed the southwestern corner of these United States and found every possible background that one could need to "alibi" a location. Now, before a picture company is sent off to the ends of the world, the location department goes over the script and in nine cases out of ten proves by photographs that the identical background can be found within two or three days' travel from the studio.

A New England story? Why not use Big Pine, Pleasanton or one of the many other little towns and villages in Northern California that were settled by New Englanders who brought with them their local architecture right up to the little white church with a picket fence around it? A romance of the Sahara? The sand dunes of Oxnard provide more Sahara Desert than can be crowded into fifty cameras. The South Seas? A few coconut palms planted on the beach at Santa Cruz or Catalina and you are on a veritable cannibal isle. The Nile? What's the matter with Nigger Slough?

The Art of "Cheating"

A location hunter was sent to Kentucky to find good backgrounds for a feud story. He wired the studio: "There are better Kentucky feud locations in the hills back of Hollywood than there are in Kentucky." Yes, the studios have now learned that "a tree's a tree and a rock's a rock" and if they are smart, they'll "shoot it in Griffith Park."

This does not mean that all the foreign scenes you see upon the screen are "cheated." The studios may still send an assistant director, a cameraman and a few principals to a distant place to make some quick atmospheric shots. Or they may simply wire to a local newsweekly fellow—they are all over the world now—"Send us a hundred feet of the Bay of Monaco and a few exterior shots of the casino at Monte Carlo." The bay stuff will be used to "atmosphere" the picture, and from the casino shots the technical department will build some close-up detail sets that will cut in perfectly with the authentic architecture.

When I was directing Will Rogers in a political story I wished to show him walking up Pennsylvania Avenue with the Capitol in the distance; in other words, to establish Will in Washington without having to go there. So

Bora Bora Islanders, the cast of Tabu, at a farewell feast for F. W. Murnau. Reri, the native heroine, is seen third from the end at the left side of the table

Murnau's arrival at Bora Bora in the South Seas. The populace dressed up as for a state occasion

I sent a few feet of film, showing Will carrying a suitcase and walking away from the camera, to a news-weekly fellow in Washington. The Eastern cameraman secured a double both for Will and his clothes and took the action on Pennsylvania Avenue, and also a shot of him walking up the steps of the Capitol. As the double reached the top steps and began to set his suitcase on the pavement (made in Washington) we cut to a close shot of Will finishing the action with the suitcase and turning to meet a politician friend (made in Culver City).

Even when the location is close at hand there are shooting problems that must be solved at the studio. Redwood forests, only a few miles north, offer a most sensational background for big production stuff, but how are they to be lighted? The sun can filter through only in spots. Even if one could get power wagons to the location, which might be a hundred miles from a power line, the immensity of the background would use up half the "juice" in California. That is why Cecil De Mille actually built a redwood forest right in Hollywood for a certain sequence in The Ten Commandments. Despite the huge expense, it was cheaper than taking a big company on location and paying for board and lodging. Furthermore, the results were certain because the lighting was under absolute control.

All of this does not mean, however, that there are not times and occasions when companies must actually go to the remote places of the world to get their stuff. This, of course, is obviously true of scientific expeditions, travelogues, and in stories in which the authentic background becomes paramount. "Grass" could never have been made in Hollywood. Schoedsack and Cooper actually had to make that terrible journey to Persia in order to show the stupendous migration of a whole nation from one part of the world to another.

It is also obvious that Byrd's flight over the South Pole had to be an authentic picture of that grand adventure or it meant nothing at all. Nor would it have been possible to have got certain shots of Trader Horn in California. We have many jungle animals in captivity but we couldn't show huge herds of them trekking across an immense landscape.

I have said we can make South Seas stories right here in Hollywood. We can—up to a certain point—but we could make no such picture as Tabu, which is the record of a whole island of natives, exotic and strange to us in every detail. Finally, we could not show actual sealing amid ice floes, nor record the jungle life of wild beasts as Schoedsack did in Sumatra.

Movie Ethics

Before I proceed to tell of the camera and production problems of the adventurers of the films, it will be best to state what have finally been accepted as the ethics of "cheating"—that is, either faking scenes completely, retaking unsuccessful shots, or "dubbing in" scenes, dialogue, and sound effects.

Pictures that are released as straight scientific records permit of no cheating of any kind. Scientific expeditions that include entertainment sequences face two sets of ethics—the scientific record must stand as it is but the entertainment may be cheated within certain definite limits. (This will be explained in discussing With Byrd at the South Pole.) Pictures like Trader Horn, with a scientific or travel background, but which are frankly fiction, may be cheated elaborately so long as cheating does not violate the essential truth that has been advertised as such. Finally, there is the out-and-out fiction story laid in a remote land in which the director may do anything his artistic heart desires so long as he can make his audience believe his story and it has not been advertised as a scientific or truthful record.

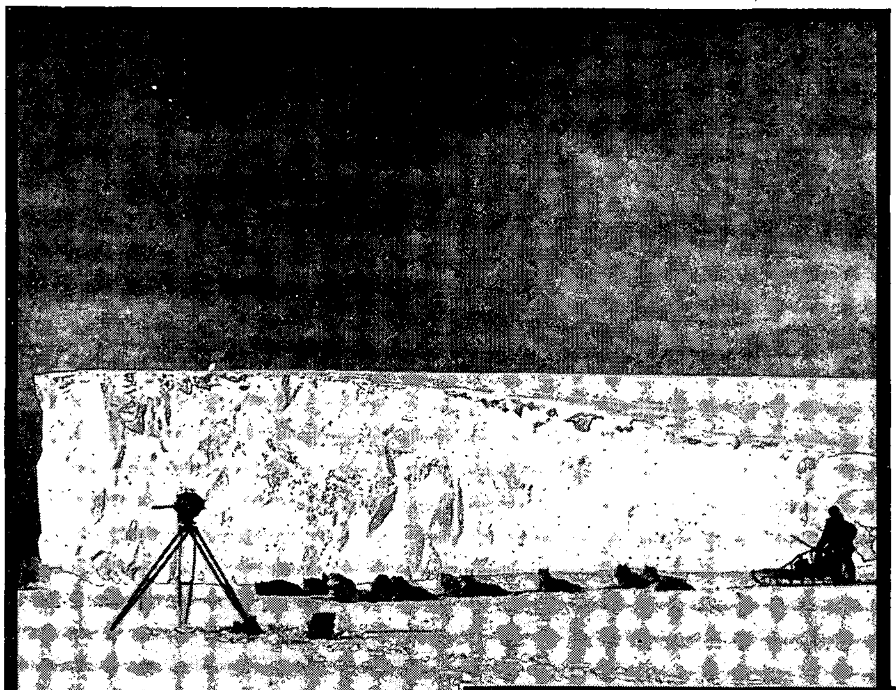
The trouble that overwhelmed Ingagi (and helped advertise it into a huge success!) was due to a breach of these ethics. The picture was advertised as an authentic record of fact made in Africa, when in truth the main action—that of a band of monstrous apes that ravished certain tribes of virgins and carried them into captivity—was based upon a scientifically discredited legend, and the whole sequence was shot in Hollywood. Ingagi himself is a movie character actor; only a few weeks ago I saw him in a comedy at the Writers' Club.

In order further to "hoke" the public on its verity, the picture was "authenticated" by the names of a whole group of adventurers and scientists with grandiose titles, who may or may not have made the African shots that were bought to give atmosphere to the picture, but who couldn't possibly have okayed the Hollywood stuff. When the films "went native" Central Avenue, the Negro district of Los Angeles, took on great prosperity. Many of the Negro chiefs one sees in an African picture tonight may be observed tomorrow evening in the Central Avenue night clubs, lolling about in Kollege Kut Klothes with a magnificent air of boredom.

The Price of Adventure

There is a saying in Movieland that the more fluent the picture, the more headaches lie behind it. This is particularly true of adventure films. You see a scene of an ape doing an amusing bit of business, never knowing that the cameraman waited two long suffocating weeks to get the shot. Or you see a native boy and girl romancing 'neath a tropic sun, and you are entirely unaware that the director shot tests of a hundred boys and girls before he found a pair who could register before the camera.

The happy thought that one may grab a camera and go jauntily off to the ends of the world and come home with a million dollars' worth of film is indeed enticing, but it's only a thought. For instance, let's see what Schoedsack



The temperature at the Byrd station was so low at times that the bare skin would stick to steel. During the coldest weather the oil froze in the cameras

Six cameras and one-half ton of equipment were landed in Little America to record the Byrd expedition. Thirty miles of film were used on this trip

faced in order to bring back his latest screen triumph.

Ernest Schoedsack, six feet six inches tall, is one of the camera's greatest adventurers. It was he (with Cooper) who shot Grass, Chang and Four Feathers, the latter half fiction. So he was a veteran when, in order to film Rango, he dared the jungles of Sumatra.

With his wife and Albert Williams, his assistant, and a retinue of natives who undertook the trip only because of the stupendous wage of thirty-eight cents a day, he boldly set forth into the most dreadful jungle in the world. Practically on the equator with the thermometer reaching the unbelievable heat of 155°, and with torrential rains that all but drowned the expedition, they packed twelve tons of equipment in sixty-pound boxes a hundred and fifty miles.

Rango is the story of a native father and son and an orang-utan, Ali, and *his* son, Rango, facing the common dangers of the jungle—pythons, leopards and tigers. As one sits in the security of the theater and watches this wonderful story unfold, the taking of the picture all looks so easy. Here are some of the headaches one does not see:

Strangely enough, this particular tropical sun was so amazingly weak that all shooting had to be done during two hours at noon, with the sun shining directly overhead, or by flares at night. In the morning and afternoon the shadows were heavy with a non-actinic yellow.

Ali and Rango

With no laboratory at hand, all tests had to be made with ordinary graflex films, using dirty hot water. That such a handicap introduced a tremendous gamble is seen from the fact that in the terrific heat and humidity the emulsion on the film deteriorated so rapidly that it was necessary to ship it out by native runners immediately after exposing it. As there were no reports on it for four months, retakes were out of the question. Thus, sixty thousand feet of film was sent from the heart of Sumatra to the New York laboratories with only the skill of two cameramen guaranteeing its quality.

So terrific were the rains at night that even by getting up at five A. M. it took all morning to dry things out enough for midday shooting. Every night the cameras had to be taken down and soaked in oil to preserve them from rust. Paper had to be wound and stuffed into the film to dry out the moisture.

Those were a few of the mechanical difficulties that are nowhere apparent in the finished picture. The problems of the subject matter were equally headachy. As Ali and Rango were principals in the cast, it was necessary that they should be friendly. This was accomplished by feeding them. Within a few months they became actually affectionate and were delighted to show off.

The big punch in Rango is the fight between the water buffalo and the tiger. This is all the more dramatic because the tiger is man's worst enemy and the water buffalo is his only jungle friend. Notwithstanding the fact that the buffalo is to the native a gentle, kind-faced beast, it is the only animal of the jungle that is the tiger's fighting superior.

It would have been easy to build a corral and turn those two beasts in to tear each other to pieces, but Schoedsack preferred to record this drama of the jungle authentically and so for twenty-two days he waited at his camera for the inevitable attack and was fortunate enough to have it staged on the spot selected. The moral justification for this fight-sequence lies in the fact that it was simply the record of an inevitable conflict which would have happened anyway.

Shooting Trouble

Many scientific expeditions have set forth to the ends of the world and returned with reports that were interesting to a few scientists but utterly dull to most of us. This is because they missed the human and entertainment value of the adventure.

Admiral Byrd made no such blunder. His trip was undertaken not only for scientific reasons, but to awaken public interest in the adventure. So he took along two corking cameramen, Willard Vander Veer and Joseph T. Rucker, who not only were sure of getting *his* stuff but *our* stuff as well.

Here are some of the problems faced on that expedition that you did *not* see in the picture: Six cameras and a half ton of equipment were landed in Little America. A small laboratory was set up, just enough to develop tests. The thirty miles of film were all shipped back and developed in the New York laboratories. The journey took weeks, but after the films were developed the results were instantly radioed back.

The temperature at the Byrd station was so low at times that the bare skin would stick to steel. During the coldest weather the oil froze and the cameras had to be taken down, cleaned and run dry. As steel shafts and bronze bushings have different shrinkages under cold, they had to be ground down to permit a certain amount of play, then with a little whale oil they would work.

Lighting was also a serious problem. In the long winter night, the work was done entirely by flares. In the summer when the sun was shining the glare was so terrific that everybody wore dark glasses, but the light had to be tested by bare eyes during short painful intervals.

A picture such as With Byrd at the South Pole comes under the double-ethics head mentioned earlier in this article. Cheating in any manner on the scientific report was absolutely out. There were, however, certain episodes of the adventure which, for one reason or another, were impossible to film at the moment and could legitimately be re-shot.

Central Avenue Savages

For instance, it is ridiculous to suppose a camera would always be in place ready to crank in the presence of an accident. The accident happens, however, and it is a very important incident in the trip. Therefore, it is perfectly ethical to set up a camera and repeat the action of the accident for the record.

Dirigible, a recent picture, is a story built around the discovery of the South Pole. As it is frankly fiction, any kind of cheating is permissible as long as it does not outrage credulity. As the director had every assistance from the Navy and as the Navy Department okayed the script, it stands to reason that the adventure could have happened.

Here, indeed, was a great challenge to the technical department—to establish a South Pole locale and atmosphere without going there. The result is a laboratory triumph, except for one fundamental fault—even in a supposed temperature of 140° below zero, the breath of the explorers does not show! Bonehead direction? Not at all. Every device used failed. The technicians tried dry ice, a new chemical compound that has been successfully used in the silents but which cannot be held in the mouth while speaking. After Hobart Bosworth had been terribly burned and had lost three teeth in a trial scene, its use was given up. Here is a pretty challenge to the country's chemists. Get up some scheme whereby a man's breath will show in warm weather!

Trader Horn is another fiction story built around a legend of a white maiden held captive as a goddess in a savage temple. As such, the director was permitted the utmost latitude in its making. As no sound equipment was carried into the jungles of Africa, all scenes in which the maiden and the savages jabbered and the white folks spoke were obviously made in Hollywood. In fact, by simply shifting from pink shirts and patent-leather shoes to bone ornaments and nose-rings, Central Avenue easily became Central Africa.

It is true that a company was sent to the Dark Continent to shoot Trader

(*Continued on page 46*)

Making Them Laugh

Mary Boland, in her youth, set out to be thwarted in love. She was thwarted—in the attempt. But success has been the usual crown for her efforts, placing her early and often in the limelight of Broadway

By John B. Kennedy

© Hal Phyfe

Mary Boland left romantic rôles to become a magnificent comic

"MY LIFE," said Miss Mary Boland, sweeping the hand of a poetess over a head of marcelled gold, "has been a running brook, punctuated, as most brooks are, by rocks."

The statuesque blonde who came up from tragedy to make mirth her middle name presented rock number one. It was in Detroit. "A spacious, genteel Detroit," says Miss Boland, "where the houses were set back of fine, rolling lawns and the only filling stations of any consequence sold oats."

Supposing, then, you had been a Detroit man-about-town in those days when the boys went about town with serious intent and wore whiskers and nobby hard hats in evidence thereof. Suppose, being this man-about-town, you were lurking in the neighborhood of the Lyceum Theater, idly studying pictures of the players and not so idly studying fair females likewise bent over the photograph cases. Suppose a flaming young blond person pounced out and beamed at you. The chances are, at first thought, you'd beam back—with perhaps a twirl or two at the mustache. But, on second thought, you'd bottle up the beams and wonder whether or not so frank a flirtation was all in the spirit of good, clean fun. You'd probably end by avoiding the issue and leaving the flaming young blonde to flame at somebody else.

Such caution—the caution of others—handicapped young Mary Boland in her first onslaught on the deeper life.

"I had it all figured out," she says, "that, in my teens, although tall enough to be taken for a young woman of twenty-one, I was devoid of emotional experience. A man in the company told me that, a man I looked up to because he had a photograph of William Jennings Bryan signed 'Yours truly.' This man said that nobody could act unless his soul had been put through a crucible of suffering. And when I asked him the quickest and most painless method of getting through the crucible he gazed at me soulfully, like an actor contemplating a full, free meal.

"'One must be thwarted in love,' he said, 'as I have been.'

"'Have you?' I said.

"This man turned away at that, shrugging his shoulders. But I took to heart what he had told me, and I set about being thwarted in love. I've since thought he shrugged his shoulders in mirth, not in misery."

For such a youngster, flaringly blond, with perfect, chiseled features and warm, gray-blue eyes, plus a voice capable of staccato laughter and purring tenderness, not to exclude a smart cerebral equipment—for such a youngster to be determined on a love affair that would end in heartache was what the political boys call quite a contract. She set about it doggedly. Youth was against her. None of the men in the company would consent to conquer her.

Romeo—"On the Lam"

She tried her luck on a lad who, she learned, was a bachelor.

"And romantic," says Miss Boland. "He had been in state's prison. He used to meet me at the stage door, and once took me to dinner. But I couldn't bring him to our house. My parents were disciplinarians.

"One day we were out walking through a park in early spring, and I felt ever so romantic. A gentleman stopped us, and my gentleman friend paused in a very beautiful speech and took it, as the boys say, on the lam. The stranger whipped out a revolver and fired two shots in the air, but since my Romeo was not a bird, he wasn't hit. I read in the paper afterward that a fugitive from justice had been arrested in a saloon. He was wanted for bigamy.

"So I was thwarted in trying to be thwarted in love. I gave it up as a bad job and settled down to work, leaving love to come where and when it would. To date, it hasn't."

There's a wistfulness about this unusually handsome woman as she confesses that she is still a spinster of whichever parish she resides in. Originally, it was Detroit, where she was born on a bright morning to a mother who was reconciled to making ends just meet and a father who yearned to act. Table talk at breakfast, dinner and supper was of the theater. Her father had a magnificent gift of mimicry by his own fireside which seemed to fail him at the test of the footlights. He tried his luck with local companies, but got nowhere.

Mary, lodged in a convent, was discovered reading Shakespeare's plays beneath a Latin grammar set up over her desk as camouflage, and promptly condemned as a worldling.

"Your daughter," wrote the mother superior to the Bolands, "will not be permitted to take part in any convent entertainments. Her head is already filled with wild ambitions to become an actress. This is not wholesome in one so young."

The Start of a Career

Mary was much surprised when Dad agreed with the conventual viewpoint. It didn't look as though Mary Boland would ever get a chance to use the histrionic talent she faithfully practiced in the privacy of a convent cubicle.

But the Boland family didn't prosper, later on, and something had to be done about it. Mary slipped from the house one day to her favorite truant spot—the Lyceum Theater.

She evaded the bearish stage manager—who later, as in all true stories, turned out to be her good friend—and saw the manager, owner, producer and principal actor. He heard her do her recitations and hired her—at forty dollars a week!

Saying nothing to her family, Mary pretended to go to bed at seven-thirty with headaches for an entire week. Slipping out of the kitchen rear door at seven thirty-five to go to the theater and act, Mary got by—until Saturday matinée, when her poor mother decided to try to relieve household worries by the anodyne of make-believe. The dear lady sobbed aloud when she saw her own daughter, garbed as an Indian maid, being sacrificed, in the big moment of a heart-rocking melodrama, to some unpronounceable divinity of, say, the Lockjaw tribe.

Mother Boland fought her way to the stage after the show and captured Mary. The Boland supper table that night was not a quiet spot. Mary was told that she'd have to give up the stage. In that hour she discovered she had a firm chin.

"If I became a stenographer," she argued, "I'd make eighteen dollars a week. If a switchboard operator, perhaps less. I'm an actress—and here's what I make."

Proudly she tossed her first pay envelope on the table. Her astonished parents, after little sister had dutifully counted the contents, hailed their gal a heroine, as, indeed, she was. Mary went back to the stock company and stayed with it for the season.

She left Detroit with hurrahs in her ears to play stock seasons at Cincinnati, Nashville, Los Angeles and Providence. Players prophesied enormous success for her in New York.

To this Sam H. Harris did not agree. He sat in his office on a spring afternoon wondering how he could acceptably fill the cast of a road company playing in Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl, or some similar piece. As he wondered, his office door opened and there entered unannounced a very young, quite tall and exceedingly handsome blond girl.

An Ambition Fulfilled

To deposit Miss Boland with her proper economic and artistic background at this fateful interview, we should say that for more than a month she had been "doing the offices," a trade phrase for wearing out sidewalks in search of a job.

"The very part for you," said Mr. Harris, tossing her a bulky script. "You look like the provincial ideal of a heroine. Take it and you've got a contract for thirty-nine weeks at sixty a week."

Sixty dollars a week was then considered fair pay for a leading lady in second-rate touring companies. Miss Boland needed the sixty, and most certainly the experience. Her logic, however, sustained her ambition and both overcame the urge of necessity.

"Mr. Harris," she said, "it cost me heartache and money to come to New York. I'm not going to leave here until I work here."

"You're crazy," snapped Mr. Harris. "Eighteen actresses of more experience have applied for this part and have been rejected. I wanted a younger woman. You're the girl for the part. Take it and be happy. Broadway's no place for a young actress out of a job."

"My place is my fortune, sir," Mary Boland said, or words to the effect that New York was the front line for her sally against fate.

"Well," said Mr. Harris, "come back before it's too late and I'll see what can be done."

And in the city where theater people starve far more often than they star, Mary Boland continued to "do the offices." She was a little weak from irregular eating or, more correctly, regular abstinence from eating. Her tread was infirm, and she bumped into a passer-by.

"Mary Boland?" said he. "I remember you from Detroit." And then, with the cheery way unemployed actors have of imparting news that is good to other unemployed actors, he remarked:

"Down the street at the Hudson Theater, Robert Edeson's rehearsing Strongheart. They've thrown out fourteen juvenile female leads already. You might as well be the fifteenth."

Mary Boland went to Edeson in her turn and read lines. Her voice, in maturity a medium-pitched, musical instrument tending to staccato at excitement feigned or genuine, was in that moment steady with determination. The playwright and the producer both heard her. They wagged heads and agreed: "That's the girl."

Now one can hardly call this break a female version of Mr. Horatio Alger's onward and upward laddies. But fate has a way of balancing all things. Her blond head crowned with laurel so early in life, it looked like easy going and a long way for Mary Boland. It was. Yet at the height of fame came a moment when the lady of laughter shed bitter tears—on a stage before an audience, tears that were bad to the last drop.

Before all this could happen came many things. Mary Boland was an arresting figure on the stage. Even a star had a job ahead of him to focus mass attention on himself when that glamorous figure worked opposite. Charles Frohman observed this, and Mr. Frohman was shrewd. He valued stars, naturally, by box-office longevity. Boland was young. She would last. He had to cash in on his other lions before they faded. He made a master stroke by taking Boland away from plays in which she shone too brightly and putting her up against the assured and mature refulgence of the great John Drew.

Somerset Maugham's Smith was their joint vehicle, Drew playing the robust Colonial and Mary Boland the demurely flirtatious domestic who captures him for a husband. At that, her remuneration was not regal.

She didn't entertain lavishly—she couldn't, despite the aid entertainment gives to climbing talent. She attended theatrical and literary affairs. There was in particular one struggling authoress she liked who wanted to make her début as a New York highbrow hostess as impressive as possible. At the last minute before a dinner for some editors and others, sickness mowed down the lady's two servants—a maid and a cook. The dinner went on, a cook having been summoned from an obliging table-d'hôte restaurant, while the servant was unusually cool in bearing and competent in action.

A late-comer among the guests expressed the sentiments of those assembled regarding the handsome waiting maid.

"I think so much of her," he said, "that I'm going to take her to the theater with me this evening."

And although there were modified gasps and minimized murmurs, the pair went out together—to the theater.

Miss Boland went on accumulating reputation. They put her in the movies as the golden-haired heroine of the American stage. Her net education from that experience was that critics can be kinder than cameras and that a true blonde is always much better seen than shadowed.

Old Man Irony put in appearance at about this time. The lady who had all sorts of luck by stepping out of childhood into solid establishment as the female support of America's leading male stars found herself suddenly wrenched from romance and made a magnificent comic.

Ruined by Success

George Kelly wrote the Torch Bearers. A grand piece of satire this, in which he took the amateur theater movement by the ears and made it say "Aunt." Mary Boland was the aunt—the beautiful lady and dumb who planned to bring culture to the suburbs and whose wealthy husband expired when he heard her give mouth to her first six-syllable drawing-room laugh, off-stage.

"This was a perfect spot for me," says Miss Boland. "I was always so good at off-stage noises.

"Yet the success of The Torch Bearers did a terrible thing to me. I became the new Mrs. Malaprop—and that was not my ambition. The Cradle Snatchers followed, in which I led a gang of supposedly too mature matrons in an experiment with a bunch of gigolos. Uproariously funny; but I didn't like it, although the audiences laughed for weeks."

A gentleman summed up Miss Mary Boland's hilarious years of disappointing success.

He went to see her in her dressing-room, where this statuesque blonde holds court before each performance in the traditional manner. As he saw her array herself in beauty for her rôle, he nodded a handsome head on a gold-topped cane and sighed deeply.

"I'd sell my soul to be a great clown," he said.

His name was Rudolph Valentino.

Sometimes They Laugh

This touched hidden springs of determination in the lady. She determined not to be a great clown. The chance came—a play, Women Go on Forever.

"When we tried out at Great Neck I was resolved to show a critical first-night audience of actors, managers and newspaper critics that I could act; that I was not a clown.

"The curtain rose, the play went on, and I stood in the wings awaiting the cue that would send me out to show wares the public did not know I had. The cue came. My heart fluttering, I stepped out, disheveled, a snarling, sneering virago. The audience rocked with laughter. I staggered at the impact for a few moments, shocked, heart-broken. Then, I stumbled through my lines—the audience still laughing. An impulse came to flee that theater—to run away and bury myself in obscurity where, if I couldn't act, I could forget clowning and laughs."

Of course she didn't. Nobody does. She went back at that audience in the second act and was mildly satisfied when, at the end, they gave her acknowledgment free from laughter.

But as she sat with me in her dressing-room making ready for the star part in The Vinegar Tree, Miss Mary Boland, heart-whole and fancy-free, made her confession:

"Here I'm back, making them laugh," she said. "And I like it. Now I'm disappointed if the audience doesn't whoop it up a bit at my lines. But audiences have different rhythms—sometimes they laugh, sometimes they don't. We who make them laugh, or try to, are saved from insanity by realizing that if the gags are old to us they're new to the audience."

She sighed as for far-away days, and there came the vision of a blond youngster in Detroit tripping to the theater to play some fatuous rôle of heroic anguish.

"Well," she said, "if they don't let me play Juliet in public, my private mirror knows how good I am in the part."

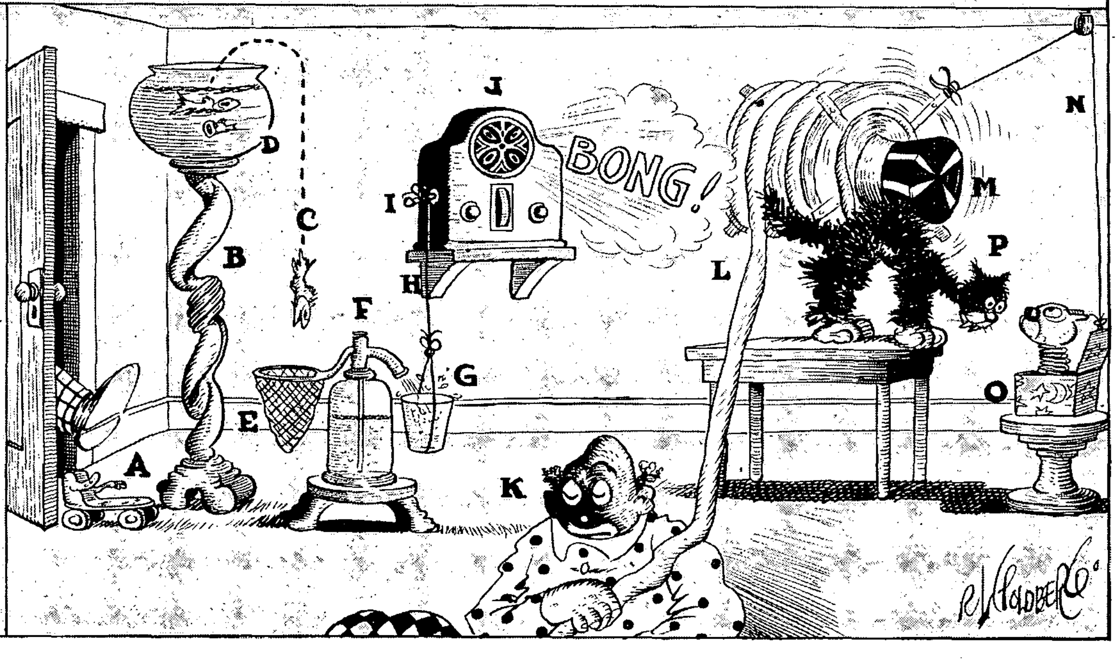
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS CATCHES COLD FROM THE BREEZE CAUSED BY AN HAWAIIAN DANCER'S SKIRT AND HE SNEEZES UP AN IDEA FOR AN AUTOMATIC HAT BRUSH.

AS YOU COME IN TO LISTEN TO THE BROADCASTING OF THE BIG FIGHT, YOU STEP ON ROLLER SKATE (A) AND KNOCK OVER PEDESTAL (B) CAUSING FISH (C) TO FALL OUT OF BOWL (D). FISH FALLS INTO NET (E) STARTING SIPHON (F) AND SQUIRTING SELTZER INTO GLASS (G). ADDED WEIGHT PULLS CORD (H) WHICH TURNS ON SWITCH (I), STARTING RADIO (J). AS GONG SOUNDS FOR START OF FIRST ROUND OF FIGHT, PORTER (K) MISTAKES BELL FOR FIRE ALARM AND UNREELS FIRE HOSE (L) WHICH REVOLVES HAT (M). STRING (N) OPENS BOX (O) AND HEAD OF DOG JUMPS OUT. CAT (P) RAISES BACK IN ANGER AND FUR BRUSHES OFF HAT THOROUGHLY.

JUST TO MAKE IT MORE INTERESTING YOU CAN PUT A LITTLE SCOTCH IN THE GLASS (G) AND HAVE A HIGHBALL.



Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

DRAMA was bound to enter the life of Sheila Carscadden some day. The odd thing is that it has avoided her so long. For she has the lovely aspect and the daring temperament that invite romance. Through the twenty-one years of her life she has known nothing but desolate poverty—sharing it with her widowed mother, her crippled sister Angela, her sober brother Joe. She is determined, somehow, to enrich her life with spaciousness and beauty. And the symbol of everything for which she yearns is a boy she has met once, on a summer outing—and never seen again.

It is winter. Disaster sits on the Carscadden threshold. Joe has lost his job. Sheila will be out too—as soon as her week is up. Destitution. Suddenly Sheila's dilatory star begins to rise.

For ten cents Sheila buys a purse at a rummage sale in St. Leo's. On examination, the purse yields fifty dollars and the donor's address. Honesty compels Sheila to return the money. Thus she meets Judge McCann and his happy, complicated family.

McCann is delighted with Sheila, touched by her probity. He presents, in the order of their appearance, his wife, his sons Frank and Peter, his foster daughter Gertrude Keane, his youngest offspring, Veronica, He questions Sheila, learns of her dire straits, and discovers at last that her dead father, Con Carscadden, was a friend of his youth. He offers his protection to Sheila and all her tribe. But Sheila is scarcely conscious of this providential deluge. All her dazzled faculties are focused on the overwhelming discovery that Peter McCann is the boy whose image is with her, waking and sleeping, and that he is shortly to marry Gertrude Keane. Wounded and bewildered, she takes her leave of the McCanns. Peter contrives to pass her a note saying that he must see her next day and naming the meeting place.

IV

SHE was nervous in the office the next morning; always pale, today Sheila was unwontedly pale. The other girls looked at her respectfully; they knew that she had been fired, and although to their care-free ranks this meant little, yet it was impressive to have the invincible Sheila Carscadden subdued and complaining of headache and of a bad night.

The hours trembled by her. She would be free at two o'clock; would she go to the library for the appointment with Peter at half past three?

"Indeed I'll not!" her thoughts said indignantly, even while she watched the clock. Long arguments with him underran all her other musings this morning; she felt languid and broken, after the too violent emotions of the night before. Dreaminess—torpor possessed her. The girls questioned her sympathetically.

"Sheila, what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll go to Hollywood—"

"I'll bet you in six months Ann Harding resigns."

"I'll bet you in six months no decent person will speak to me."

"Sheila," said Mary McCartney, gravely, "that isn't a nice way to talk in Lent."

"I don't feel nice," Sheila said morosely.

Toward mid-morning she was wanted at the telephone. This was a quite unprecedented occurrence. Nobody had ever called Sheila before; it was a custom not encouraged in the office. She went to Miss McCartney's desk with her heart beating fast. It must be Peter—

It was not Peter. It was Frank McCann who had called.

"Are you doing anything this afternoon, Miss Carscadden?"

Sheila was bewildered. Her wits deserted her completely.

"I mean—my young lady has an engagement this afternoon," Frank said, in his easy, self-confident way. "The Cahills are giving Gert and Peter a big blow-out, up the country somewhere, and of course we have to go. But I have several hours free, and thought maybe you and I could go to a movie."

SHE felt, a few minutes later, that she need not have been so brief in declining. After all, he had meant it well. After all, he was the oldest of the McCanns, and the McCanns had suddenly become to Sheila the most important family in the world. But—well, it didn't matter. Frank McCann didn't matter. What did matter, supremely, was the eternal question: was she going to meet Peter in the library or not?

Not to do so meant—just blankness. By this time Mamma would have settled Mrs. McCann's charitable interest in the family once and for all. Leave that to Ma. When Ma chose to be magnificent, there was just nothing to it! Ma would squelch the other woman completely. After a very short tussle with Ma, Mrs. McCann would never want to hear the name of Carscadden again. She would say to the judge, supposing him to continue to feel any interest in Sheila, "That girl was just fooling us, Paul. She has a very nice, comfortable home in the Bronx, and her mother said that they wanted for nothing."

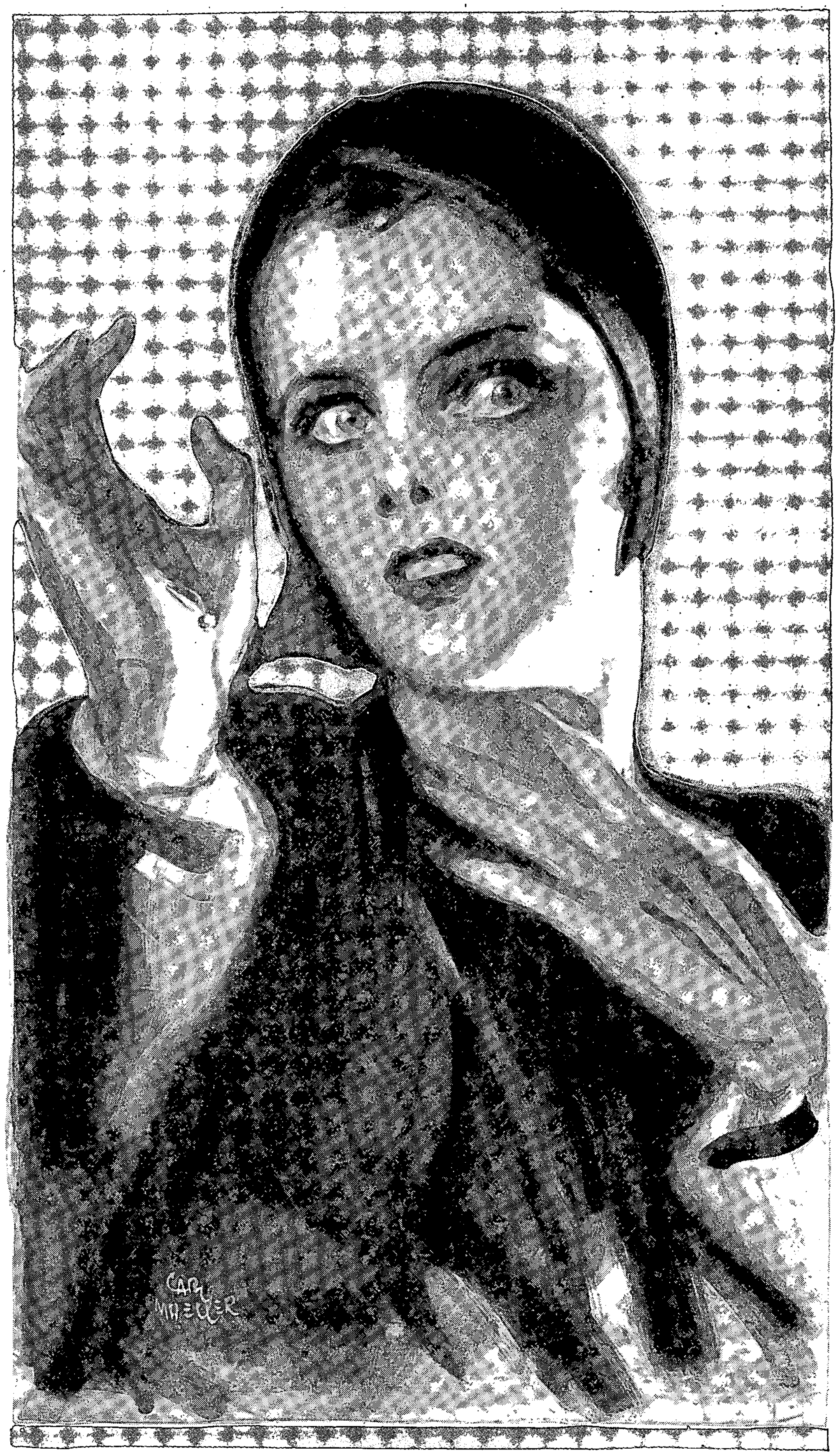
And that would end it, as far as Sheila was concerned.

There remained her tie with Peter, her shadowy claim on Peter. He had recognized it, quickly enough. He had known that they too must have an hour together or, less, have a few minutes together, before he married Gertrude Keane. That was all she, Sheila, had ever wanted; it was all she wanted now. One talk with him—

Still, she did not intend to go to the library.

She couldn't, anyway, because Joe as was usual on Saturdays called for Cecilia, and it was natural that they should all walk out into the cold streets together. Joe took them to the drugstore counter, and they had toasted three-decker sandwiches and coffee. It was then almost half past three o'clock, and Sheila was a long way from the Law Library on Broadway.

Then it seemed that Joe wanted to see a man in Brooklyn about a job. Cecilia said she would go, too, and they could stop and see Aunt Teresa. Joe, as always when he was with his girl, looked darkly radiant; Cecilia was as usual composed and quiet under his attentions. Apathy was Cecilia's rôle; she left the love-making to Joe.



Sheila, transfixed, saw his body silhouetted for an instant against the snow

At twenty-five minutes of four Sheila found herself alone in the cold, dirty, dark street. Snow was threatened; the sky was ominous and low, the air had a cool, fresh rush.

She hesitated; walked a block east. No, she wouldn't keep this date with Peter! She turned and went resolutely westward, and into the subway hood. She was going home.

IN THE train, rushing homeward, she looked at herself in her pocket mirror. Her blue hat was infinitely becoming; the very feeling of the big soft coat with its luxurious collar was one of becomingness. It was now a quarter to four;

in twenty minutes it would be too late. She wished that the time would pass, and this indecision be over.

Resolutely, Sheila changed to an express train, was whirled north, under the thundering streets. She got out at One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, as she always had done, mounted to the sidewalk level, loitered at the bakery window. Coffee cakes; Ma loved them. Little chocolate layer cakes with holes in the middle. The girl was sticking tiny clean signs into them: "Today's special, 25c."

The drug-store clock said three forty-eight. Suddenly, breathlessly, Sheila had turned, had crossed the street to the downtown subway, had plunged in her nickel, and pushed through the turnstile. She took a Broadway and Seventh Avenue train. Instantly she was rushing southward, Mott Avenue—Mott Haven rushed by—

She was on her way. She would be late. No matter, he would wait. A great relief inundated her heart. Sheila had given in. No use fighting it any longer; she had to see him.

THIS was Saturday. A week from today he and Gertrude would have been four days man and wife. Tonight someone was giving them a big party, it would be all parties from now on. But Sheila would have this one hour.

Her heart was beating so fast when she left the train that she felt almost suffocated. Mounting the subway stairs that were walled with bright advertisements of tooth paste and boxed biscuits, her knees were knocking together.

The Law Library was on the fifth, and top, floor of a dark old rubber-scented building whose mahogany-boxed elevators tottered on their way up. Everything looked grim and smelled of dust. The closed doors of all the offices they passed were of dull old opaque glass, dimly lettered in chipped black.

Apparently the entire upper floor was given over to the reference books of maritime law. Sheila went through a swinging old black-padded door into a dark, shadowy place where a bald old man sat at a desk, among forests of alcoves that radiated away from him in every direction. Readers, all men, were scattered about among the long, leather-covered tables; radiators clanked, the air was heavy and warm. Lights were already lighted here and there. Now and then one of the men coughed protractedly, and the sound was like the firing of a gun in the quiet place.

PETER was not in sight. Sheila stood hesitant, with shame and self-contempt in her heart. But after a long minute he touched her on the arm; he had come quietly up behind her and was smiling at her.

"Good girl!" he said in approval.

And Sheila was instantly sorry that she had come. It was giving in to him; he had known that she would; he was taking her for granted.

"You look swell!" he said, evidently surprised at her smartness.

Suddenly everything was flat and dull.

"Oh, I was sort of playing a part that night!" she explained.

He did not hear her, because he was leading the way through the room toward a sort of large alcove at the back.

"What do you know about my getting married on Tuesday, having a big party tonight—and I've got to meet Gertrude at church, and everything?" Peter said, grinning. His tone was hardly more than a whisper.

"I think it's terrible!" Sheila had to agree, with an air of enjoyment.

"Well, no, listen," he said. "I felt that I had to talk to you. It won't take us but a minute!"

He had guided her through the rear arcade, past some old men playing checkers. There was still another room beyond; Peter went with confidence toward a narrow door, inconspicuous among bookracks. He opened the door, and Sheila followed him into an old bookroom, evidently long deserted.

It was lighted by two tall, dim windows, below which she could see shabby back yards, the sides and backs of office buildings, and the roof of some garlanded and columned restaurant whose electric sign was already flashing on and off in the winter dusk.

In the room were old shelves lined with books, a long table with a worn black leather cover held in place by nail-heads, two or three old chairs, a library ladder. Besides the books on the shelves there were many more, piled in neat heaps on the floor; some of these were tied with rope marked "Bindery," and on others were cards that said, "Dealers." Evidently the place was an overflow room for the library; Sheila, coming in, turned in surprise to Peter.

"How did you know about this room?" she asked.

"Well, my father one time thought it would be a good idea for me to take up maritime law. Frank's a lawyer, you know; he went to Columbia. He's in the district attorney's office now. There was a rich old guy named Waterhouse—I think he was a sea captain, or something—and he had a big collection of books; when he died, he endowed this library; it's called 'The Waterhouse Maritime Law Library,' I believe. Anyway, we used to come in here and study. There was a swell librarian here, then, but she's gone now."

"For pity's sake," Sheila said, looking out of the window.

"Sit down," Peter directed her. He lighted a dangling light. "Listen," he went on, "I had to talk to you. Listen, why didn't you ever write me?"

Sheila was across the shabby, leather-topped table, her linked hands lying before her. Her heart softened: this was what she had expected.

"I didn't know your name."

"You heard it."

"Yes, I heard it that morning when we met each other. But I didn't remember it."

"I couldn't find you," he said.

"You had *my* address."

"Yes, but listen. That paper was nothing but a piece of pulp when I tried to read it."

"You knew I was going away the next day."

"And I went over to the eight o'clock train, to see you."

"Sunday?"

"Yep. I waited for both the trains."

A light broke upon Sheila's face.

"A boy drove us home," she remembered suddenly. "A friend of the girl I was staying with had a car. I'd forgotten that!"

"There are about twenty Carscaddens in the telephone directory," he said. "I telephoned every one of 'em."

"We haven't any phone."

A pause.

"I wouldn't want you to think that I could talk like that, and just—just be fooling," Peter said, awkwardly. "But then—then, you see, I got engaged."

"Oh, that was all right!" Sheila assured him, vaguely and politely, and they were silent again.

"YOU see—well, we're getting married on Tuesday!" Peter explained youthfully.

"I know." It seemed to her that all life was a long blank ahead of her. Not that she wanted this particular man, or any man. It was just that everything was dull.

"I had to explain it to you. I tried to find you. I couldn't."

"Oh, that was all right," she said again, with a little effort.

"No, but how's everything?" he asked, out of a silence.

"Fine."

"And that girl who was with you, how's she?"

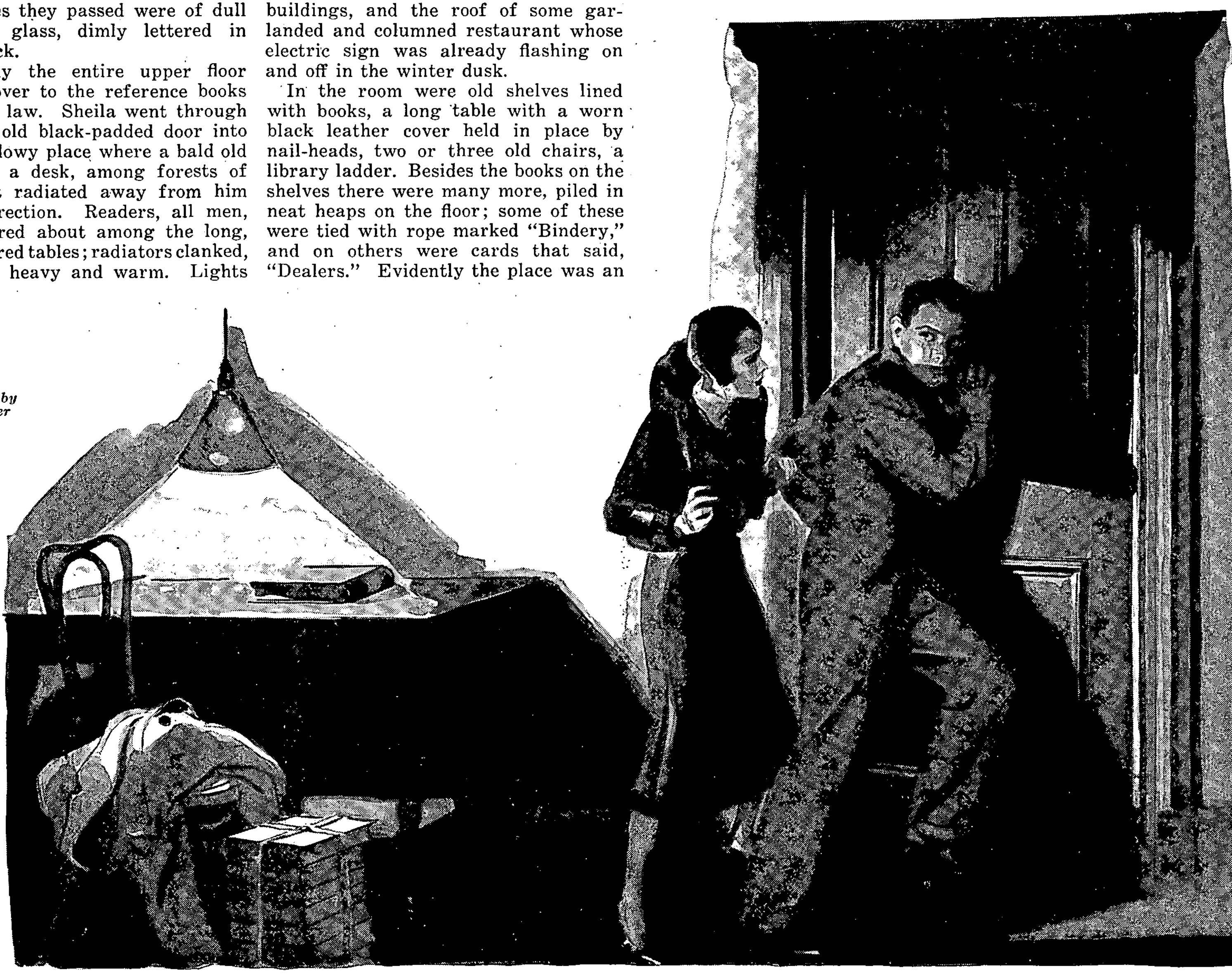
"Rose? Rose Foley. She's fine."

Peter watched her intently, across the table, for several long seconds. He was handsome, in his blue suit, with gold arabesques in his dark-blue tie. His eyes were blue, too, pale Irish blue, and the pink of his clean-shaven skin in agreeable contrast to the silky dark wing of his black hair.

"You see, Gert Keane has lived in our family since we were kids," he offered.

"Sure."

Illustrated by
Carl Mueller



"I'm due at a party at seven," the boy muttered. He had returned to the door

"She's a—well, she's a great girl," Peter said.

"It's all right. But I didn't think either one of us were—was—were—just fooling," she said, presently, in her soft, plaintive voice.

Peter cleared his throat.

"I wasn't fooling," he said.

"I waited for you, that Tuesday night," Sheila admitted, in a silence.

He winced. "I thought you would."

"I'm glad," Sheila said, hesitantly, "that you didn't want to—to throw me down."

The homely phrase expressed her meaning, at least. He caught at it.

"I never threw anyone down in my life!" he said, looking at her seriously, across the table.

SOMEHOW, with the suddenness of a shock, her feeling altered. The words, the tone in which he said them, awakened her. He was acting—a little. He was enjoying this—just a little. Sheila felt giddy with a revulsion of feeling. She wanted so much to like him—she had dreamed dreams about him for so many months! Now it was as if he were disintegrating before her eyes.

Her cheeks grew red. She continued to look at him steadily, but there was discomfort in her feeling now. She wished that she had not come to meet him so impulsively, this man who was to marry another girl in less than a week's time.

"Listen how it all happened," began Peter. "I go off for a beach picnic with a couple of fellers, don't I? And I meet a girl—*the* girl."

Perhaps there was really no change in him. But the change in herself was so sudden and so shocking that Sheila was quite unable to do anything except gravely nod her head.

"I say to myself that I never met any girl like this in my life," he went on, speaking always very seriously, almost fiercely, and looking at her across his folded arms. "Good!"

Boys were like this. They loved themselves. And he was only a boy.

"Well," he continued. "We have lunch together, we talk together, we go in swimming. It's 'Peter' and 'Sheila' right off the bat—am I right?

"You'll say, I walked with you to your cabin, when you changed, after we swam," Peter, needing no encouragement, was continuing. "Right! I did. But all those cabins looked alike; I couldn't find it the next day. There were thousands of them!

"All right. This girl and I hit it off," he began again with gusto; "we like each other. We have dinner together, and we dance together, and along about midnight I find myself telling her that I love her—get me? And it was true, too! I said to that girl, 'You and I are going to be married, Sheila. I'm coming to see you Tuesday night, and meet your folks, and just as soon as we get ready to tell them—' "

"Yes, I know," Sheila interposed, scarlet-cheeked. "But—"

"Wait a minute—*wa-a-it* a minute!" the boy said, with an upraised hand. "That's the last she hears of me, isn't it? And what does she think I am? Why, she thinks I'm a skunk!"

It was all vehemently delivered, with an air of honesty and determination. And somehow it only made her want to laugh—or to cry—

Sheila's face reflected a very rainbow of emotions, as he went on.

"Well, I come back to town, I try to find my girl, it can't be done," Peter summarized it rapidly. "For a while I'm all off my feed; I feel rotten. I get to walking up and down strange streets looking for her—no good.

"Well, all the time Gertrude's right in the picture, see? Just like one of my sisters—I mean," Peter interrupted himself, speaking more naturally, "I mean I've always liked Gertrude. And she's always liked me. It was Mother who tipped me off. We were going to Forest Hills for the tennis, one day. She said, 'Now, don't you break Gert's heart on her, Peter!' Gert got as red as a beet. 'Aha!' I thought, 'is that the way the land lies?' Well, we fixed up everything that day, and everyone was glad. My father got me a job, and everything was fine."

Sheila thought that this time, on her way home, she would stop and get Ma one of the special chocolate cakes. She would wash her gloves and talk to Angela, and the dear familiar routine of Saturday afternoon would reëstablish itself. And tonight, when she was going to sleep, it would not be to an accompaniment of thoughts of Peter McCann.

NO, HE had talked himself out of her heart. It had been done quite simply, in the kindliest possible way. She was not losing him, she had never had him; no one had ever had the Peter of her memories, because there never had been such a Peter.

Looking at him, the actual Peter, as she decided this, she was conscious of a sense almost of light-headedness.

"You're terribly pretty," he said, "and lots of fellers will fall for you. But I wanted you to know that—well, I'm not the sort that says things—things like I said that night—to a girl and doesn't mean 'em. That was the first thing I thought of the other night at home—when I saw you—

"Well, a lot of fellers wouldn't have thought of that. They'd have thought, 'It was a long time ago; it's over.' Not me. I had to see you. I told Gert and Mother, you know."

"You told them!" She was startled out of a musing dream that had carried her miles away; she was thinking that she might get Joe a tie like that for Christmas—

"I told them I'd met you last summer, and I thought you were fine, and that I'd no idea that things were so bad with you."

He smiled at Sheila, and she smiled back. She felt humiliated and cheapened somehow; she wished herself miles away, but he must not see it. After all, it was of no consequence, for in another five minutes he and she would part, and they would not see each other again.

"So that's the way the whole thing came about!" he said, rising.

"How much more he would have thought of me if I'd paid no attention to his note, and hadn't come here today," Sheila thought, standing, too.

Peter reached up, ready to snap off the light, glanced at his wrist.

"Gosh, it's after five!" he exclaimed, shocked into complete naturalness for the moment. "And I was to go to the tailor for a minute between half past four and five, and I have to meet Gertrude at church! What do you know about that—four minutes past five!"

HIS hand was on the door. Sheila, following him, saw his expression change curiously.

"Why," he ejaculated simply, "it's locked."

"It's stuck."

"Stuck nothing! It's locked."

"Rattle it!"

He rattled it madly, and shouted, "Say! Listen! Say!"

There was silence on the other side. Complete, unbroken silence.

"That's funny!" Sheila said.

"Say!" he shouted.

"Isn't that *funny*—we're locked in!" Sheila said again.

"Funny!" He laughed abruptly, ruefully. "It's a heck of a note!" he said.

"We can get out," she observed quickly.

"Oh, sure we can. Only—" He paused. "I suppose," he diverged, "they lock the old place up at five."

"They must. But there'd be a caretaker or janitor or something somewhere 'round."

"Sure there would be."

"Probably they clean the place nights."

"But this is Saturday night."

"That's right, too."

They investigated. Some fourteen or fifteen feet below them was a dirty, cindery roof, just the depth of one of the stories of the old building in which they were trapped. A fire-escape's railings curved up over one edge of this roof; there was a tangle of chimneys, tanks, other roof levels about and below.

"We couldn't drop that?" Peter speculated nervously, beside her at the window.

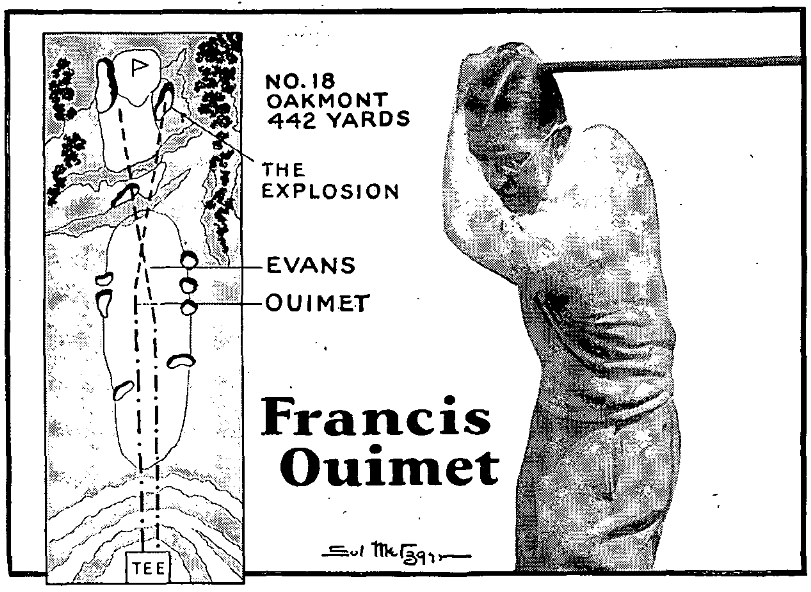
"We'd break our legs."

"Gosh!" he ejaculated, off for another feverish inspection of the room. "My mother's waiting for me now!"

"I know it."

"I'm due at a party at seven!" the boy muttered.

(Continued on page 37)



Niblick Nerve

By Sol Metzger

AS FRANCIS OUIMET played his final practice round before the 1919 National Amateur Golf Championship at Oakmont, there was ample evidence that a recent illness had handicapped him for the ordeal just ahead. Strokes were not attuned. For instance, his iron to the final green fell into sand; his explosion shot failed.

"I've forgotten my niblick," he said.

"Here's mine," offered Tom Logan, a friend. "And may you never need it," he fervently added.

"Perhaps you had better wire for yours, Nibs," another suggested. "Don't forget Chick Evans will be there."

Ouimet smiled as he replied, "If I meet Chick, I'll win." There was no braggadocio in the remark.

Fate flung them together, these two greatest golfers of the day, in a second-round match of 36 holes that aroused both intense interest and blind partisanship. Chick, you see, represented the West, Francis the East, sections not then in accord in the government of golf.

Their personal rivalry, too, was keen. Ouimet's memorable victory over Vardon and Ray in the 1913 Open at Brookline, the blow that smashed British links supremacy in America, had added halo to his fame. Whereat, Evans in 1916 denied him the glory that was his by establishing a new low medal mark in the Open while winning both our national titles.

Nerves tingled at the prospective clash of these golf giants, meeting for the first time in a national amateur championship. Sports writers proclaimed it "the Battle of the Century." So it was.

Ouimet met the day weak and spent from an all-night illness. Yet his opening gun was a 75 to match Evans. Par is 73 there.

It was now or never for Ouimet when play was resumed after lunch. His sustenance that day was the juice of an orange. Then his matchless irons and his perfect putting touch dominated the duel for eight holes. He was 3 up and 3 under par at this point. But all his magnificent competitive spirit and all his admirable determination could not support his worn body. Chick caught him at No. 16. Brilliant birdie 3's adorned their cards at No. 17.

Thus they faced the 442-yard home hole, the thirty-sixth of their struggle, all square. Both drove splendidly. Ouimet's second found a trap to the right of the green. Evans pulled his second to the left of the green.

Tremendous pressure here upon both! Evans' jumping nerves got the better of him. His too-hasty approach overran the pin 15 feet. Ouimet, with his borrowed niblick, placed his ball 5 feet from the pin.

When the cheering ceased, when Chick's putt had fallen short and Ouimet's in for victory, Tom Logan decided that a battered old iron he had loaned a friend in need deserved a long rest in silver plate to commemorate the occasion.

The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

FROM behind the scenes, former Senator Daniel Carmichael controls the political destinies of New York State. Unscrupulous, cynical, powerful, he has no standard of ethics except expediency and his own interests. Grenfell and Martine, his lieutenants, have been responsible for the crooked manipulations which resulted in the failure of the Builders and Drovers Trust. They, however, have found a convenient scapegoat in Ganley, president of the defunct firm.

Richard Cordova, rich young Assistant District Attorney, has been put in charge of the prosecution in the expectation that he will botch it. To everyone's surprise he secures evidence which makes a conviction probable. Carmichael summons him to his camp at Lake Warumkeg, Maine. There he represents to Cordova that he is eager for his success in prosecuting Ganley and promises him that if he secures a conviction he shall be the next mayor of New York.

It is Carmichael's intention to let the virus of ambition bite deep into Cordova's soul and then force him to mismanage the prosecution of Ganley. In this intention he has an able helper in the person of his niece Delmar, who determines to marry Cordova.

Carmichael's other niece, Deborah, sees the plot and decides to save Cordova despite himself. She receives a love letter written by him and intended for Delmar. On the strength of it she goes to New York, and Cordova, conscience-stricken at the youthful devotion he has unintentionally evoked, marries the wrong wife.

Bound for Warumkeg on their wedding trip, Deborah confesses the deceit she has practiced. They agree to secure a divorce after the election.

At the camp Cordova finds Ganley. Carmichael urges him to remit the prosecution. Cordova sees the trap he has walked into and refuses. Then Carmichael tells him he has been removed from office. When he leaves camp Cordova is surprised (and delighted) to discover that his wife, Deborah is going with him.

Arrived in New York, Cordova is informed by Grady, a newspaper man who has won Cordova's confidence and friendship, that Ganley has committed suicide at Lake Warumkeg, leaving a confession implicating Grenfell and Martine.

XI

CORDOVA walked to the window and stared at nothing. There were buildings opposite; there were motors and people in the street below; there were pigeons fluttering outside, and in the distance gulls trailed ships in the East River. But Cordova, numbed, dazed, saw none of these. Something seemed to beat at the base of his brain, something that beat in rhythm, and the rhythm seemed to repeat, "You killed Ganley; you killed Ganley."

He turned at length and saw that Miss Searles, horror-eyed, was standing close to Grady, and the reporter's arm was about her.

"I killed Ganley," said Cordova slowly. The words issued from his mouth almost without his volition; he heard them, but hardly realized that it was he who spoke them.

Grady took his arm from the supple waist of Miss Searles.

"Yellow, eh?" He spat the words into Cordova's face, and the olive skin of Cordova whitened oddly, as if the bitter speech had been the impact of a blow. He stepped forward, too, and his right hand clenched.

"Yellow?" he echoed.

"Yellow," repeated Grady.

Miss Searles' hand went to her mouth, and horror gave way to fright as Cordova's weight shifted and his right hand came curling up from his hip. And then Cordova laughed. His clenched fist dropped at his side.

"I guess you're right, Grady," he said.

"*Was* right, Dick," said the other. "Over it now?"

Cordova looked at him.

"I guess I'm over it, Fred," he replied. "That is, if one ever gets over knowing that one drove a man to—"

"Now wait a minute, young feller-me-lad," drawled Grady. "You're right back being yellow again. You said you were over it. Now—*get* over it. You had no more to do with Ganley's death than I did. The man broke the law. He—and that grand old guy Dan Carmichael—tried to con you out of it. You wouldn't be conned. You said you'd prosecute, that you'd do your duty. Is it your fault that Ganley took what he thought was an easy way out? If that's so, then every wrong-doer who kills himself is murdered by the officers of the law."

"I suppose you're right, Fred. I hope you are—"

"YOU *know* I am, Dick," interrupted the reporter. "Now, get that eternally in your head. Life can't go on without death. It just doesn't, that's all there is to it. Civilization doesn't continue without an everlasting weeding out of the rotten apples. You didn't force Ganley to suicide. His own actions forced him to it. Any other honest prosecuting attorney would have done as you did. Now—what happened down at Warumkeg?"

He turned to Miss Searles.

"Listen, Cunning," he said to her, "I love you pah-lenty. You and I need each other like Scotch needs soda. But every Mrs. Grady has to learn something from every Mr. Grady. And that is that if the little darling opens her ruby lips to spill anything she ever hears, Mr. Grady is apt to clout her so-o hard."

The wide eyes of the secretary narrowed ever so slightly. The faintest trace of a smile hovered on her lips.

"You know I won't talk, Fred," she said.

"Sure—I know it. But I wanted Dick to be sure of it. Come on, Dick, tell me."

Succinctly, Cordova informed the newspaper man of his talk with Ganley and Carmichael, and of his abrupt departure from Carmichael's camp. At the conclusion of the tale Grady shook his head.

"You know, kid," he said, "I thought your kind died when the tabloids came in. *You turned Dan Carmichael down!*"

"What else would you have me do?" demanded Cordova.

"Who? Me? I wouldn't have you do anything else in the world, Dick. Only—I haven't met so many of your kind. Well, what do we do now?"

"We get down to Warumkeg as fast as we can and get Ganley's confession," said Cordova.

"AND what do you do with it when you get it?" asked Grady. "Oh, I know what *I'll* do with it, if I get hold of it—"

"*If* you get hold of it?" asked Cordova in surprise.

Grady grinned.

"I forgot to tell you that Jeb told me this in confidence. It was for your ears, really. He was afraid—some yokels are smart—that if he called you up, someone might listen in on your wire. So—officially—as a newspaper man, I don't even know that Ganley's dead, much less what else I told you."

"But why did Jeb Stone—"

Grady laughed. He looked at the adoring Miss Searles. He shook his head in bewilderment.

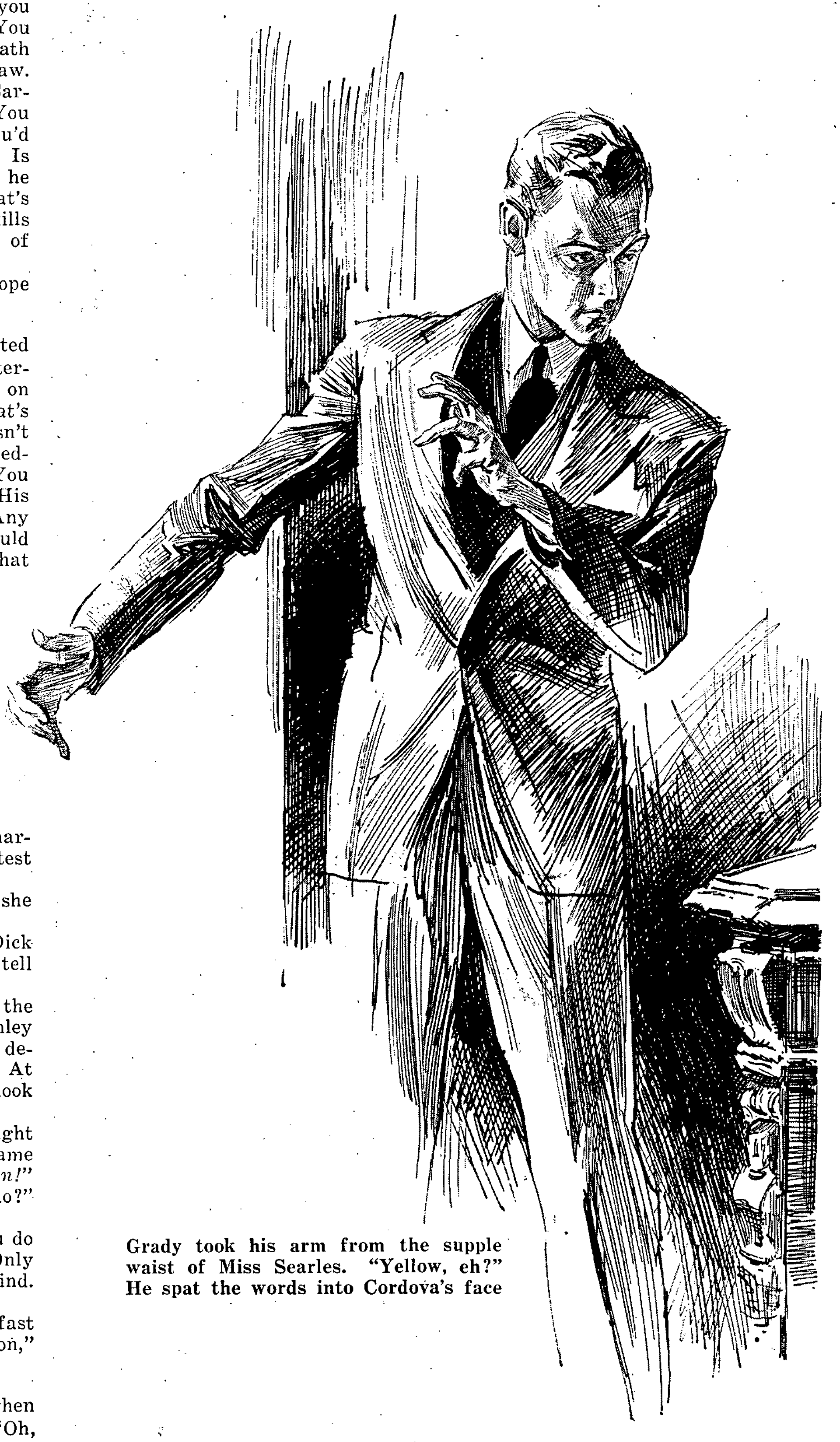
"Cunning, you're a great woman," he said to her. "Here, for months and months, you've been exposed to this man's seductive influence and haven't done a thing about it. I guess you were born to marry a harp, and that's all there is to it." He turned back to Cordova. "You've got something, kid. The little girl you married saw you—and that was that. Jeb Stone paddled you—and he's your sworn ally. I like you myself. Well, Jeb figures there's some row on between you and Carmichael. And he sides with Miss Deborah's husband, and there you are. Now, what do we do?"

"We go to Maine," said Cordova.

"AND when you've got that confession in your hands—what then? You haven't forgotten that you're no longer in the office of the district attorney, have you? You're Richard Cordova, attorney-at-law, and nothing else."

"I hadn't forgotten," said Cordova. "But if Jeb Stone hands me that confession there's nothing in the world to prevent me from giving it to you—for publication, is there?"

"Nothing," said Grady dryly, "that



Grady took his arm from the supple waist of Miss Searles. "Yellow, eh?" He spat the words into Cordova's face jumps into the mind this moment. But Jeb can't hide that paper—Jeb can't withhold the discovery of Ganley's body forever, you know."

Cordova looked at his watch.

"Ten-five," he announced. "A plane will take us down there in less than four hours. We should be there by three o'clock."

"And I know the lad to take us down," said Grady. He reached for the telephone, and in a moment was speaking to someone whom he addressed as "Kipper."

"You'll do it?" he said finally. "Okay, meet you in half an hour."

Cordova picked up the telephone as Grady put it down. He called the Tremayne and was connected with his own apartment.

"Deborah, this is Dick. Something has happened. I'm leaving for Warumkeg by plane."

"UNCLE? Is anything wrong—"

"Your uncle is all right," he assured her. "But—Deborah, I can't talk over the telephone. I—I'll be back tomorrow, anyway, and—"

"I'm going with you," she announced.

"Please, Deb. I don't want you. I mean—this is business, and—"

"All right," she said. "If—if you'll assure me that—that it isn't a quarrel with Uncle Dan."

Cordova hesitated.

"I can't promise that. We might—quarrel. But—I hope not."

"You're pretty mysterious," she said.

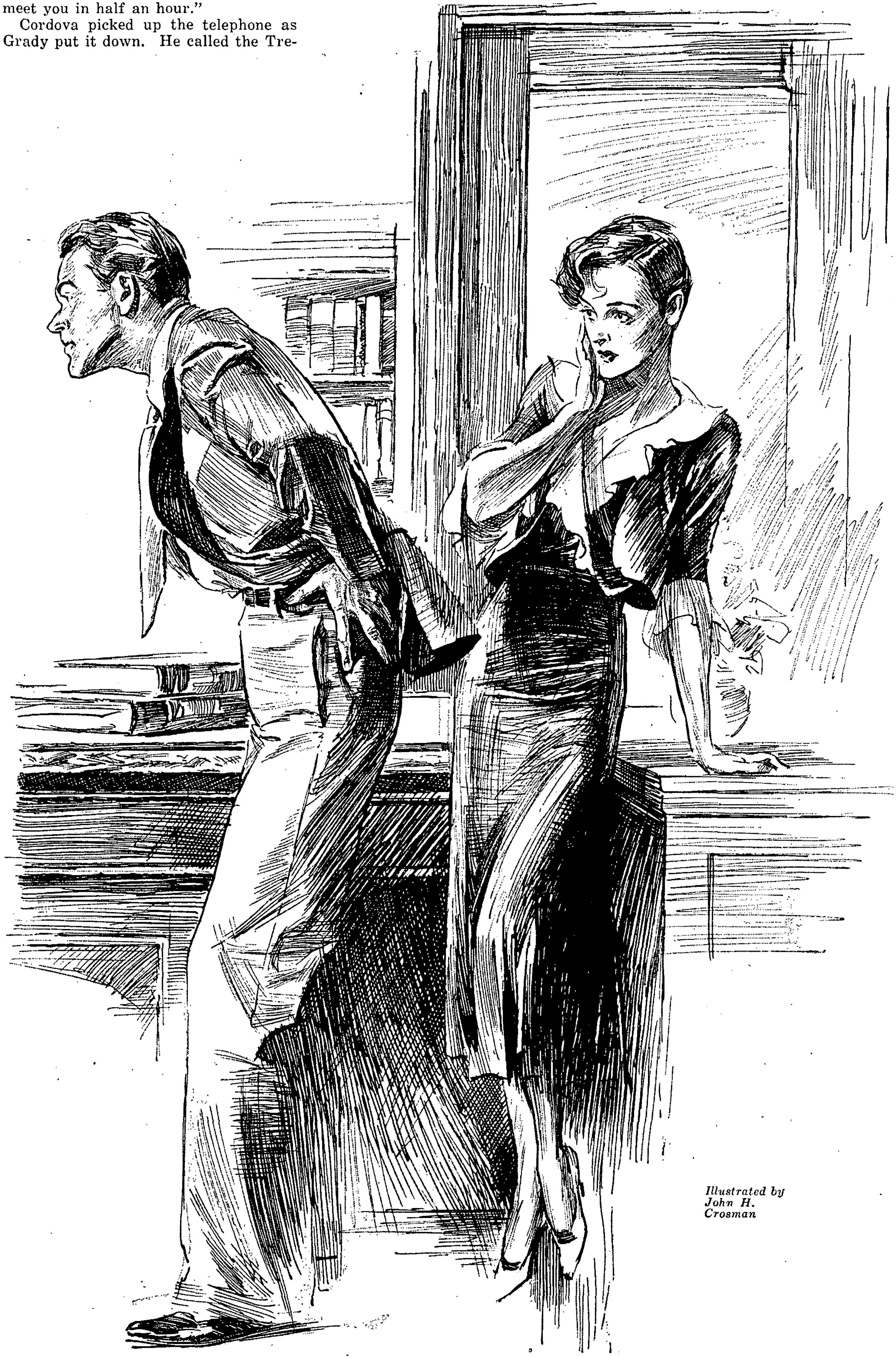
"I'm sorry," he said. "If you're lonesome, perhaps Milly Cragin—"

"I won't be lonesome," she said.

"For me?" he persisted.

He heard her sigh.

"If there should happen to be people listening, Dick, then I'm devastated at the thought of your leaving me."



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"But otherwise?"

"I'm sorry. Sorrier than I can ever make you understand, Dick."

"Good-by," he said stiffly.

He tried to seem unaware of the surprised expressions on the faces of Miss Searles and Grady. They couldn't have heard what Deb had said, of course, but still—his own speech had not been lover-like; at least it had not been the speech of a lover whose love is returned.

"Get all my private papers and books out of here as soon as you can, Miss Searles. Take them to—the Tremayne. Give them to Mrs. Cordova. Come on, Fred."

"I'll be with you," said Grady. And Cordova took the hint, and waited in the corridor outside.

THEY taxied uptown, across the Queensboro Bridge and out to the aviation field. There Cordova discovered that "Kipper" was the name by which Danville Loomis, former holder of the Chicago-New York plane speed record, was known to his friends. Introductions performed, there was no delay. They climbed into the cabin and the plane took off.

Well within the time limit that Cordova had set himself, Kipper eased the big ship down upon the rippling waters of Lake Warumkeg. Across the lake Carmichael's camp loomed portentously against its background of evergreens. From other camps motor-boats could be seen putting out to inspect the first visitor from the clouds—Cordova guessed—that had ever descended upon the lake.

But from Haydon's Landing a tiny motor-boat chugged its way toward the plane, and at a distance Cordova recognized the figure of Jeb Stone. He came alongside while the nearest other craft was a hundred yards away.

Grady spoke to Kipper.

"Go over to Carmichael's camp, Kipper, and wait for us there. And mum's the word. We just came down here to test the plane—anything at all."

"Gotcha," said the pilot laconically. As Grady, followed by Cordova, climbed into Jeb Stone's motor-boat, the plane began taxiing across the lake toward Carmichael's camp. And the fleet of motor-boats disregarded Jeb Stone and followed the plane.

"Got your wire from the field," said Jeb, "and been hanging around since. You sure didn't delay."

"We hurried," said Grady. "Where you taking us?"

"To Ganley," said the guide.

CORDOVA shuddered at the calmness of Jeb's voice.

"How—how did it happen?" he asked.

The guide shrugged.

"I heard a shot last night. Kinda wondered why anyone should be shooting a revolver—it wa'n't a rifle-shot—in the middle of the night. And early this morning Dan Carmichael got me on the phone. Said one of his guests hadn't come in last night. Wanted me to look around—quiet like—for him. Well, I looked. Found a canoe in the bushes on the edge of the water. Bushes all trampled—anyone could follow that trail. Like he was running away from something."

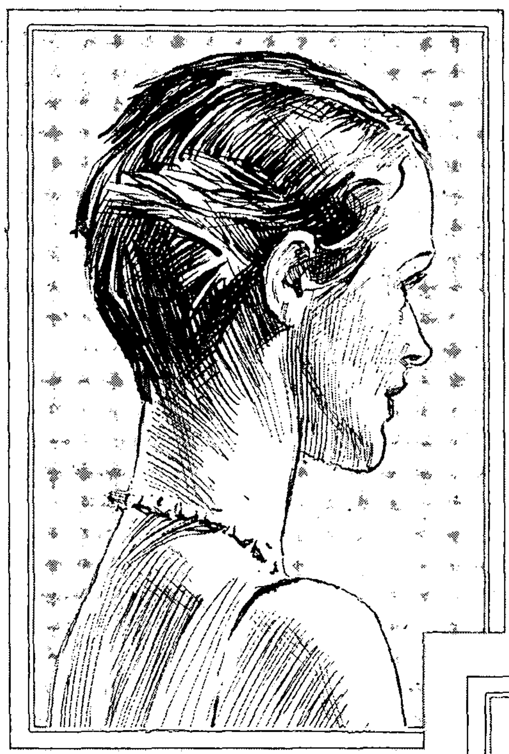
Cordova repressed another shudder. "Like he was running away from something," Jeb had said. Cordova knew from what Ganley fled. He fled from the certainties of life to the dread uncertainties of death. Something of the anguish that must have been in Ganley's mind cast shadows upon Cordova.

"The canoe was there," he heard Jeb saying. "I pulled it ashore so no one would notice it and suspect anything."

He shut off the engine, and the boat nosed slowly in to the shore.

"I kinda guessed what I'd find," Jeb went on, as he climbed ashore, "and I thought that maybe—you see, Dick, I read the New York papers, and I knew who Ganley was. And I thought it was kinda funny that you'd be visiting where he was. And I talked to Fred once in a while—well, anyway, I found Ganley—like you'll find him in a minute."

IT WAS not a minute; it was five minutes before Jeb stopped and pointed to a huddled figure on the ground.



Cordova found pity mingling with his horror. This could be no solution that Ganley had found. Life was too intricate a thing to be eternally ended by half an ounce of lead. Suppose that Ganley, even now, were pleading to some Higher Justice than the man-made thing he feared. . . .

"This was in his hand," said Jeb. "Tight in his fist, as though he'd written it, and not quite decided whether to keep it or throw it away."

He handed Cordova a rumpled and stained piece of notepaper. Cordova straightened it out:

"Carmichael's Camp,
"Lake Warumkeg, Maine.

"Grenfell and Martine got me into this. They told me Jim Simmons wanted me to take over his stock, but that he didn't dare approach me. I took it over and now Dan Carmichael can't fix it up with Cordova. Carmichael says Cordova doesn't count and that he'll fix it up but I'm afraid."

Cordova passed it to Grady.

"No signature, you'll notice," he commented.

"That's Ganley's writing, though," said Grady.

Cordova stared at the wrinkled paper which Grady returned to him.

"I'm going to talk to Carmichael," he said.

Grady nodded understanding.

"I know what I'd do—if you'd let me."

"Yes?" said Cordova.

"I'd get Jeb to take me to the telegraph office at Haydon's Landing, and I'd put a story on the wire that would turn New York upside down."

Jeb growled indistinctly:

"Listen, Fred, all this is for Mr. Cordova. He's Miss Deb's husband, and—"

"I understand, Jeb," said Grady.

Jeb bent over and picked up Ganley as though the body were that of a child.

"We'd better take him to Carmichael's, I guess," he said.

CORDOVA stepped in front of him. He parted branches, tore aside vines, and at last the thing that had been Ganley lay in the bottom of the motor-boat, and the little craft was chugging its way out upon the lake.

Jeb Stone spoke to Cordova:

"You're a nice lad, Dick," he said, "and you're married to Miss Deb, which makes you even better. I figure you and Carmichael have split up. You want to be careful. Miss Deb loves that uncle of hers. A-course, you got your dooty. But you also got your wife. You've got that paper of Ganley's. You know what can be done with it. It busts Carmichael to pieces. When Grenfell and Martine get into trouble, Carmichael is in it, too. You got that over him. But he's got over you the fact that your wife loves him like a father. Dick, think it over."

"I'll think it over, Jeb," Cordova promised.

They neared the Carmichael dock. Someone in a motor-boat idling near the big plane spied the huddled figure in the bottom of Jeb's boat. She screamed.

Death needs few heralds. Before the boat had reached the landing, servants were running from the Carmichael camp, across the lawn. And upon the veranda Cordova could discern the immaculately garbed figure of Senator Carmichael.

He left to Jeb and Grady and the servants the task of conveying Ganley's body to the camp. He pushed his way through the group already landed upon the dock and began mounting the slight incline to the veranda.

He could feel Carmichael's eyes upon him during every inch of his progress. The paper in his pocket became a thing of flame, a blaze wherewith he could incinerate Carmichael's two chief lieutenants and burn Carmichael himself. He felt like a messenger of justice, of doom, as he reached the veranda.

"Sooner than I expected, Cordova," Carmichael greeted him.

Cordova pointed to the little crowd on the dock.

"They're bringing Ganley's body," he said coldly.

Carmichael's iron composure was not shaken.

"I feared as much when we learned he was missing," he said. "Stone found him—and notified you."

"You knew that?" asked Cordova.

Carmichael's shoulders moved slightly.

"Jeb is shrewd. Jeb would know Ganley and you were not proper companions."

"You admit that now?" demanded Cordova savagely.

Carmichael's shrug was definite now.

"Why not?" he retorted. "You'll excuse me—there are things to be done."

As coolly efficient as though the matter were a triviality, he gave orders to servants. He himself straightened the body out upon the bed upon which it was laid in an upstairs room. It was he who telephoned the local police, the local undertaker, and it was he who suggested that Jeb, Grady, Cordova and himself retire to another room.

"Your visit here," said Carmichael, without preamble. "The reason?"

"Now you know the answer to that, Senator," said the guide. "I telephoned them when I found—"

"The reason to give the authorities," said Carmichael savagely. "Unless, Cordova, you're prepared to spill everything you know without due thought and consideration."

"Ganley left a confession," said Cordova.

"Of course he did. That's why Stone notified you. Weaklings always leave confessions. I guessed that, Cordova. Give me credit."

"Can you guess the nature of the confession?" asked Cordova.

"I don't care what it says. The man was insane with worry. My niece noticed, last night, that he talked irrationally. I noticed it. Two of my servants spoke to me about it."

"Prepared for anything, eh?" sneered Cordova.

"Prepared—*always*—for anything," replied the senator.

"And your niece—and the servants—will swear to this?" asked Cordova.

"But of course. Would I say so unless they were prepared to corroborate me?"

"Then listen," said Cordova.

He drew Ganley's pitiful confession from his pocket and read it aloud.

Carmichael grunted harshly:

"Insane. Grenfell and Martine sold him stock that they had a perfect right to sell. If Ganley didn't have a right to buy—were they his keepers?"

"YOU told me that Simmons—" began Cordova.

"*I?* Told you of Simmons? I never mentioned his name to you," said Carmichael.

"Never mentioned his name? Why, your nieces heard—"

"I'm sure," Carmichael interrupted him, "that Delmar—who is in the camp now—will testify that Simmons' name was never mentioned in her hearing. And I will risk my immortal soul on the proposition that your wife, my lovely niece Deborah, will say the same thing."

And Cordova knew that Carmichael was safe in his risk. Deborah, even if she had loved Cordova, would not betray her uncle. Not loving her husband, he was even more certain that Carmichael knew whereof he spoke.

"But we'll go into these matters later," said Carmichael. "We must now arrange our story. Did you gentlemen come down here because you knew that Ganley was dead, or—"

"Of course we did," said Grady. "Jeb Stone knows Cordova; he knows me. He knows that Cordova has been prosecuting Ganley. He found Ganley's body. Naturally he notified Cordova at once—before anyone else."

"And Ganley's confession—that document which recklessly—and falsely—implicates my two dearest friends? What about that?"

"That," said Cordova, "can stand over for a while."

HE LOOKED for support to Grady and to Stone. They both nodded acquiescence; they were prepared to follow his lead. And four hours later, after the coroner and the police had arrived, and Jeb Stone had been censured for notifying the authorities of another state before informing his own local police of his discovery of the suicide, and after dinner had been eaten—police formalities required that Cordova and Grady remain until the inquest, and there seemed no way in which to evade Carmichael's hospitality—Cordova sat down in the great living room with the senator.

Grady, professing to be exhausted by the trip and the day's events, had retired to his own room. Kipper had followed him to another. Jeb Stone had repaired to his own cabin at the other end of the lake. And Delmar had not put in an appearance all afternoon or evening.

"You're out of office, Cordova," Carmichael began.

"Men have been reappointed to office," suggested Cordova.

"I wouldn't count on that," said the senator. "True, the governor might be persuaded to remove Melville Dodge unless he replaced you in charge of the Drovers and Builders matter—but—to what good, Cordova?"

"The interests of justice," replied the younger man.

"And what is justice?" demanded Carmichael.

"Let's not go into a discussion of right and wrong," said Cordova.

"Then let's stick to facts. Let's admit your *justice* to be what you think it is: the punishment of the guilty. Has Ganley been punished enough? Your justice can't pursue him beyond the grave, Cordova."

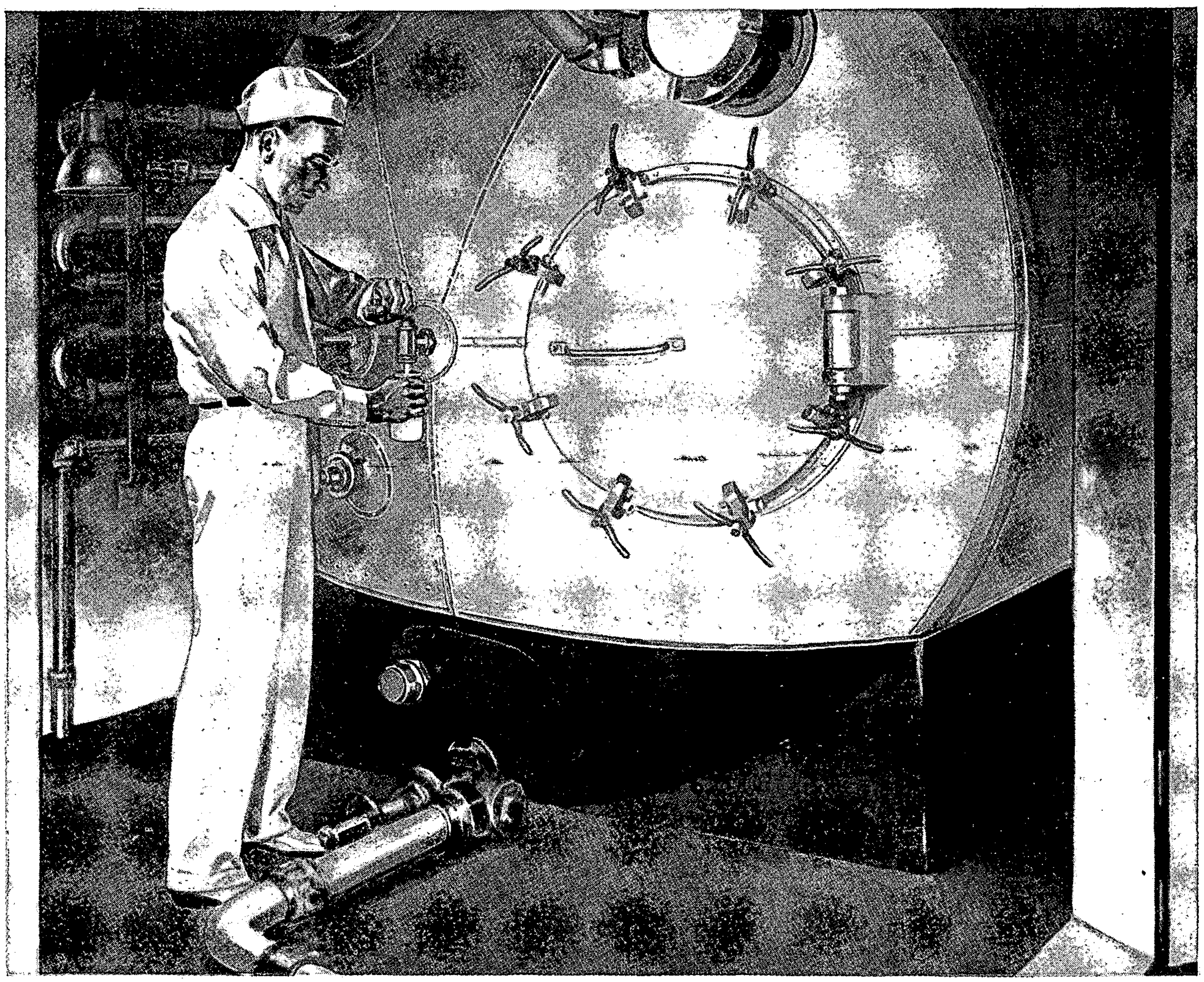
"Grenfell and Martine are still alive," said Cordova.

"And by implication, so is Daniel Carmichael," said the owner of that name. "And what have you on Grenfell and Martine? You have Ganley's hysterical statement. Is that evidence in a court of law?"

"There are other courts," said Cordova. "There is, for example, the court of public opinion."

"Which is never just, and which always leaps to drag down the better-placed, the more fortunate of this world. You can, I admit, ruin Grenfell and Martine. You can work an irreparable injury to me. That you can prosecute us, or cause us to be prosecuted, I deny. No district attorney would act on the

(Continued on page 44)



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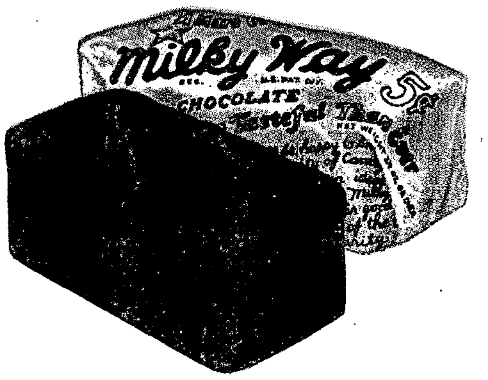

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Coupe	$ 675
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Sport Coupe	715
Sedan, 4-Door	745
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Sedan, 2-Door	$ 845
Coupe	845
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Sedan, 4-Door	925
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4 Pass. Special Coupe "56S"	1,055
4 Door Sedan "57"	1,095
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-56C"	1,095
2 Pass. Business Coupe "66"	1,285
4 Pass. Special Coupe "66S"	1,325
Sport Roadster "64"	1,335
Phaeton "65"	1,335
4 Door Sedan "67"	1,355
4 Pass. Coupe "86"	1,535
4 Door Sedan "87"	1,565
Sport Roadster "94"	1,610
7 Pass. Phaeton "95"	1,620
4 Pass. Country Club Coupe "96S"	1,720
5 Pass. Coupe "96"	1,765
4 Door Sedan "91"	1,785
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-96C"	1,785
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Sedanet	3,245
5 Pass. Sedanet Cabriolet	3,245
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Coupe, 2 Passenger	$2,695
Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,795
Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,795
Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,845
Town Sedan	2,845
Phaeton	2,945
Convertible Coupe	2,945
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Imperial	3,095
Touring	3,195
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Coupe, 5 Passenger	3,895
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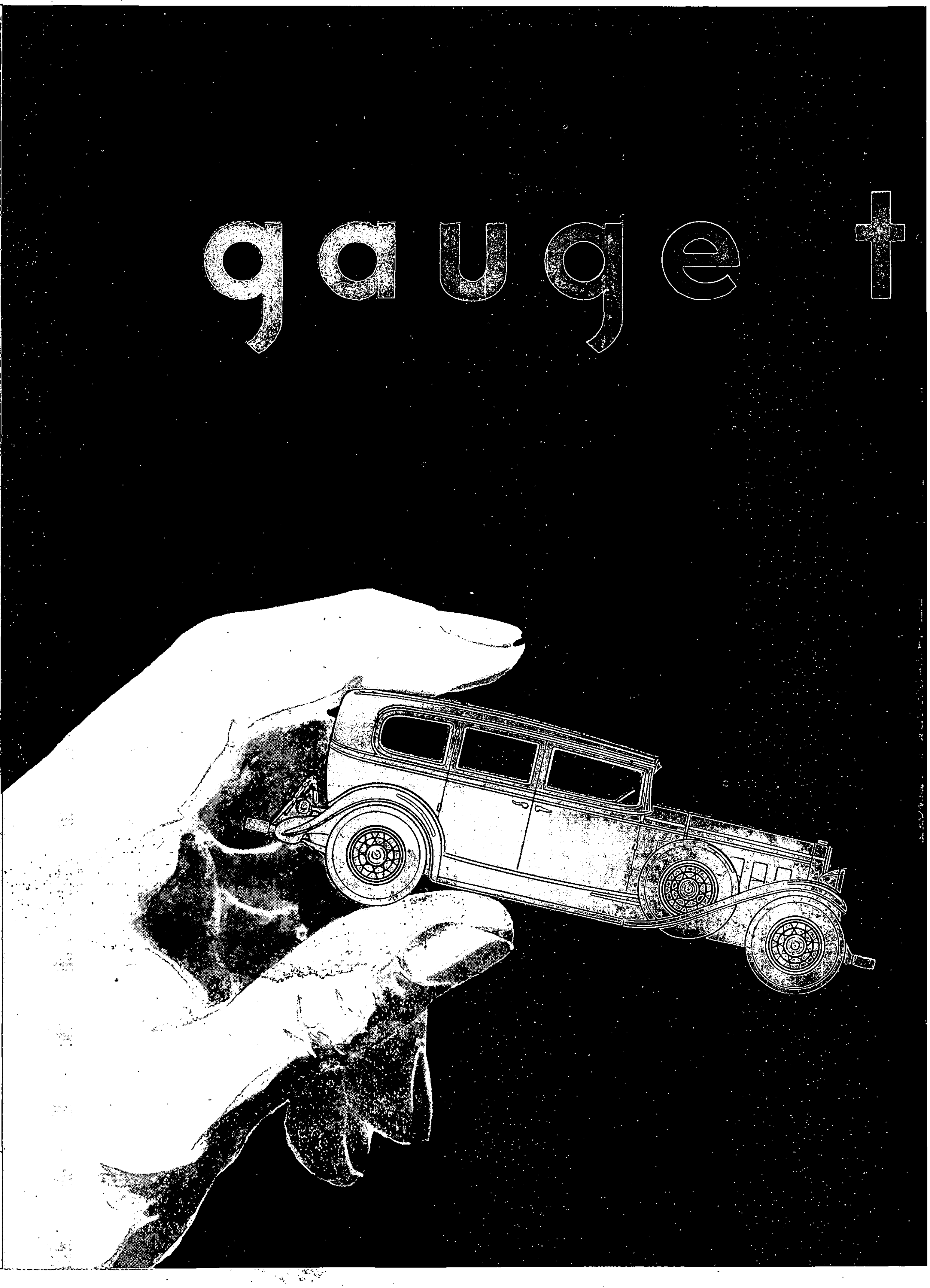

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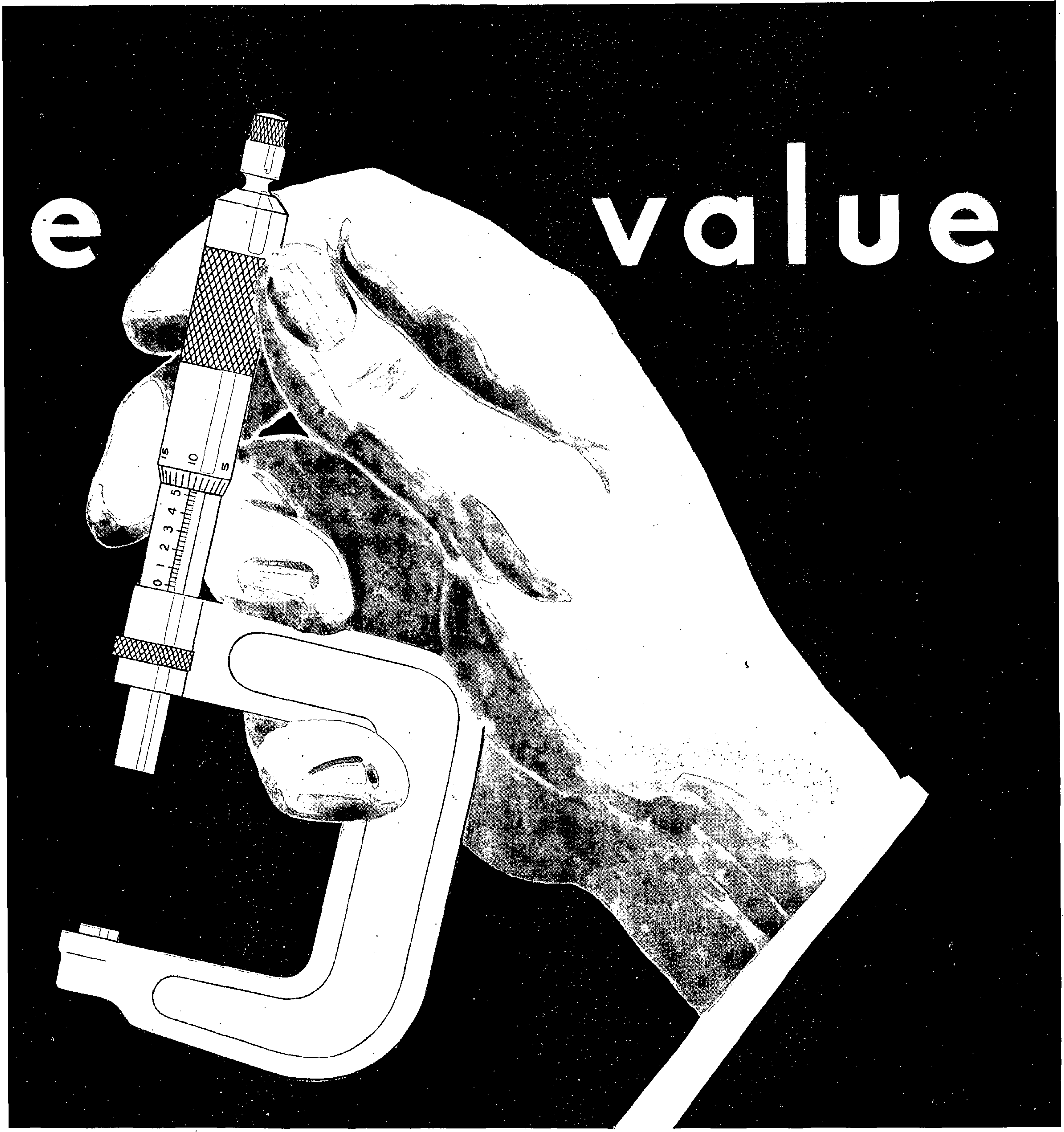

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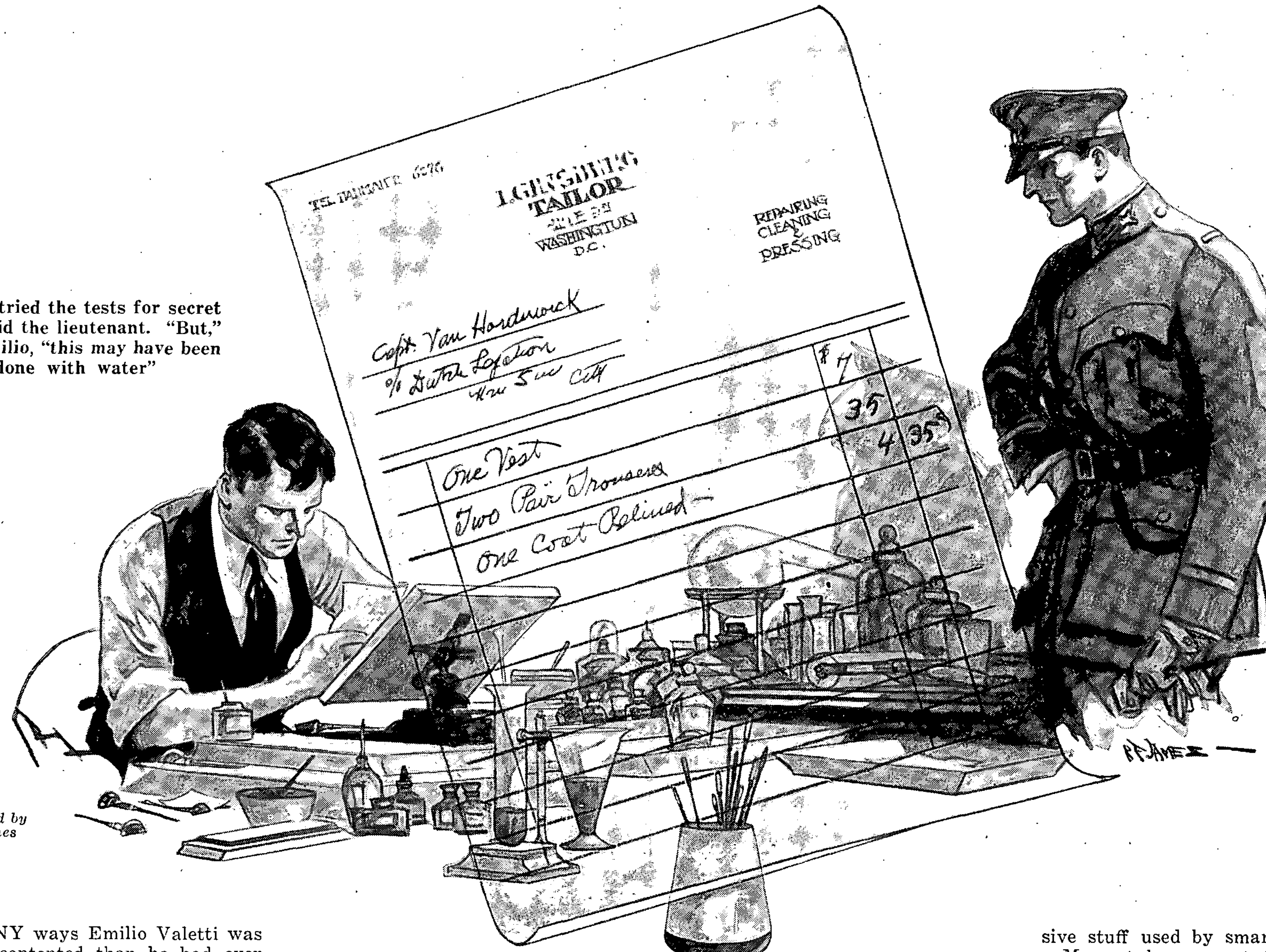


"We've tried the tests for secret ink," said the lieutenant. "But," said Emilio, "this may have been done with water"

Illustrated by R. F. James

Secret Sentence

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Bernice Brown

IN MANY ways Emilio Valetti was more contented than he had ever been in his life. To begin with, he had better tools to work with, the most delicate pens, the finest inks, the costliest papers and chemicals. But then, why shouldn't he have them? Had not, by the most unaccountable turn of fortune, the richest government in the world become his employer?

Moreover, he was treated here not only with respect but even with deference. Once inside the pompous and ugly building, set in its tiny park and encircled by an arm of the bay, he might almost have been an officer. To be sure, he did not go to or come from work alone. Two plain-clothes men accompanied him each morning and evening, and at night the uncompromising bolt of a heavy door lay between him and the world.

Nevertheless, except for one thing, Emilio did not regret his lack of freedom. Emilio was a counterfeiter. He was also an artist, because in addition to the skill of his hands he possessed imagination. That was why a war-time government had found him valuable and why his colleagues at the War College treated him, during working hours, with a respect but one step removed from open admiration.

One shadow, however, lay always across his contentment. Emilio was by nature a man who never forgave an injury. Moreover, he came of a race that has a genius for harboring vengeance. But how could a man who was as much a prisoner as though the walls of Leavenworth still closed around him hope to revenge himself on an enemy whose place of existence even was unknown to him?

Emilio had Alfredo Farrenze to thank for his prison sentence. For fifteen years Alfredo had thought to buy himself security by sending his enemy to prison. That was the thing about Alfredo. Able, versatile, almost a genius, Alfredo was at heart a coward.

Strangely, perhaps, Emilio had no wish to kill Alfredo. Death was too brief a triumph. Nor did he want Alfredo sent to prison. For a man of Alfredo's temperament Emilio knew that the fear of death or the fear of prison was a far more subtle torment. Fear is the plague that stalks at noonday, the sword that never falls, the death in life that eats a man's heart away though he fly to the uttermost ends of the earth.

EMILIO was at work preparing a new envelope that was to enclose a tailor's bill addressed to one Captain Van Harderwick, in care of the Dutch legation, Washington. The original envelope had been injured during the process of being steamed open and it was thought wiser not to risk the old one. Captain Van Harderwick and Captain Van Harderwick's mail had for some time been under surveillance of the Military Intelligence Department of the United States Army. Nothing incriminating had been found, to be sure, and certainly there could be nothing more innocent in appearance than this tailor's bill. "One vest, seven dollars. Two pairs trousers, thirty-five dollars. One coat relined, four dollars and thirty-five cents."

"I don't like the paper," Emilio had remarked.

"Why?" demanded Lieutenant Suffern.

"It has been written on."

"We've tried the tests for secret ink," said the lieutenant. It was late and Lieutenant Suffern had a date for dinner.

"This may have been done with water." Emilio still puzzled over the statement of Captain Van Harderwick's tailoring indebtedness. "Has the iodine test been used, sir?"

Lieutenant Suffern shook his head. "The apparatus is out of order."

Emilio had no date for dinner. Outside the door there waited for him only two inconspicuous-looking plain-clothes men, and at the end of the journey a heavy door with a great bolt shot across it. "Perhaps I can repair the apparatus," said Emilio mildly.

Lieutenant Suffern shrugged his shoulders. "You've my permission."

There were only two or three people left in the room when Emilio started to work and no one when he had finished. This was a game he enjoyed, his wits against the unknown's. The machine was not difficult to put in order. Yes, he was right. The bill had been written on, crosswise, with water. It was a new trick, a pretty clever one, too. You had to hand it to those German fellows. Emilio watched while the fumes of vaporized iodine settled into the tiny grooves made on the paper by a pen that had been dipped in nothing more significant than water. It was coarse and porous paper—that had made Emilio suspicious in the first place—not the usual glazed, expensive stuff used by smart shopkeepers.

Moment by moment the iodine settled onto the page. The writing stood out, at last, clear and sharp. With infinite care Emilio abstracted the letter from the vapor bath.

"DEAR ALFREDO," he read: "This is to reassure you. You are safe. The name Farrenze is unknown in Washington. Yours, GUSTAF L."

The letter in Emilio's hand trembled. Outside the hot night crowded against the windows. Alfredo Farrenze. So *he* was Captain Van Harderwick! Well, his mother had been blond and a German. Alfredo looked the part all right. Besides, he had lived some time in Amsterdam.

As Emilio stared at the letter the lines of writing grew fainter. It was a hot night. A little heat and they would vanish entirely.

Once again Emilio sat down at his own table. Luckily he had the right sort of pen and the distilled water that was necessary. No, he did not want to kill Alfredo. He did not even want to have him put in prison, for the fear of death or the fear of prison is a far more subtle torment to a coward. A long time he thought. Then he added just one line: "PS.—The name Alfredo Farrenze is not unknown to—Emilio Valetti."

Next morning early Emilio was at work on the envelope. Lieutenant Suffern came in.

"Any luck, last night?" he said to Emilio.

Emilio shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir." A little shamefacedly he met the lieutenant's eyes. "I could have sworn there was secret writing on that paper." No, Alfredo was his alone to torture. "I don't often make a mistake, sir."

Lieutenant Suffern grinned. "Forget it."

"Yes, sir." And Emilio slipped Captain Van Harderwick's bill into the newly finished envelope.

Last call for SNAPSHOTS!

In Kodak International $100,000 Competition

For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART,
foremost authoress,
Judge

REAR ADMIRAL
RICHARD E. BYRD,
Chairman of Judges

Contest closes August 31

HURRY, camera fans, hurry! Just a few days more, and all entries for Kodak's $100,000 Competition must be in!

Pictures must have been made on or after May 1 and mailed no later than midnight of August 31.

The time is short, though not too short for you to win. Remember, photographic excellence is not the deciding factor. Picture *interest* is what counts.

1,000 Prizes for U. S. A.

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling $25,000, for the United States alone. In addition, the first-prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where $16,000 more will be awarded.

One easy snapshot may win $14,000. Only amateurs may compete and the owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to win as users of costly cameras.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be decided by a committee of famous judges, consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart; Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "*Kodakery.*"

Lay in a supply of film today. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B.C. Red Network and Pacific-Mountain Network every Friday evening.

$25,000 *in* U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and $2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	$500
For the next picture in each class	250
For the next picture in each class	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class	10

(*847 prizes, totaling $16,330*)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

153 state prizes totaling $8,670 have already been awarded for child pictures made and entered in May and June. 141 other prizes for child pictures (see Class A) made in May, June, July and August will be given at the end of the general contest which closes August 31.

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country will automatically enter the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and $10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and $1,000

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money	$25,000
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a $500 class prize, the $2,500 grand prize for U. S. A.... plus a $1,000 international class award and the $10,000 international grand award ... a total of $14,000 for a single snapshot.

Read these simple rules for U.S.A.

1. This contest is *strictly for the amateur.* Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)

3. An entrant may submit *as many pictures* as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been *made on or after* May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated *not later than* August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure *more than 8 inches* the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. *No coloring* or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. *Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed.* Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. *No entries can be returned.* All mailings are at owner's risk. *Do not* send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and *hold them* ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be *judged solely on general appeal*—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize *in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize,* will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win *several* prizes with the one picture. Naturally, *the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.*

• • •

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! Do not specify classes into which pictures should go. Each picture will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win. • So that judges shall not know the names of contestants, entries will be filed numerically and each entry acknowledged by a postal card bearing its number. *Please do not* write about entries. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging.

Entry Blank—*Clip it Now!*

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)

*Street Address*____________________

*Town and State*____________________

*Make of Camera*____________________

*Make of Film*__________ *Number of pictures accompanying this blank*__________

Col. 8-22

KODAK INTERNATIONAL $100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture-Takers*

When time's too short for a long cigar it's time for

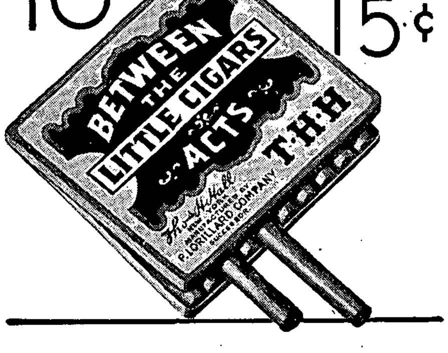
BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS

Two minutes is all a "B. T. A." asks. They fit into any odd niche of time. They're just your favorite 15¢ cigar split into 10 little shares. Just as fragrant. Just as flavorful. But one-tenth as long. And one-tenth as wasteful. Try a tin of ten today.

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

10 FOR 15¢



If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York. Cannot be mailed to addresses outside the U. S. A.

Torpedo Bait

Continued from page 9

voices took up the refrain, and the lifeboat went rolling across the black Atlantic to the strains of Rhineland melodies.

Later a hand shook the boy, gently, interminably, and a voice pleaded with him: "Please wake up, kid. I can't stay awake no longer." He found that Buck bent over him. "It'll be day soon. The U-boat dropped us a while back. Go aft an' bail. Don't fall on the mate." Buck's face looked lined and drawn and his violent hair was streaked and matted with salt. He dropped where he knelt and the boy knew he was asleep before his head touched the planking.

The boy crawled aft. He took up the bucket and bailed; emptied it over the side, bent his tired young back and lifted again. Later he must have become stupid with the interminable sameness of the motion, for when he recovered himself and looked about him the water was a cold gray and it frothed over the side, soaking the inert form of the mate to the waist. The mate groaned and pulled his knees up to his chest, and the boy looked at the sea and found it was day. The lifeboat slewed and twisted in a welter of seas.

The sun blazed suddenly and turned the smoky seas to mountains of azure topped with snow. The squall passed on. The rollers became long and low and lazy, and the men hauled themselves lethargically onto the thwarts. They gazed over the surface for the periscope. Nothing. Perhaps, this time, it had really gone.

Buck spoke, "If I ever get outta this . . ."

"Sure," agreed the mate, "I know. You're gonna have a nice, thick, juicy steak with onions an' . . ."

"If I ever get outta this," doggedly, "I'm gonna join the Navy an' ship on a destroyer. If I'd'a known what they done to people, I'd'a done it before. I thought them U-boat stories was just bunk."

"Yeh," said the mate, "I thought they was just bunk too. If we ever get outta this . . ."

THE two men gazed into each other's bloodshot eyes, and the boy saw that thing in them which meant purpose and high resolve. They dragged their weakened bodies to their feet. They struggled to the center of the boat. They shook hands on it.

The boy said, "I thought you said the Navy was where old merchantmen went when they retired!"

"Sure," said Buck. "But this here's different. I want to get me a U-boat; tin phonograph, stinkin' oil, rotten oranges and all. Say, Peaceful! You're gonna enlist, too, now, ain't yuh? Sure yuh are! Yuh can't hardly wait till we get ashore! Haw! Haw!"

The boy said slowly, "I . . . don't . . . know."

The sun rose higher. The swells slowed and flattened. It was no longer necessary to stand and balance to see the horizon about them. The men bailed; lay lifelessly on the bottom of the boat; or sat on the thwarts, their seared faces sunk in their hands. There was no more talking. None of the men looked into the eyes of another. They gazed at the sky. They stared at the sea. Or they looked at the bottom of the boat. Each knew what was to come. The burning thirst was already upon them. The madness and the final plunge into the cool, green depths could not be far in the future. No one mentioned this. No one spoke at all. The mate secured the water jug. It went around, but the gulps were smaller and each man clung to the jug tightly and with a certain wildness in his eyes which had not been present before.

A smudge appeared on the horizon. A second smudge. Then two more. The men in the lifeboat saw them. Furtively now, they ventured to look into each other's eyes. Presently they looked at the horizon again. . . . The smudges were still there.

THE smudges grew; acquired darker tones; became ships.

Buck dropped his face into his hands and his great chest heaved and shook. The boy lifted the bucket in an exact arc; returned it in the same arc; repeated. The bucket was empty. There was no more water in the bottom of the boat. The seaman took it and repeated the boy's signaling. The mate stood up. He took off his shirt. It came in two pieces. He flapped the pieces about his head. The mate looked like a sea gull flapping his wings jerkily before jumping into flight. "It ain't a convoy," he said. "It's destroyers." He went on flapping the shirt.

"Must be a British patrol," said the boy.

"They ain't," said the mate. "They're flush-deck ships. They're American."

The men stood erect; their bodies tense, their staring eyes glued to the advancing line of ships. The tiny squadron came on, putting on speed.

"What's the matter?"

"Why don't they pick us up?"

The mate said, "They'll circle before stopping. The commander's no fool. Mebbe he's heard of this kind of bait before."

The lead ship completed a circle before closing in on the lifeboat. An officer on the bridge swept the surface with his glasses. Tense groups huddled about the guns. At the stern of each ship rows of depth charges lined the deck like huge ash cans on their sides. A man stood among them. He grasped a lever; waiting.

The men in the lifeboat laughed now. They clapped each other on the back.

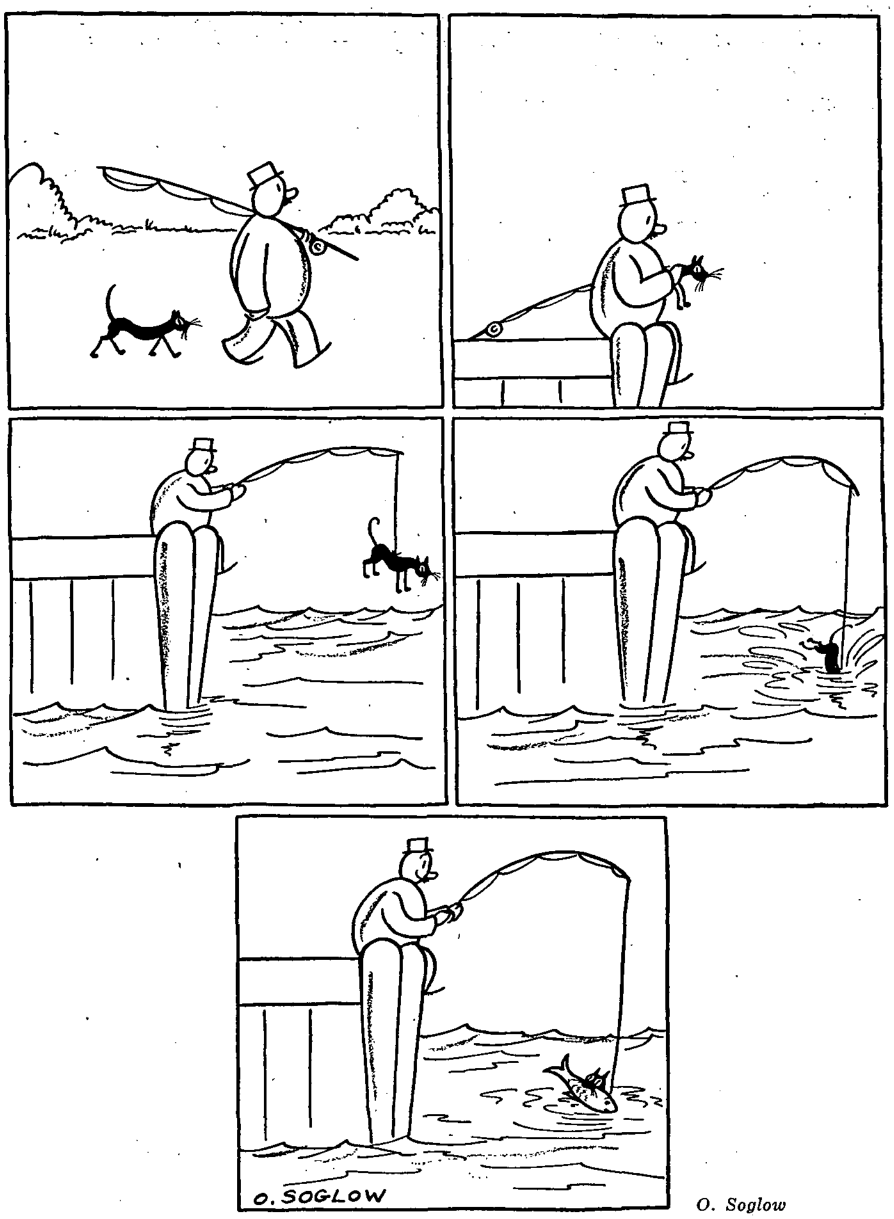
A bubbling path of white appeared on the surface behind them. It fled directly beneath the lifeboat and streaked with incredible speed toward the motionless destroyer.

The mate shouted at the top of his lungs, "Torpedo! Torpedo!" as if the men on the destroyer could hear him. Smoke belched suddenly from her funnels. Her screws built a fountain of white in her wake. The torpedo passed a few feet astern. All four destroyers tore off, raising huge, white wakes.

"SIT down!" cried the mate above the screaming of the sirens. "Sit down! They'll make a square where the torpedo showed up. They'll drop depth charges. We'll be swamped or broken up sure! Hang on tight when they go off and try to get clear of the lifeboat when she turns over!"

The destroyers sped over the spot where the streak of white had sprung to life. One of the ash cans rolled down the chute into the wake. Another from the stern of the second. The men

(Continued on page 36)



O. Soglow

"Mobiloil faalt noo it!"

"Mobiloil faalt noo it!" That's how the Dutch motorist translates to the American motorist his reason for preferring Mobiloil. "Mobiloil stands up!" That's why it is the leading oil throughout the world.

In Holland or Houston

Still strong at the finish—that's stamina!

Whether the trip is 10 miles through hub-deep mud or 1,000 miles over mountains and desert, Mobiloil **stands up**.

After hardest usage, Mobiloil still fights heat. It still fights wear. It still holds oil pressure. It still **stands up**.

You can count on the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car to take all the punishment you can give it.

Push your accelerator down. Let the speedometer swing up—then hold it. Mile after mile, the rugged Mobiloil in your crankcase **stands up** and protects each moving part, each bearing, each plunging piston.

Mobiloil **stands up** because it is made to fight heat and wear in your engine. The crude oils from which Mobiloil is made are selected from the world's finest. The most modern refining equipment in existence refines and toughens Mobiloil to give it the supreme power to **stand up** in your engine.

These are thrifty days. Protect your engine—lengthen its life. You can save real money by always insisting on the oil that **stands up**—Mobiloil!

. . .

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.

Ask here
for
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

Mobiloil stands up

because it is Made · · not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO! Absorbine Jr. soothes instantly; takes out soreness; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan.

SOMEONE ELSE WALKED AWAY WITH THE BONUS MONEY

BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● He was the fastest-stepping salesman in his territory, and the home office had him doped as the winner of the summer sales drive.

But he made one mistake that cost him three days when he needed them most—and he lost the race because of "Athlete's Foot."

At first his toes only itched and annoyed him. Then the skin turned moist, white and dead. He might have checked it if he had heeded this warning*—but he kept going till one foot got so raw and red that he had to limp around the hotel in a bedroom slipper.

Watch out for this infection— lurking everywhere

It's a matter of business as well as comfort to keep Absorbine Jr. with you when you travel—and have it in your bathroom at home. At the slightest symptom*, douse it on your feet to protect yourself from *tinea trichophyton*, the germ which science blames for "Athlete's Foot."

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks simply *everywhere*—in the bathrooms of the finest hotels—in locker- and dressing-rooms, on the edges of swimming pools—even on the tile floor of your own spotless bathroom. It can live for months, and according to thousands of newspaper warnings published time and again, this tiny parasite infects at least 10,000,000 people in America today.

Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, you can rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes, morning and night, and after every bath.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*—itching skin between the toes, cracks, redness, or moist white spots—douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time, after every exposure of bare feet to damp surfaces.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

Torpedo Bait

Continued from page 34

waited and the second two ships took their positions and dropped their bombs.

A concussion shook the lifeboat. The water jug danced in the bow. The boy felt the wood beneath his fingers quiver. Then a huge mailed fist slammed straight up from the bottom of the sea, heaving the lifeboat aloft with the speed of an elevator. Another slammed upward and the lifeboat sped high again on the crest of a great, butte-like mound of water. A seam opened in the lifeboat. A second. She began to fill. The ocean frothed white and emitted clouds of acrid smoke. The second two explosions came almost together. The lifeboat twisted into the air as if borne on a waterspout, then plunged down and swam about like a wounded animal.

THE boy snatched up a bucket while the others stared through the pall of smoke for the destroyers. Then Buck grabbed the other pail and began to bail. Instantly he dropped it and snatched his hands from the water as *if it had burned them. Then* he sat and stared at his hands. The boy looked at him; then at the water in the bottom of the boat. He found it colored with all the hues of the rainbow. He looked up and into the face of the seaman and found that twisted into a horrible grimace, and he watched as Buck wiped his hands frantically on his clothes, as if they had been stained with blood.

"They got the U-boat!" cried the mate. "Look at the oil in the water!"

It came to the boy that below him in the icy depths the walls of that tiny, enameled cubicle had collapsed inward like a nutshell under the blows of a hammer. His mind did not shrink from the picture it saw, nor wither before the horror. His ears seemed to ring with the sharp bark of orders; the screaming, and the last minute prayers of men who did not know how to pray—"Oh, God, now take me"—and the sudden, flooded silence. And these things did not sear his mind nor numb him with anguish. He knew that below him brave men had gone to their deaths in defense of an ideal which they had held high. And a great quietness came into the lifeboat; and strength came with it and rode in the lifeboat with him.

The destroyer hove to and lowered a boat. The men went aboard. They found that the relentless dancing of the lifeboat continued in their bodies. The boy engaged an officer in conversation and the two went below. Buck and the mate glorified the horrors of their experience to an attentive audience.

Later Buck inquired if Navy rations contained steak, and two men led him aft to the galley. The cook gave him food. He said, "Cook, fry me another steak and don't be so tight with the onions." The mate came in and the cook put on two steaks.

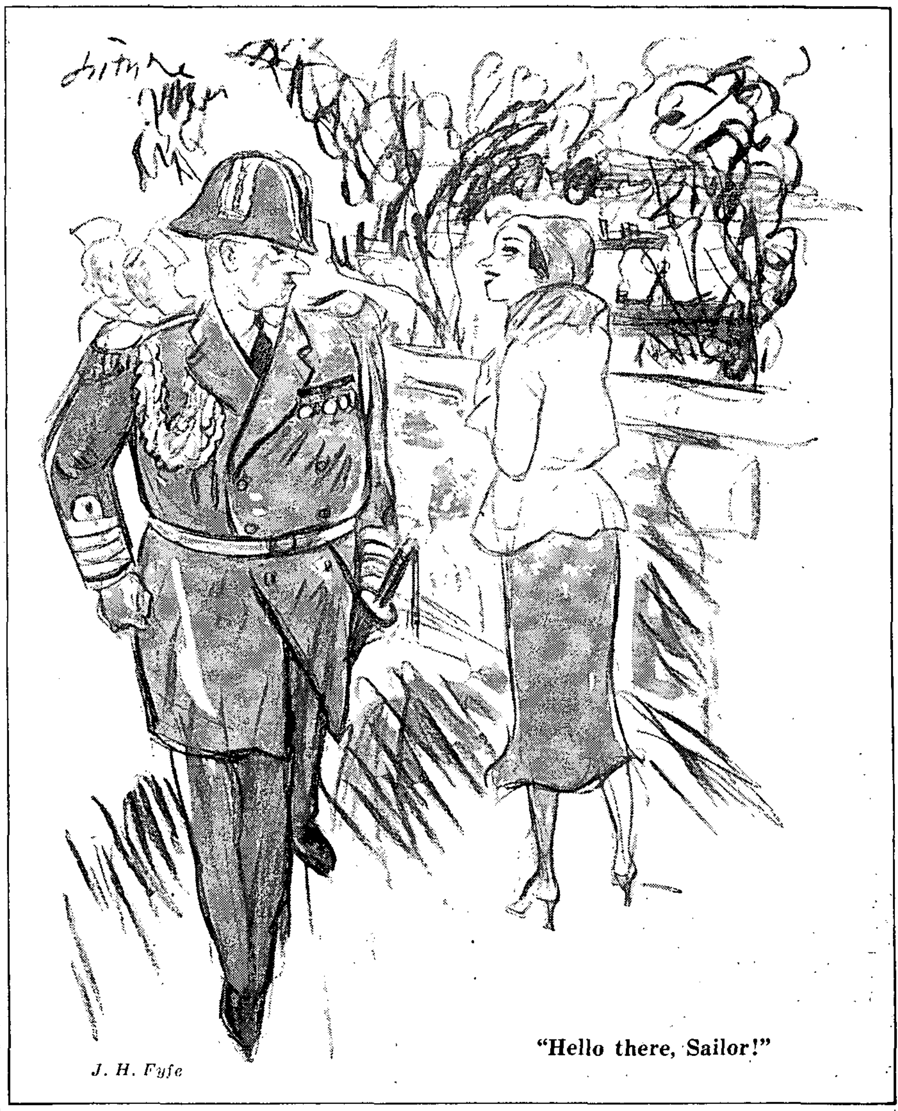
The mate said, "We sure were lucky."

"Naw," said Buck. "I knew we'd get picked up all the time! I guess that kraut don't get no Iron Cross—he jest gets a stone one. Say, where's Peaceful?"

The mate said, "He's up forward. He's gonna enlist! The skipper wants to know are you gonna enlist?"

"Who, me?" said Buck. "Do I look like a sap? Besides, I got flat feet!"

"Me too," returned the mate. "I got enough a-bein' bait. Have that steak rare, cook, I'm hungry!"



"Hello there, Sailor!"

Irish Eyes

Continued from page 25

He had returned to the door. It was a high door, deep-set and unpromising. It had been built in that long-ago time when solidity and permanence were considerations in architecture. Even to the pressure of Peter's body it yielded not a quiver. Peter kicked it; it did not stir.

"Gosh, I'll bet there aren't ten doors like that in New York!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"The doors in our place—well, throw a silk stocking against them and they rattle!" Sheila observed, sympathetically.

Peter gave her a resentful glance.

"It's all right for you," he said. "But I'm in a hell of a hole."

"Oh, we'll get out," she stated.

"All right, we'll get out. But how?"

"Well—" she hesitated. "But you can't imagine our *not* getting out," she offered.

"I've got to get out!"

"THERE doesn't seem to be a telephone—" Sheila remarked thoughtfully.

His glance explored the entire place.

"D'you suppose they open up the library nights?"

"They might—Saturday night."

"They don't!" he said in despair.

"If we could just bust into that next room," he began again, after a pause in which Sheila, having opened the window upon the bleak winter evening, had hung out of it at all possible angles, to see if she could discover any means of escape.

"It's snowing!" the girl announced, breathless, with soot on her cheeks, as she drew in her head and slammed the window down again. "Whew-w-w! It's bitter, out there."

"Listen, if we could once bust into that next room we could telephone!"

"To your mother?"

"To the police."

Sheila, chafing frozen hands, stopped short in horror.

"We'd be in the tabloids!"

"Oh, gosh!" he ejaculated desperately, sitting down with his head in his hands.

Sheila sat down, too.

"Listen, now let's be reasonable," she suggested. "There must be some way out. I never in my life heard of anyone ever getting locked up in a library before."

"Maybe there'd be somebody in a back office, below us here, who could hear us if we yelled."

They rushed to the window, opened it, hung out together over the wide, dirty sill, and inspected as well as they could the tiers of windows below them. There was no sign of light. Everything was deserted and dark and quiet in the early evening.

"It's six o'clock," Peter said, frantic.

The first look of personal uneasiness darkened Sheila's dust-streaked face.

"I've got to get *out*," she said. "My mother'll have cat fits. If I'm away without letting her know she gets awfully mad. She'll be fit to be tied!"

"Well, what do you think it is for *me?*" Peter demanded sulkily.

They flung themselves on the door for three unavailing minutes that seemed like half an hour. When they gave up, both boy and girl were disheveled, panting, their hands sore. The solemn bells of Saint Paul's sounded Angelus, and Sheila's lips moved automatically on the exquisite words.

"It's snowing like mad, it's blizzarding," she said, at the window.

"Well," Peter said. "Here we are. Where do we go from here?"

The dangling light burned on steadily; its gentle swaying on the long cord sent queer shapes and shadows plunging about the moldy, high-walled old room. Outside the window a blizzard beat steadily, the flakes of snow were tinged with pink from the dim street glare behind them.

Snow muffled the world; snow piled itself on the broad window-sills. The room began to get very cold, and smelled more than ever of dust and rubber and old bindings.

"They're letting the furnace go out!" Sheila suddenly observed.

"That's what they've done, all right."

"Then there's nobody here, Saturdays and Sundays."

A long pause. They looked at each other.

"Well, it doesn't matter," Peter said. "Because when I don't show up my folks will get in touch with the police."

"But they'll put our names in the papers!"

"Not if my father gets on the job. He has 'em all in his pockets. If I could only get out of here in time for that party," Peter went on, restively, "I could square it with Gert fast enough. Mother wouldn't care, anyway. But if they have to call off the party—"

"Call it off?" she repeated, as he paused, scowling.

"Yep. You see, it's for Gert and me, and there's going to be a hundred people there. That'd be a heck of a note!" he muttered.

"I hate to think of Mamma!" Sheila presently said anxiously.

"Well, gosh, imagine if you were going to be married on Tuesday!"

She looked at him levelly.

"I'd still hate to think of Mamma, worrying," she repeated coldly.

A sneeze spoiled the effect of her speech, and Sheila, drawing her coat closer about her, observed wistfully that she could eat a good dinner this very minute.

"I could eat a horse!" Peter said.

"Look here," he said suddenly, after another long interval. "We've got to drop out of this window, somehow. We could easily freeze to death in here before they found us—"

"Oh, don't!" Sheila whispered, turning white.

"Well, I tell you we could. We haven't got anything to eat—it's only seven o'clock now—they mightn't find us until Monday morning—"

"Oh, please!"

HE WAS at the window, the girl beside him. They opened it, and a rush of cold snowy air swept into the room, and made them stagger back, gasping.

Peter shut the window; there was again an unearthly languor and closeness in the suddenly quieted place.

"Listen!" he said, "I'll take this ladder, and set it in the snow down there, and drop onto it."

"That'll break *every* bone in your body!" Sheila predicted.

The ladder was about four feet high. They looked at it dubiously.

"If I could get down," Peter muttered, "and telephone Gert—"

And without further warning he was up, at the window again, he had thrown it open, his head was out in the storm. Like a person transfixed in a terrible dream Sheila saw his body silhouetted for an instant against the falling flakes of the snow.

Then the window space was empty, except for the thick soft flutter of the blizzard!

(To be continued next week)

Ride him, Cowboy...Ride him!

but even a Bronco-buster can get "Pink tooth brush"

MUSCLES as hard as a cow-pony's . . . blood coursing through your veins like a rushing mountain stream! But you're no more immune to "pink tooth brush" than if you were soft and sallow from years at a desk!

The soft foods we moderns eat give our gums little or no stimulation—and unstimulated gums become flabby, tender, unhealthy gums. Next thing you know—"pink tooth brush."

And gums which bleed even slightly are susceptible to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to that much dreaded but less frequent trouble, pyorrhea. Worse still, "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward infection at the roots of teeth that today appear so sound and white and healthy. Which means the probable loss of the teeth!

Today—even though you *are* busy—try to find time to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into those soft, tender gums of yours! The ziratol in Ipana is the same preparation used by modern dentists to tone and stimulate the gums.

A few days after you begin using Ipana, look at your teeth. They've got back some of that childhood sparkle! In a month, examine your gums. They're *pinker*, aren't they? Harder? Healthier? Continue to use Ipana with massage regularly—and "pink tooth brush" will get just nowhere!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

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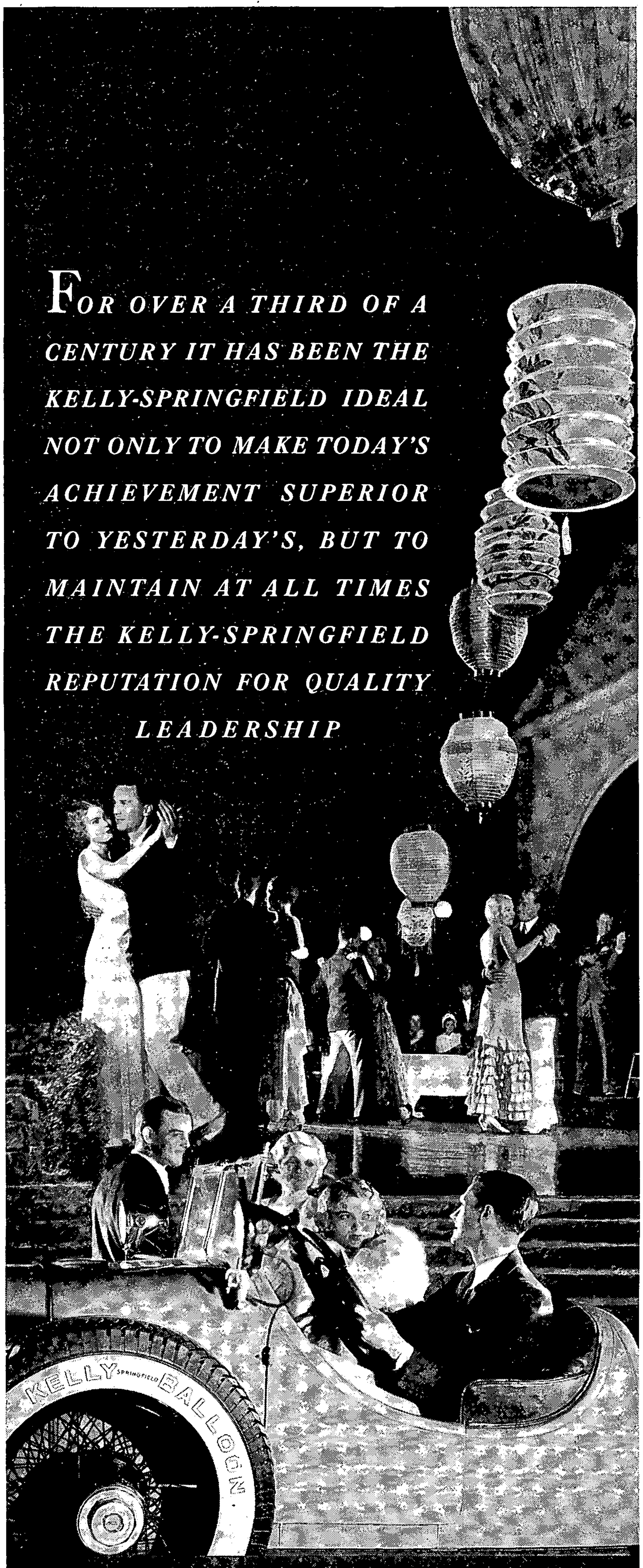

FOR OVER A THIRD OF A CENTURY IT HAS BEEN THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD IDEAL NOT ONLY TO MAKE TODAY'S ACHIEVEMENT SUPERIOR TO YESTERDAY'S, BUT TO MAINTAIN AT ALL TIMES THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD REPUTATION FOR QUALITY LEADERSHIP

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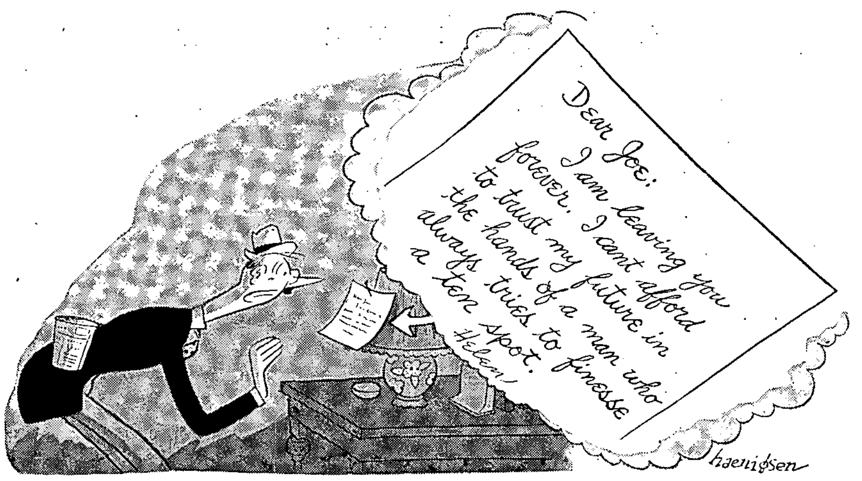

Dear Joe:
I am leaving you
forever. I can't afford
to trust my future in
the hands of a man who
always tries to finesse
a ten spot.
Helen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 10
H. K-4-2
D. A-10-5-4
C. K-Q-10-7-6

West
S. K-Q-4-2
H. Q-6-5
D. Q-3
C. J-9-8-2

East
S. 8-7-3
H. 10-8
D. K-J-9-8
C. A-5-4-3

South (Dealer)
S. A-J-9-6-5
H. A-J-9-7-3
D. 7-6-2
C. None

WITH the above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one Spade; West pass, North one No Trump, East pass, and South two Hearts.

At Contract South bid one Spade and, after West's pass, North bid two No Trumps. East passing, South bid three Hearts, and North ended the contracting with a bid of four Hearts.

South had that most attractive of all types of hands, viz., a major two-suiter plus a blank suit, but in this case the two-suiter was so weak that it was many tricks removed from the strength required for an artifical two-Club bid and it had neither the three high-card tricks nor the six total tricks needed for an original bid of two Spades. North properly bid two No Trumps over South's one Spade. He had but a singleton Spade, the other suits all stopped, and a No Trump count of 15. The count justified a bid of three No Trumps but North hesitated about going the limit because he appreciated that 3 of his 15-count was accumulated by counting Tens, and the value of a five-card suit, and—what was much more important—he had only a singleton of his partner's suit. He considered two No Trumps more conservative, and in this case it worked satisfactorily because it allowed South to bid three Hearts, in that way showing his second suit; North assisted that to a game-bid very willingly. If North had bid three No Trumps on the first round, South would have bid four Hearts, so the result would have been the same.

When the hand was played, West led the Deuce of Clubs, and Declarer played the Ten of Clubs from dummy. He did not play the Queen because he knew that West would not have led a small Club against a trump declaration if he had held the Ace. He could not place the Jack with any certainty, but a leader against a suit contract generally has a better suit to open than four headed by a spot card. Declarer knew that he would need two Diamond discards from the South hand, and the surest way to obtain them was to play on the basis that West held the Jack of Clubs.

Declarer could tell from the lead of the Deuce that each of his adversaries had four Clubs. As it happened, dummy's Six could have been played just as effectively as the Ten; but Declarer had no way of knowing that and, with the Club suit exposed in dummy, there was no chance of its being led again by an adversary and therefore there was no point in retaining the Ten in the dummy hand. The Ten forced the Ace from East and South trumped with the Trey of Hearts.

The Declarer now determined to establish his long Spades with the aid of ruffs by dummy. Therefore, to trick 2 he led the Ace and to trick 3 the Five of Spades, dummy ruffing the latter. Then, to get important Diamond discards, he led the King and Queen of Clubs from dummy to tricks 4 and 5, discarding two Diamonds from closed hand. To trick 6 dummy led a small Club and South ruffed with a small trump.

With the first six tricks thus won, the cross-ruff was continued by leading a third Spade to trick 7 and again utilizing dummy's small trump. To trick 8 dummy's Ace of Diamonds was led, followed by another Diamond which was ruffed by South.

To trick 10 a fourth Spade was led, dummy's King of trumps taking that trick; and to trick 11 dummy's Five of Diamonds was topped by East's King. Before playing to this trick the Declarer realized that he had left in his closed hand the thirteenth Spade and the Ace and Jack of Hearts, and that there were five unplayed adverse Hearts of which East had two and West three. Therefore the Declarer discarded his Jack of Spades, knowing that West must trump East's good Diamond King. Then West had to lead a trump up to South's tenace, and so Declarer won every trick but the eleventh which he passed up to West. It was a case of scoring two extra tricks on a hand with which many players would have failed to make game.

It will be noticed that had North led his thirteenth Club at trick 11 instead of a Diamond, East would have ruffed and Declarer would have taken only eleven tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 9-7-6-4-3-2
H. None
D. 7-6-5-3-2
C. 5-4

East
S. None
H. 10-9-8-6-3
D. A-K
C. A-10-9-8-7-2

West
S. A-Q-5
H. A-K-Q-J
D. Q-J-10-9-8-4
C. None

South (Dealer)
S. K-J-10-8
H. 7-5-4-2
D. None
C. K-Q-J-6-3

The Bright Young Dream

Continued from page 13

By this time I was as much under Robert's spell as was Tommy. This tousle-haired, dirty-faced, almost ragged little boy with his saintly, innocent expression and prodigious lies fascinated me. I was on the verge of arranging a neighborhood party so as to have another talk with Robert.

Then, one evening, Jack and I were attending a rather swell affair given for the Officers' Reserve Corps at the Colonial Hotel, downtown. The sponsor was Mrs. Langston Baird, who was always rounding up protégés to scintillate at her functions.

AFTER two sopranos and a contralto had depressed us with vociferous mediocrity, Mrs. Baird announced:

"We will now hear some selections by a young genius of the violin. I predict for him a very, very great future. Master Robert Vaschal!"

Applause—and there stood Robert. He looked tired and sleepy—it was past midnight—and rebellious. He wore a shabby, unkempt velvet suit, which must have been agony to his soul, and clutched an old violin. It seemed too large and too heavy.

He played like an angel.

Mercilessly, the crowd demanded two encores.

When it was over I was among the first to start forward to offer congratulations, but Robert was too quick for us.

I fought my way over to Mrs. Baird.

"Robert is a neighbor of ours," I said, trying to shout above the clamor of others for her attention. "Have you known him long?"

"Not long, my dear. Isn't he wonderful? Such a talent. What was that? I didn't quite catch that."

"I understand he has a sick mother," I screamed.

"Mother? Oh, yes! So unfortunate. Such unwholesome home life. Such a pity. Ah, how are you, Bishop?"

From the babble of conversation around her I caught two significant speeches: "Is the kid an amateur?" . . . "Oh, no. Far from it. I understand he gets fifty dollars a performance. He works the theaters, you know."

Driving home with Jack, I made my decision.

"Things aren't right with that youngster," I said. "He is being shamelessly exploited, for one thing. I intend to call upon his mother tomorrow."

"Now, Grace," said my lord and master, "don't go butting into other people's affairs. You know how you'd feel if some nosey female called on you—"

"The poor woman may be so ill she doesn't know what is happening," I said hotly. "Perhaps that awful housekeeper is farming Robert out and pocketing the money."

Shortly after two the next day, I rang the doorbell over a card which read, "Mrs. Maxine Vaschal."

The door was opened cautiously, after a long wait.

"Is Mrs. Vaschal in?"

"Who wants to see her?"

"I'm Mrs. Lewis, a neighbor. Robert and my Tommy are friends."

"Won't you come in? I'm Mrs. Vaschal."

Too stunned for words, I stepped into the gloom. Mrs. Vaschal's voice—the same voice I had attributed to a housekeeper on the 'phone that day—was now apologetic: "I ain't been feeling so good, so you'll have to excuse the looks of the place."

"I'm sorry," I finally managed to say.

"I'm not going to sit down. I just wanted to. . . ."

"Oh, don't feel that way." She switched on a light in the tiny hall and then hastened into the living-room. "You must come right in. Fact is, I was feeling pretty low and wishing for company."

She cleared a tray of cocktail glasses off a plush chair and motioned me into it. Her mass of hennaed hair and her purple negligee moved before my eyes like things seen in a bad dream. She made ineffectual efforts to tidy the room, saying: "Some old friends dropped in last night. Show people. I guess you know how they are, Mrs. Lewis."

"Yes," I said, "don't bother, please." And I plunged in with, "We all admire Robert so much. I felt I wanted to know his mother."

"I guess Robert's been telling you some pretty tall tales, ain't he?"

"Oh, all boys like to stretch the truth now and then, Mrs. Vaschal. We think Robert is a very remarkable boy."

"He's an awful sweet kid," she said, taking refuge in sentiment. "If you only knew all he's done for me, Mrs. Lewis. Lewis—that's the name, ain't it? Well, as I was saying, Robert's an awful sweet kid."

"We enjoyed his music last night so much," I said.

"Oh . . ." vaguely. "He plays nice, don't he? Vaschal, he trained him. The only thing he ever done for the poor kid. He run off and left us flat in Chi two years ago." Mrs. Vaschal became indignantly tearful. "Why, you know what that dirty bum done? He took Robert's violin and pawned it! I didn't mind all the dirt he done me, but to pick on a poor kid that never done nobody any harm. . . ." She repeated this story several times and would have launched into a detailed account of her troubles with Mr. Vaschal.

But I said, "It doesn't seem to me that Robert should be working nights—with his school work and all."

"I know it's hard on the poor kid. Don't I know it? I was saying only last night, I said, 'Robert, you ain't strong enough to work so long. You tell Mister Revitz—that's the agent—you tell Mister Revitz you can't take no more engagements. We'll get along somehow.' I told him I felt like I shouldn't live much longer anyways, and when I was gone he could stay with his aunt and uncle out in Kansas. But you should of seen the look on his dear, sweet little face. He says, 'Mother, I'll take care of you. Don't you worry, Mother.' And I told him, I says, 'I won't last much longer, Robert. You'll play a piece over my dead body, won't you honey?' And—h-he said. . . ."

I NEVER discovered what Robert said. Mrs. Vaschal became hysterical, shrieking: "Oh, I might just as well die. I might just as well die."

I tried to calm her and finally got her to lie down on the divan. After a trying ten minutes, a key turned in the lock of the front door and a colored maid, apparently employed by the management, came in.

"Missus Vaschal off on one of them spells ag'in?" she greeted me.

"My medicine, Rose—my medicine!" the stricken one ordered.

Rose got the medicine and administered it with well-accustomed ease.

I made my escape a short time later when Rose said, "She'll sleep that jag off. I'll be workin' around till Robert

(*Continued on page 40*)

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(*Continued from page 39*)

gets home f'm school. No use of you stayin', ma'am."

That evening, after Tommy had gone to bed, I laid the whole case before Jack.

"Something ought to be done for the kid," he agreed, "but—I don't know just what."

"I know what," I said. "We'll have Robert taken away from her. He can live with us. We'll adopt him if necessary."

"It's okay by me," Jack said. "Go to it—I'm for you. Only, you're going to have a sweet time doing it!"

Of course I didn't believe him.

I spent three long, wearisome days arguing with the Board of Children's Guardians, the Probation Officer, the Judge of the Juvenile Court, and a lawyer friend of Jack's who volunteered to help.

The net result of my effort was that the Juvenile Court judge promised to investigate. The only hope he held out, however, was that the State Labor Commission might order Mrs. Vaschal to desist from sending Robert to play as a professional musician. But as for our adopting Robert against his mother's wishes: "Have you evidence of immorality, Madam? Can it be shown in court to the satisfaction of a jury that the boy has suffered and will continue to suffer moral degradation in her care?"

I stubbornly began a cautious inquiry to see if I couldn't round up some witnesses to testify as to what happened at Mrs. Vaschal's parties.

I began to feel rather sneaky about the whole business. I decided I should go to Robert and his mother, and have a frank talk with them, suggesting that Robert visit at our house until she "got well."

But somehow, when I thought over all the gallant lies Robert had told, I couldn't face the prospect. The mother with two trained nurses and a housekeeper . . . the father dead in France . . . President Wilson's letter. . . .

I lay awake long after midnight one night, trying to steel myself for the interview.

THE telephone rang. Jack, grumbling, went into the upstairs hall to answer it.

"Something's happened over at Vaschal's. They want you."

Rose, the colored maid, had called.

"Missus Vaschal's kilt herself. Robert asked me to telefoam you. Could you come right over?"

The police had arrived when Jack and I pushed through a crowd of apartment-dwellers at the door.

Robert, wearing tattered pajamas, was seated on a chair in the dining-room. A detective with a red, sweating neck was questioning him.

"Now, quit lying, sonny, and tell us the truth."

"I've told you the truth! Mother felt ill. We had lobster salad for supper—after the theater. It must have been spoilt. It poisoned her. She wouldn't wake me up and tell me so I could get a doctor. She knew I was awful tired. So she. . . ."

"Aw, come off. Here's the poison bottle. Veronal. Ever see it before?"

"No, sir."

"What's your idea, sonny? We ain't gonna harm you. We just got to get the truth for the coroner."

"I've told you the truth."

The detective lost patience.

"I don't suppose you ever heard of Frank Winters, did you?"

"You mean Uncle Frank?"

"I mean the big, bald-headed guy that was keeping your mother."

"He's my uncle. He stays with us when he gets in off the road. He paid Mother board."

"Yeah? He was here tonight, wasn't he?"

"No."

"Aw, the neighbors heard him and her fighting. I guess you're deef, ain't you, sonny?"

"You've abused this child enough," I said. "Get a coat or something, Robert. You're coming home with us."

The detective glowered.

"The kid's gotta kick in with the truth before he goes anywhere, lady."

Jack backed me up.

"Robert's going home with us now," he said. "And if you want to get nasty about it, we'll go over to the nearest station and talk to the captain. You ought to be thrashed for bullying this child."

They had more words, but I didn't listen. I bundled the shivering, sobbing boy into a coat.

We took him home.

Along toward morning, he said: "Will you get a white dress for Mother? She hasn't any that looks nice."

I nodded.

Then, "She always wanted me to play for her. I couldn't do that. I just couldn't."

I said, "She knows how you feel, Robert."

Robert went to sleep in my arms.

MR. AND MRS. Homer T. Shotwell arrived from Kansas the day of the funeral. They introduced themselves as Robert's aunt and uncle. Mr. Shotwell was tall and gaunt and stoop-shouldered. He had the appearance of a not very prosperous small-town merchant.

Mrs. Shotwell was the direct opposite of her sister. She was prim and tidy, and the grim line of her lips would carry the word "respectability" if set in very small letters. I half expected to see it printed there.

I said, "My husband and I have become very fond of Robert. We'd like to adopt him."

They stiffened and exchanged glances.

"That's very kind of you," said Mrs. Shotwell, "but Robert is our own kith and kin. Mr. Shotwell and I ain't never shirked a Christian duty yet. My sister never let on to us how far she had fallen into sin. She was raised in a good Christian home, and all of us certainly did our best to make her live right." A sigh. "It does seem like Providence has given us a chance to save Robert before it got too late. Robert will thank us for it when he's old enough to appreciate his soul."

Mr. Shotwell grunted something that sounded like "Amen" and went on to say: "I reckon we're able to give the boy a good raisin'. He looks like a spry youngster, and I'm figuring to break him in gradual at the store."

Since the night of his mother's death, a change had come over Robert. He was very shy and subdued. He had left off bragging entirely.

I thought at first it was grief that had choked off Robert's fibs. But then I realized that Robert felt he no longer had to make a defense. That scene with the detective had been Robert's last stand. He was glad to stop lying.

I dreaded the ordeal of telling Robert that he was to go to Kansas.

"Robert," I said, "your aunt and uncle are going to take you home to live with them. I am sure you will be happy out there. We should have liked to have you stay with us, but then"—rather lamely—"kinfolks are best."

Robert's face fell; he said nothing, only ducked his head. But it hurt me to see the old tension return. He turned suddenly and ran upstairs. After ten minutes or so he came back, his eyes suspiciously smudged. He was carrying his violin.

"You keep it, Mrs. Lewis," he told me. "I don't want it."

I murmured a protest, saying he should go on with his music.

"I hate music!" he said. "I hate it!"

Tommy and I went to the train with Robert.

He was strutting a little before Tommy. He had put on the old braggadocio. He started for the Pullmans, but Uncle Homer said, "We're taking a day coach, son; no frills to us."

Robert said, "Oh, I guess we change to the Pullman later, Tommy."

My son drew Robert aside at parting.

"Don't forget to send me that lasso when you get to the ranch."

Robert said hastily, "Maybe I'll send you a saddle, too."

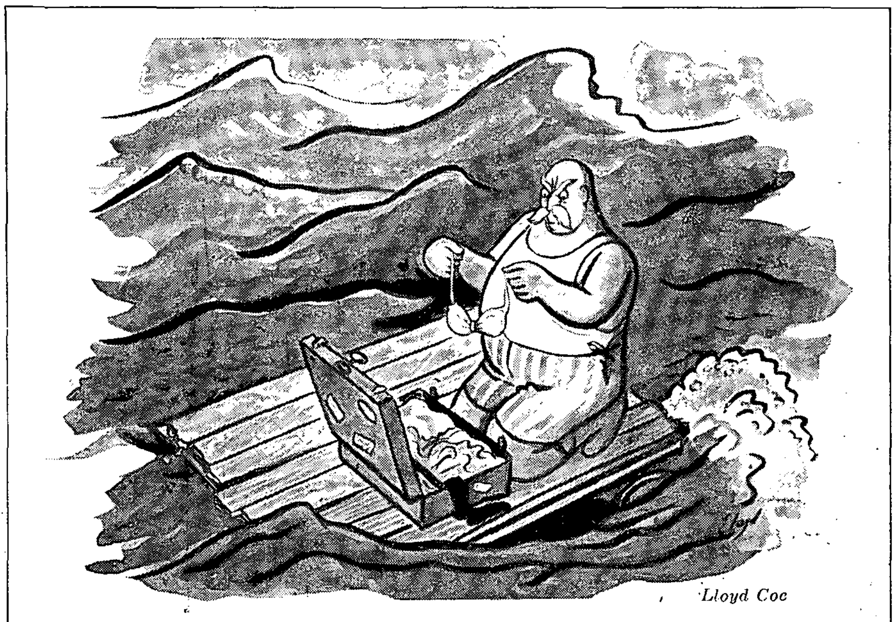
I LOOKED at Robert steadily when we said good-by. His chin was high and he never faltered.

"Thanks, Mrs. Lewis," he said. "I'll write and tell you how it is." Then he fumbled among the dreams he had fabricated for one which might come true. "I guess I better have that violin after all. Please send me that violin, will you?"

"I will send it, Robert," I said, and hugged him close so he would not see my eyes.

Tommy stared after the train enviously.

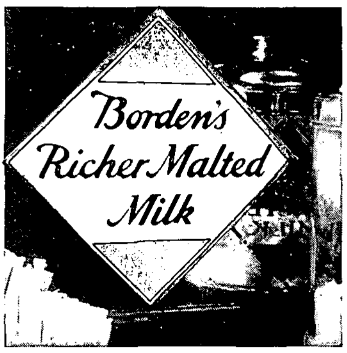
"Gee heck! But Robert's a lucky kid," he said. "His uncle owns the biggest ranch in Kansas. He's gonna give Robert two bronchos all his own, and a rifle and a shotgun and a cowboy to guide him. Wisht I was Robert."



"The wrong suitcase, by Gad!"

FOUND IN A SODA FOUNTAIN GLASS

a bigger thrill ... a source of greater health!



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Borden's
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Borden's
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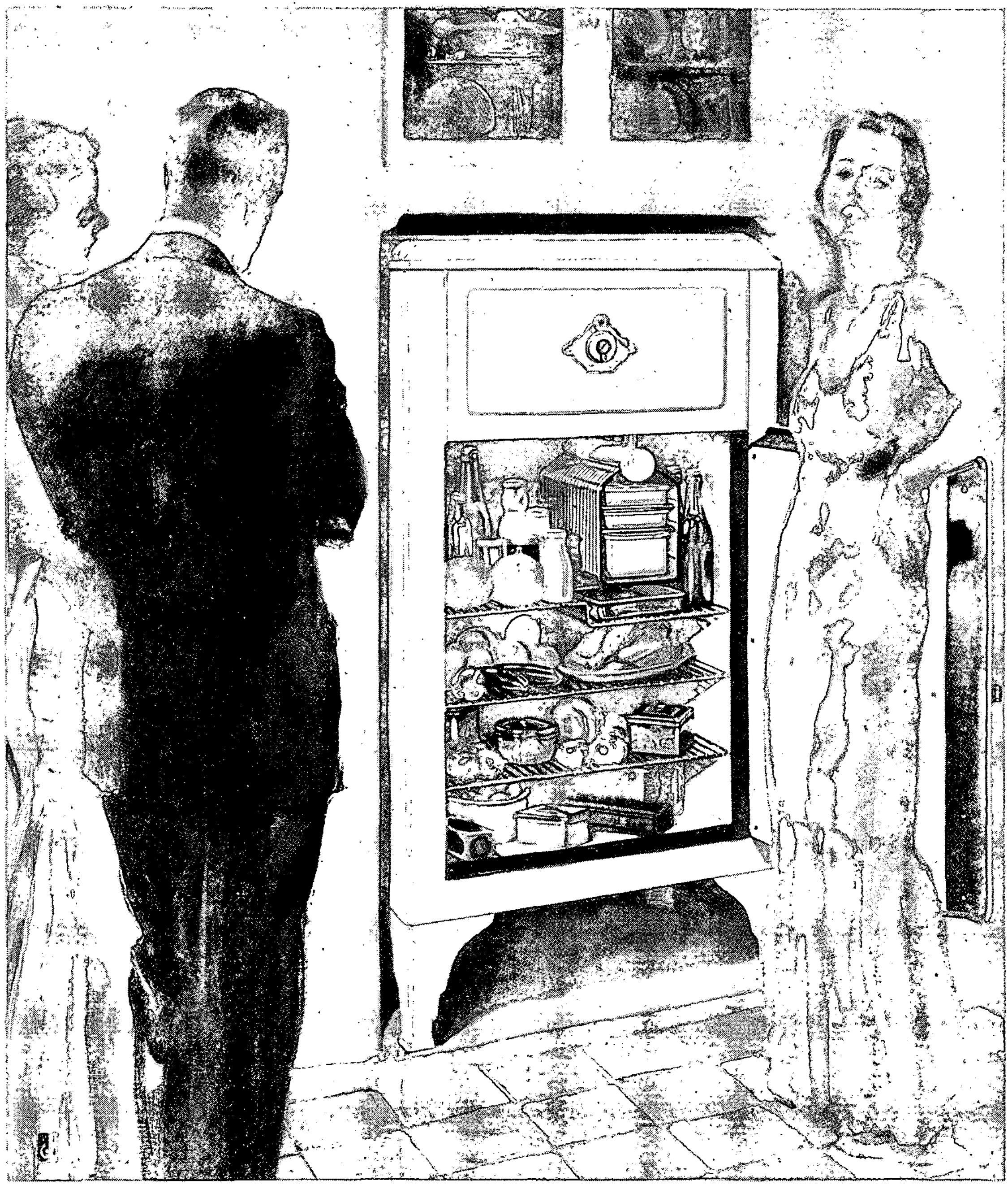

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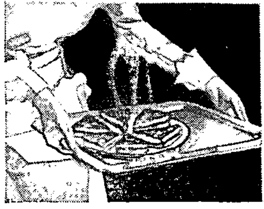
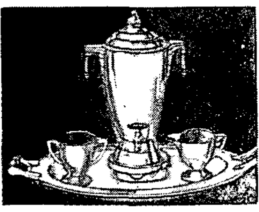


She brews delicious breakfast coffee in her WESTINGHOUSE Electric Percolator; while toast is made, two slices at a time,



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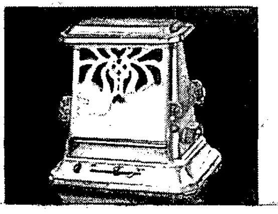

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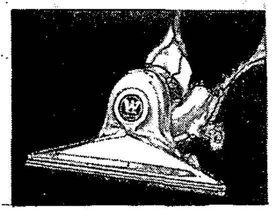

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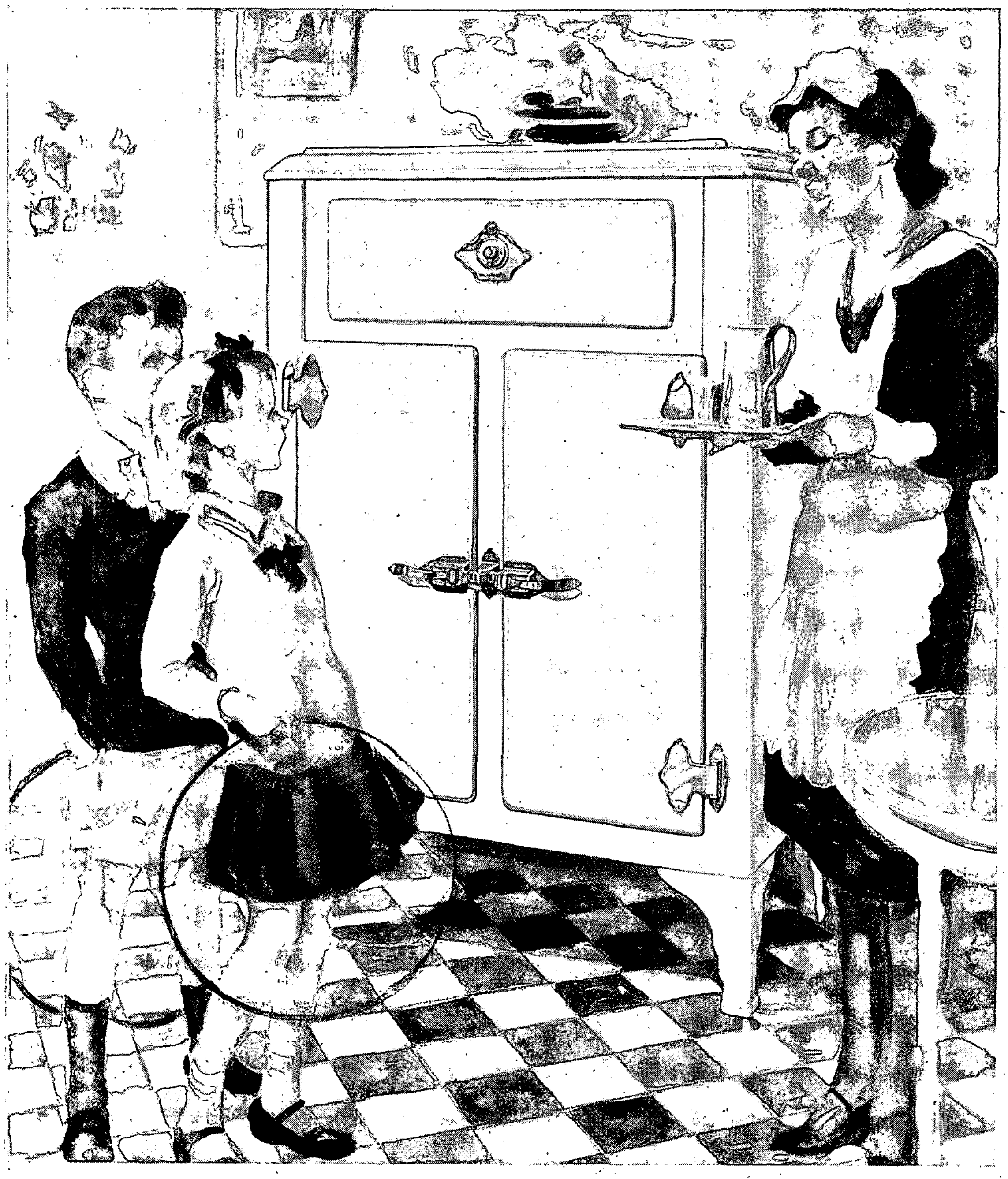

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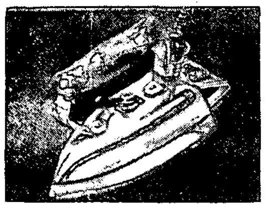

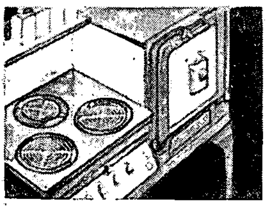

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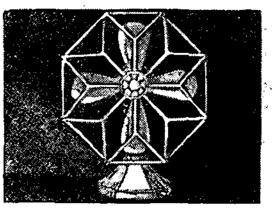

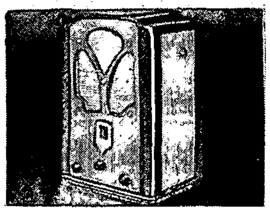

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 28

flimsy evidence of an insane man's accusation. All that you will achieve is serious embarrassment to the United Buyers' Corporation, of which my two associates are the chief owners. That is *all*."

"I could drive them from public life," suggested Cordova.

"And you think you might drive me from it also, eh?"

"The idea has entered my head," said Cordova.

"We might," said Carmichael, "take up again the matter of the mayoralty."

"Do I understand that you are offering it to me again?"

"You are correct if you so understand," said the other.

"In return for—what?"

A FROSTY smile curled Carmichael's lips.

"Need we go into that again? You are of good family, sufficient achievement, the public needs good government—"

"And there is also the matter of my silence."

"That goes without saying," replied the senator.

"I don't want to be mayor," said Cordova.

"I can produce another argument," said Carmichael.

Cordova rose abruptly to his feet:

"Senator, I'm compelled to accept your hospitality tonight. May I—go to my room?"

"And the other argument?"

"I won't listen," said Cordova.

"Your mind is made up?"

Cordova shook his head.

"Made up to this: I don't want political office. But as to whether or not I'll let Grady publish Ganley's letter—whether or not I'll tell the public the things I know—I'll sleep on that."

"Pleasant dreams, then," said Carmichael sardonically. "Good night."

A servant guided Cordova to the apartment that he had shared so recently with Deborah. Pajamas—the senator's—were laid out for him. There was a razor in the bathroom, with cream and blades and lotions; there were hairbrushes, a fresh tooth-brush, slippers.

Pajama-clad, he sat in the darkness, staring out upon the waters of the lake, that rippled—evilly, it seemed to him—in the light of the moon. If he only had Deborah here to advise him. Somehow, the cool realism of her outlook upon life, toward her uncle, would have helped him now. He wondered how Carmichael could be so certain that Deborah would side against her husband. Then he understood. Deborah would be taking *no* sides. Deborah would in no way help anyone to crush old Daniel Carmichael. Yet he knew that, if without dragging her into it, her husband could whip the senator, Deborah would approve. That is, he amended, if she happened to love her husband. Not loving him—still, her inevitable sense of justice would make her respect him.

He sneered suddenly at his own train of thought. Why did he ascribe to Deborah such qualities? What qualities had she shown him save those of selfishness, of incredible flightiness? Because, despite himself, he had fallen in love with her, must he attribute to her virtues she could not possess?

Fallen in love with her? Well, he was falling out as quickly as he had fallen in. She, and her crooked uncle whom she looked upon as another Napoleon, another Genghis Khan. . . .

And he was in this mood when a knock sounded gently upon his door. Startled, he looked up.

"Come in," he called uncertainly.

The door opened. Framed in the light of the hall for one fleeting moment stood Delmar. Then the door closed behind her, but not before Cordova had realized that the filmiest of chiffon negligees draped the loveliest figure he had ever seen, and that her ash-blonde hair was more beautiful, even, by artificial light than in the sunshine.

"You're in the dark," she said.

Despite his mood, he grinned.

"You noticed that?" he laughed.

She, too, laughed, although a bit uncertainly.

"I want to talk to you," she said.

"Uncle's last argument?" he hazarded.

"I guess I am," she admitted. "Am I so poor a one?"

"I haven't heard you," he said.

"I'm afraid I'm one to be seen rather than heard," she replied.

She had come close to him now, and once again he knew the fragrance of her. Her hand, straying, touched his shoulder.

"Dick, look at me."

"Why? It's too dark to see you," he said.

"And can't I be seen in the dark?" she asked.

The hand that had now strayed to his head remained there. Its fingers exerted pressure and his head turned toward her. She seemed like some lambent flame in the gloom. The whiteness of the negligee she wore, the whiteness of her face, her shoulders, her delicately modeled arms—no darkness could hope to hide them.

"Dick, we must understand each other. You're proud. I like your pride. It's pride for another, not for yourself. And I respect you for wanting to spare Deborah. But she doesn't love you, does she? A silly whim—forgotten when achieved. And I—who *do* love you. Dick, I'm here. Where I want to be, and where I'm wanted. Isn't that so?"

"Of course not," he said. "I love my wife."

"Do you? Dick, how can you say that to me? After the letter you wrote me?"

"I wrote it to Deborah," he cried.

"To me," she insisted. "Oh, Dick, honor is one thing, but love is another. And when love clashes with honor—"

"It hasn't," he said. "I love Deborah."

"You cling to that? Why?"

"Because it's true," he said.

SHE sat down on a chair beside him. "Dick, Uncle has told me what you plan, what you may be planning. And I've told Uncle everything—about your letter to me, and Deb's taking it for herself—"

"I'll tell him how wrong you are in the morning," he said.

"But this is tonight," she said softly. "And Dick, I told Uncle that I loved you. I told him that Deborah could get a divorce. I told him that for me—*for me*—you'd do what you wouldn't do for anyone else. I told him that you would destroy Ganley's letter."

"You were confident," he said.

"Don't be sarcastic—with me," she said.

She leaned nearer to him, and he felt her breath upon his cheek.

"And your uncle let you—your uncle planned—let you plan—a divorce between myself and Deborah, and a later marriage with you?"

"Why not?" she asked. "When the other niece has cheated, lied, taken advantage of your chivalry—"

"Of my adoration for her," he corrected her.

"Oh, Dick, why pretend? Dick, don't you understand? I'm here. I belong to you."

"You don't know what you're saying," he told her. "You're so wrapped up in your uncle's career—you think only in terms of success—"

"You think I'd give myself for—for my uncle's career?"

"For what else?" he countered.

"For *you*," she whispered. "Uncle? What am I to him if I should happen to be in his way? And what is he to me? Dick, do what you like about Uncle. I don't care. But about me—do what your heart dictates, what your love demands, compels—"

She half rose from the chair and fell into his arms. Her own arms were about his neck, and her lips were upon his. They had been offered him before, but this time they were pressed upon his, and the arms about him were tight. He found himself, incredibly, unbelievably, returning that wanton kiss and holding that lovely body close to him.

THEN reaction came. Coolly, with a deliberation that could not be battled against, he released her clasp of him.

"We've both been silly—and stupid," he said. "Now—you run along to bed, Delmar, and let's both forget it."

"Is it the husband of Deborah who speaks or—Dick Cordova?" she asked.

"It's Deb's husband—and also Dick Cordova," he replied.

She stared at him as though she saw someone whom she did not recognize.

"Is it so—unpleasant to kiss me?" she asked.

"I can think of nothing more delightful," he said.

"Then—it *is* a sense of honor?"

He reddened:

"Good God, Del, are you so sure of yourself? Has Deb *nothing*, that you think a man, loving her, can be turned to betrayal of her by *your* lips, by *your* body?"

She drew back from him:

"I really believe—I honestly believe—that you *are* in love with Deb."

"I've tried hard enough to make you believe that," he cried.

"And now I do believe it. What an innocent you are. You love one girl, are trapped into marriage by another, and because her charms are so novel—"

"Will you go?" he cried.

"A few kisses, a warm embrace, and you imagine yourself in love with your wife. I gave you credit, Dick, for more sophistication. Why not be honest, and admit that the little wretch beguiled you with—"

"I never struck a woman in my life," said Cordova. "I think I am about to."

"Because I laugh at you? But I can't help it. To be won by a woman's mind, her heart, her soul, her beauty. But to be won merely because she surrenders—"

"Will you get out?" cried Cordova.

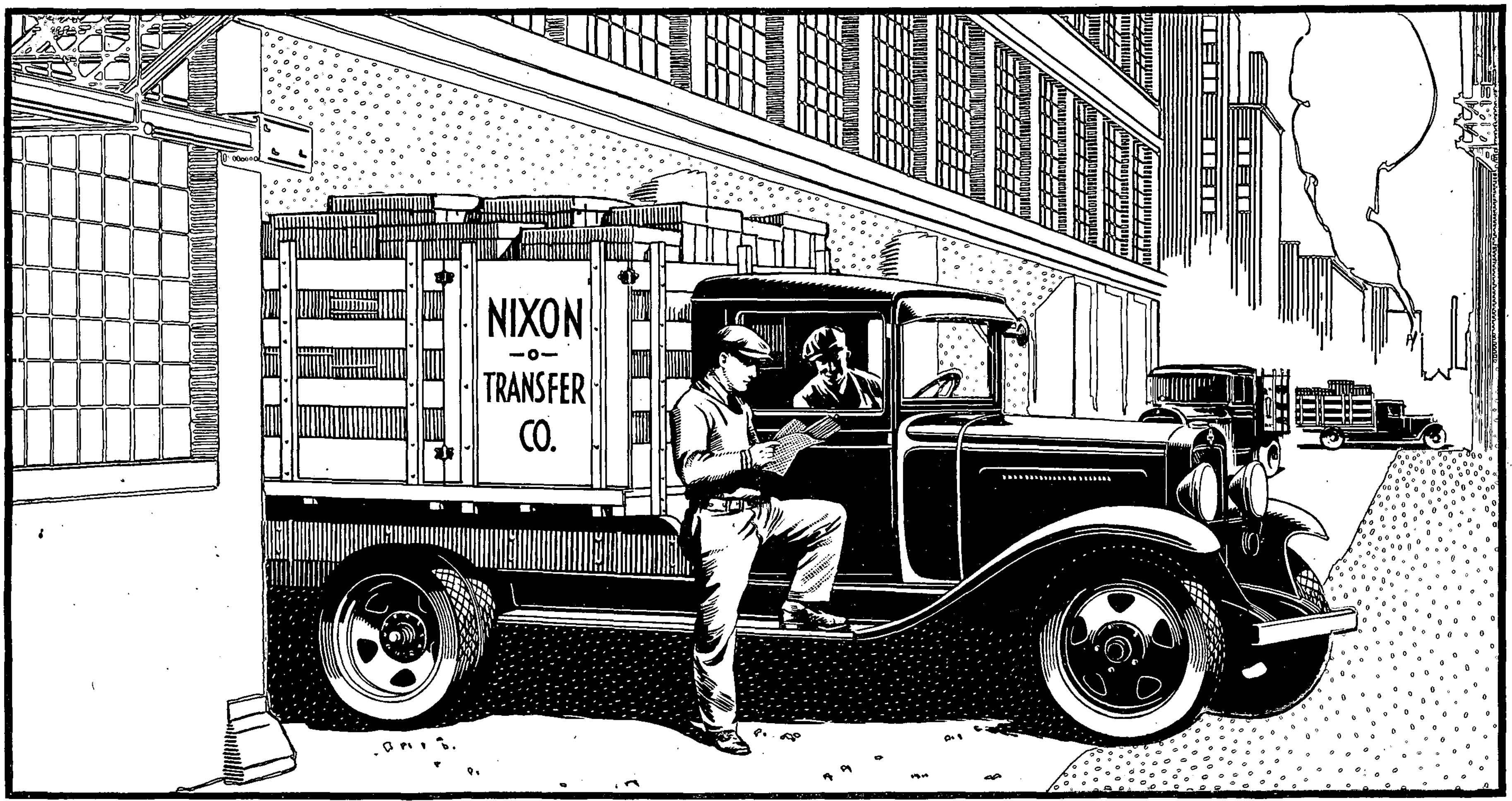
"And what shall I tell Uncle?" she asked.

"And that's what your love meant, eh? To win something for Dan Carmichael? Well, you've won. If this is politics, I'm through with the dirty thing. Through with your uncle, through with you—"

"And through with Deb?" she asked.

"No," he said grimly. "I'm not yet through with Deb."

(To be concluded next week)



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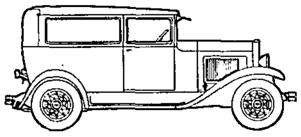

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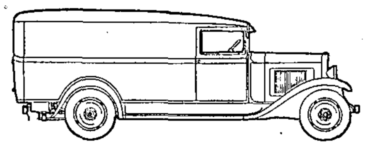

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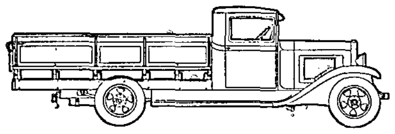

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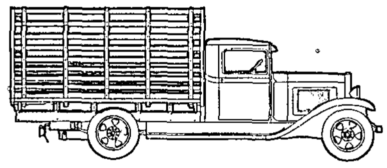

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When the Movies tell the Truth

Continued from page 20

Horn, but without the added Hollywood stuff M-G-M wouldn't have had much of a picture. Take that one long sequence in which we see three adventurers tramping through the jungle and across the veldt, Trader Horn pointing out the various animals of Africa sweeping across the landscape in a never-ending procession. The long shots, whether made by this particular company or bought from other cameramen—every adventurer in Africa has made them—are undoubtedly authentic, for it would be impossible for Hollywood to furnish African animals in such numbers.

But how about the three hunters? Obviously, as they talked, those shots were made right here. So adroitly were they inter-cut with the long shots that we all enjoy a personally conducted trip to Africa, with Harry Carey as Trader Horn pointing out the sights.

Anything for a Fight

We now come to the big sensational fight scene in which the beasts of the jungle slaughtered one another before our very eyes. Of course it *must* have been made in Africa, for where else might one find such monsters except on their native heath? You underestimate the resources of our picture fellows. Those pictures could have been secured on the spot, but it was really much easier to make them at home. At least the studio thought so—until it tried!

There is a vast difference between jungle lions and those that for generations have been born and have lived in captivity. These latter animals have never had to hunt their food and have consequently lost many of their jungle characteristics. That's why the making of those fight scenes was probably more difficult than going after the real thing—the animals refused to adopt jungle etiquette.

One annoyance was overcome by staging the fights just over the border in Mexico—the company was outside the jurisdiction of the humane societies that might interfere and spoil the stuff. Safely out of their reach, the technical staff picked out a good jungle location and enclosed about an acre and a half within a high wire screen. Camera pits were dug at various places, protection for the men and instruments was built and camouflaged.

When everything was set the cages were rolled up and the animals turned loose in the jungle; but to the chagrin of everybody, the creatures seemed utterly bewildered and frightened. The lions simply wished to hide and be left alone.

The cameraman from whom I heard the story said that the little gazelle showed the most excitement and chased a lion all over the corral.

The means employed to make animals fight to the death—especially animals that were almost pets and did not wish to fight—caused certain cameramen on the job to go sick. When the news leaked out, a great storm of protest arose, especially from the humane societies. It is doubtful if another company will be sent to Mexico to get such scenes of slaughter.

A fine ethical point is aroused by these Mexican-made scenes in Trader Horn. Obviously in a fiction story it is nobody's business how a director secures his effects, but the advertising of Trader Horn leads the public to believe that it was all shot in Africa and that the killings are authentic records of jungle life. As the drama of the jungle consists in the fact that life feeds upon life and every animal sooner or later dies a tragic death, a picture of such an incident is a mere record of fact, but deliberately to kill milk-fed animals just to provide entertainment is something else.

The staged cruelties of the early pictures were practically censored off the screen; public indignation will without doubt end this new enthusiasm for big jungle punches.

The invention of sound film is largely responsible for the revival of interest in animal pictures. In the silent days a lion was only mildly menacing. When he opened his mouth to roar the expression was that of a bored yawn. Now when he appears before the camera and lets out a roar that can be heard a mile, the audience gets a tremendous thrill of horror.

As I said before, these sound effects are at present all made in Hollywood and they can be secured without the slightest distress to the animals or danger to the sound engineers. A mike is placed close to a lion's cage just before feeding time, and by gently teasing the old dear with his daily tidbit, enough roar stuff will be registered to dub in on half a dozen jungle pictures.

In the early part of this article, I called attention to the films of the amateur adventurers of the camera, stating that these travelogue films have only a news-reel interest. About five years ago a chap named Flaherty came out of the arctic with a new kind of travel picture. It was not a series of detached incidents, nor yet a story, but the simple saga of an Eskimo called Nanook of the North. So successful was this short biography of adventure and domesticity that Flaherty followed Nanook with several other pictures taken in remote regions, but none of them stirred the deep interest of his first film.

Now at last comes something new in exotic films. Frederick Murnau, one of Germany's most successful directors (The Last Laugh), after an indifferent success in America (Sunrise and the Four Devils), decided to combine Flaherty's idiom with art and produce a South Seas picture which would tell a story and at the same time let us look intimately into the manners, customs and hearts of the islanders.

Without any studio backing he chartered a ship, and with David Flaherty, brother of "Nanook" Flaherty, and Floyd Crosby, cameraman, set sail for the Society Islands, a thousand miles south of the equator.

Even the Natives Approved

Making his temporary headquarters at Papeete he cruised for six months among the islands until he learned of one that was still unspoiled by white influence. Arriving at Bora Bora, his first disappointment came when the natives, dressed in mother hubbards and shirt-tails, gathered on the beach to welcome him. Missionaries had taught them Christian modesty and they felt it only good manners thus to conceal their persons. Within a short time, however, Murnau had convinced the two native chiefs that he and his companions were heathen artists and much preferred their subjects *au naturel.*

Here Murnau set up his headquarters, gained the confidence of the natives, and told them his purpose. It must be remembered, of course, that these people were not black savages. On the contrary, they were high-grade Polynesians with the intelligence and beauty of native Hawaiians. What pleased these delightful people was that Murnau was not going to make the usual South Seas picture showing the conflict between the white and brown civilizations with the pretty American boy falling for the Polynesian princess. No, his story was to be native throughout, using as his conflict the struggle between romantic love and the tabus of their religion. The story is called Tabu.

Every one of the fifteen hundred inhabitants was excited about the picture, and as all of them were to participate in its scenes the island for the next year became practically a motion picture studio, the chiefs calling the people to work by blowing certain signals on conch shells.

So far removed from the world were these islanders that they didn't know the World War was over. This picture adventure was the greatest event that had come into their lives. It is interesting to know that they were amused at Hawaiian music records, but went wild over Paul Robeson's spirituals, which they all learned to whistle.

During all these preliminary months Crosby was building a laboratory in Papeete and training his workers. Strangely enough, he found the young natives amazingly alert and within two months he had a laboratory crew as efficient as any in Hollywood.

Tragedy Unrehearsed

This film is unlike all others in that it is not a white man's story or even a native story dominated by white psychology. Each night Murnau called his cast together with the chiefs presiding, and through interpreters the next day's work was argued and decided upon—always in favor of the native idiom. The love-making, for example, is not of the sensuous Hollywood variety. In fact, the lovers do not even kiss, but simply touch cheeks like gentle little children.

When I asked Murnau about his sound effects he was delightfully frank and honest. "*Of course* they were all made here. I had no sound equipment with me. The choral singing sounded correct? Yes? Well, you see I brought six native singers back with me and recruited the rest from among the local Hawaiians. There is so little difference in their languages that they soon learned the words and tunes. Next time perhaps—"

Many picture companies on location have left behind them shameful records of corruption and hatreds. When Murnau and his two white companions left Bora Bora, the whole population—most of them crying—were on the beach to see them off.

Tabu was a daring adventure in cinema entertainment and Murnau was fearful of its acceptance. With its first showing, however, Paramount bought it and planned immediately to send the tall, poetic German off to make another. I got these details from him on Thursday. On Friday Fred Murnau was dead—killed motoring to San Francisco on his way back to Germany to visit his mother.

Tabu has shown a new method for the adventurers of the camera and now perhaps other directors will take their cue from it and bring back pictures of the world's peoples, not as amusing curiosities or as backgrounds for white dramas, but as authentic records of the peoples themselves recorded in their native idiom.

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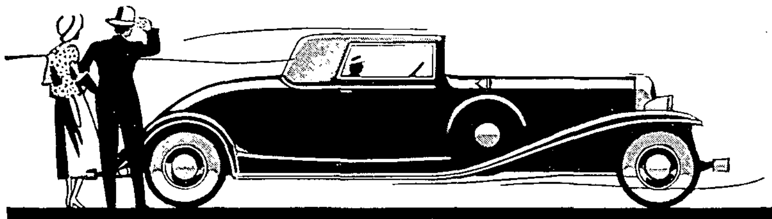

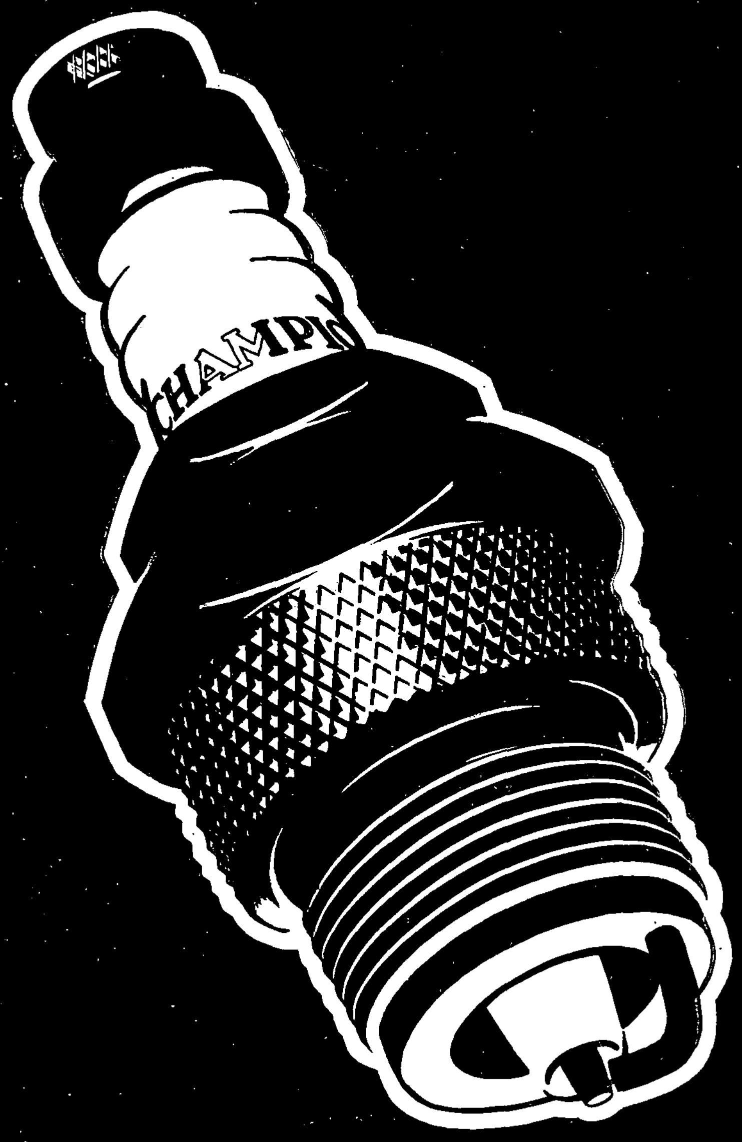

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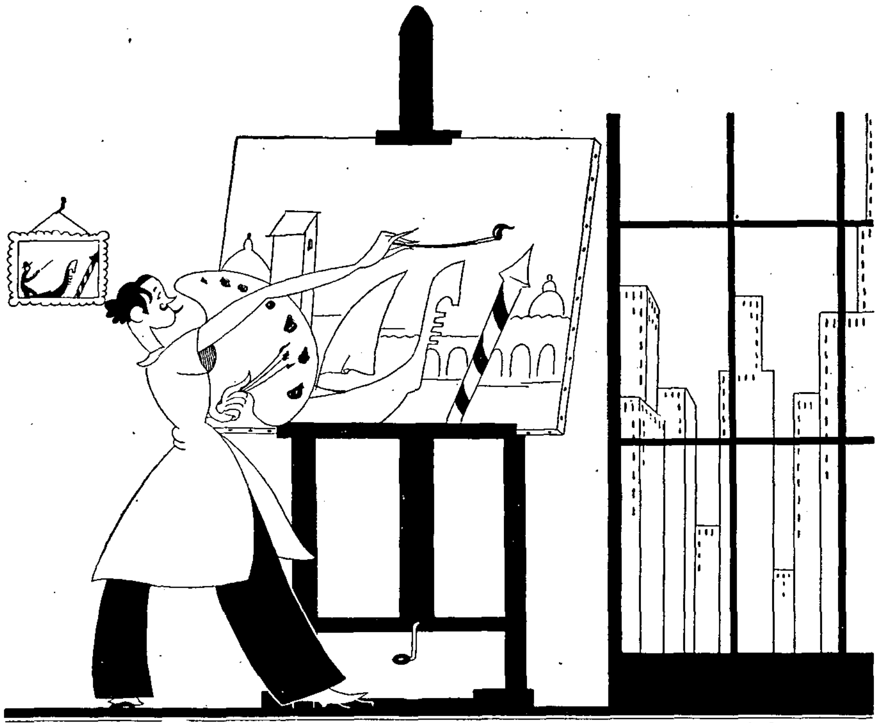


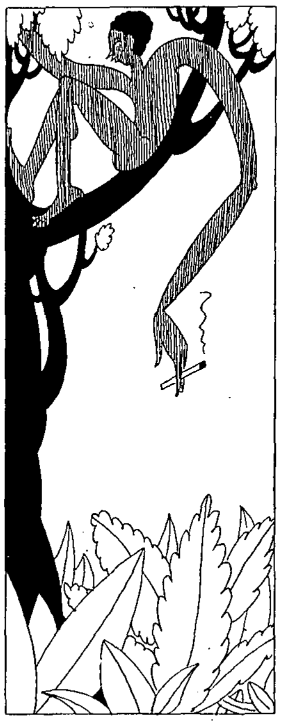
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Grand Canal of Venice is the most popular painting subject in existence, and Louvre authorities estimate that there are more than 100,000 different views of it hanging in museums and homes throughout the world today.

In volume, the average American today eats twice as much food as the average German, 4 times as much as the average Chinese and 8 times as much as the average Japanese.

The Sakais of the Malay Peninsula are thought to be the world's most primitive people. They usually live in trees and when they are standing their arms reach to the ground.—*By A. A. Baker, Norman, Oklahoma.*



The United States exports narcotic drugs but will not permit their importation, the law allowing only the raw materials—crude opium and cocoa leaves—to come in.

In Rome, today, every other man wears a uniform, the majority of them being in either military or ecclesiastical dress.

A German-American company plans to start a regular transatlantic mail and passenger air service in 1933 with four giant air liners, each to make one round trip weekly with 50 passengers, the one-way fare to be about $780.

Camel caravans usually travel across deserts at 2½ miles an hour and sometimes consist of 5,000 animals whose loads vary from 400 to 1,000 pounds.

About 95% of the world's population today lives north of the equator.—*By Henry Morgan, St. Paul, Minn.*

The most valuable postage stamp in the world is a one-cent 1856 British Guiana stamp. Only one was issued and it is owned today by a Utica, N. Y., millionaire who values it at $50,000.—*By Irving Tunick, New York.*

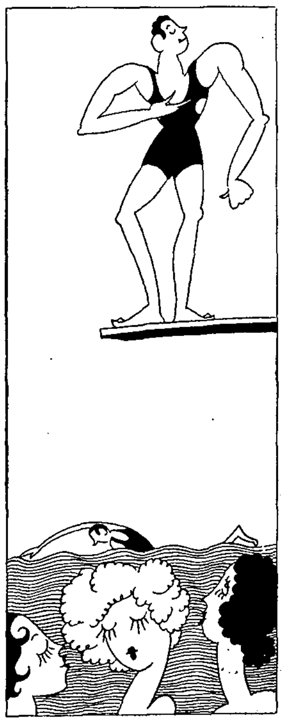
More than 60 different formulas were used in the past fiscal year to denature the 47,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol which were consumed by 5,000 companies in the manufacturing of their products.

One of the strangest customs still practiced in semi-civilized countries is couvade, which demands that for many days before and after the birth of his child a man must take to his bed and pretend to suffer the pains of childbirth.—*By Ealda Roller, Akron, Ohio.*

Handwriting experts state that it is impossible at times to tell a man's writing from that of a woman.

Ten times as many men are drowned as women, due chiefly to man's innate tendency to "show off."

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Saddle Bum

Continued from page 15

and Atwood want law, I'll give you law!"

The herder appeared to consider. Curiously, he showed no resentment—perhaps because he felt no surprise. "All right," he said at last, his eyes contemplative upon the sheep. "It'll take maybe three, four days to get them moved."

Bob Porter suddenly rose in his stirrups. "Three, four days, hell! You'll put those sheep over the line tonight!"

"We can't—"

"You can't move 'em, huh? By God, I'll show you how to move 'em!" He struck steel to his horse, and the cow pony exploded into a thundering streak of dust. The hazing yell that is yet heard in Old Mexico rang out: "Ay, Che-wah-wah! Pick 'em up! Che-wah-wah-wah! Get gone!"

THE sheep at the margin of the herd blundered into a stupid bunch. Those nearest the horse put their heads down and cannoned into the others, fighting to get into the middle. One half-moon sweep threw the woollies into some semblance of a driven herd, another put them on the move. "Ay, Che-wah-wah! Whoppee!" The shuffle of hoofs changed to a ground-shaking rumble, then a continuous, muffled roar.

Young Porter rode back. "You keep them on the prod—and if you know what's good for you, you'll never stop until you're across Mike's Wash! I aim to ride this range tonight—and Lord knows I'm hoping I'll find you here!"

Bob Porter held to his intention. He went back to the home ranch with the others, for supper and a fresh horse, but rode out again; and breakfast was half finished before he reappeared, saddle-worn and dusty, but not apparently tired.

"Come onto any sheep?" his father asked him.

Bob answered, "There's no sheep in Powder Basin."

That was all that was said then; but late in the day a rider from the Bar Five stopped by, bursting with news peculiarly disturbing to old Raff Porter.

"Did you hear about the sheep run?" was almost the first thing the Bar Five cowboy said. "Somebody jumped down on one of the big Double O herds, over in the Soapweed Flats, and scattered near two thousand head from hell to Tuesday!"

Raff Porter turned a slow eye upon his son, but Bob Porter's face was expressionless.

"Abe Atwood is swearing he'll have somebody's scalp if it costs him his last cent. Seems like somebody caught a herd of wool over on the Powder Basin land, and they figure the row must have started there; but Abe Atwood claims that herd was only moving down to the desert for the winter lambing; and pushing along as fast as it could. The sheepmen are in an almighty boil!"

That night Jess Alexander and Lee Heston, representing the Seven B and the Circle Slash, rode over to the Porters' to talk of what might well prove the beginning of another expensive war.

"Look here," said Lee Heston, speaking slightly out of turn, but with great reasonableness. "Old Abe Atwood's the toughest sheepman in the Sunrise. First thing we know there's going to be reprisals, and what kind of shape are we in for that?"

"Better let the thing rest," Raff Porter recommended. "Sheepmen have to be put in their place every so often, anyway. For all we know this will turn out to have done more good than harm."

"The Sunrise won't be cow country again until somebody buys out Atwood; he's the root of sheep trouble here," Heston fretted. "He was near ready to sell when this broke, but now he'll stick like a fever tick. Still, if you want to let this drift—"

This they decided to do. There the matter rested for all of three days.

On the third day Bob Porter elected himself to ride night herd on a bunch of long yearlings that were being held in one corner of the Diamond Dot range, pending a disposition not yet decided.

That night a red glow upon the sky told the length and breadth of the Sunrise valley a story which the swift news of next day confirmed. A brush corral in which Double O herders had bedded nearly fifteen hundred head had gone up in flames.

By the testimony of the herders the fire was no accidental blaze started by a cook-fire spark. The sheepmen had heard at least one ridden horse; shots had been exchanged and the herders had been driven back.

They added to this the details of a scene which, to sheepmen at least, appealed as one of devastation and horror. As the dry brush had roared up in sky-reaching flame, more than two hundred head of sheep had died, trapped and trampled in the smoke. Fifty-eight head died in a straight-sided wash into which a part of the herd avalanched in the dark; and all along the long course of that merciless drive the weaker of the lambs and ewes were left wind-broken on their knees, many of them never to rise.

The herders had recognized no one: except that they could swear to the one long yell that the hazing rider had used as he drove down upon the stampeding sheep. "Ay, Che-wah-wah! Get gone!" Nobody in the Sunrise valley used that yell except just one man.

IN LESS than a day the news had spread. That night, as the coyotes gathered from afar to the scent of the scorched wool and mutton, the cowmen of six brands gathered at the home ranch of Porter's Diamond Dot. Among them also appeared Tom Frazier, Sunrise sheriff, who arrived alone.

"Look here, Raff," Jim Earle, owner of the Bar Five, put it up to the boss of the Diamond Dot, "this thing's going to cause trouble—what your kid did to them sheep last night."

"Who said it was my boy?"

"Why, it's all over the range that them sheep herders said it was him—or as good as said so."

"'Some sheep herders as good as said,'" Raff Porter repeated ironically. "You've got crust, Jim, offering me that!"

"What does *he* say," Lee Heston demanded sharply, "about where he was last night?"

Raff Porter looked him over with a cool eye. "In the first place," he said, "I wouldn't have the nerve to ask Bob where he spent his night, no, not me! In the second place, it happens he did mention where he was going to be. I suppose I might ask him now if he ran a sneak, under cover of a lie, to go trample under a lot of stock that was minding its own business on its own range. But if you think I'm going to, you don't know me!"

Restless glances turned to Bob Porter. He did not look at all perturbed.

"Ain't you got anything to say, Bob?" Jess Alexander asked.

Bob Porter smiled faintly and shook his head.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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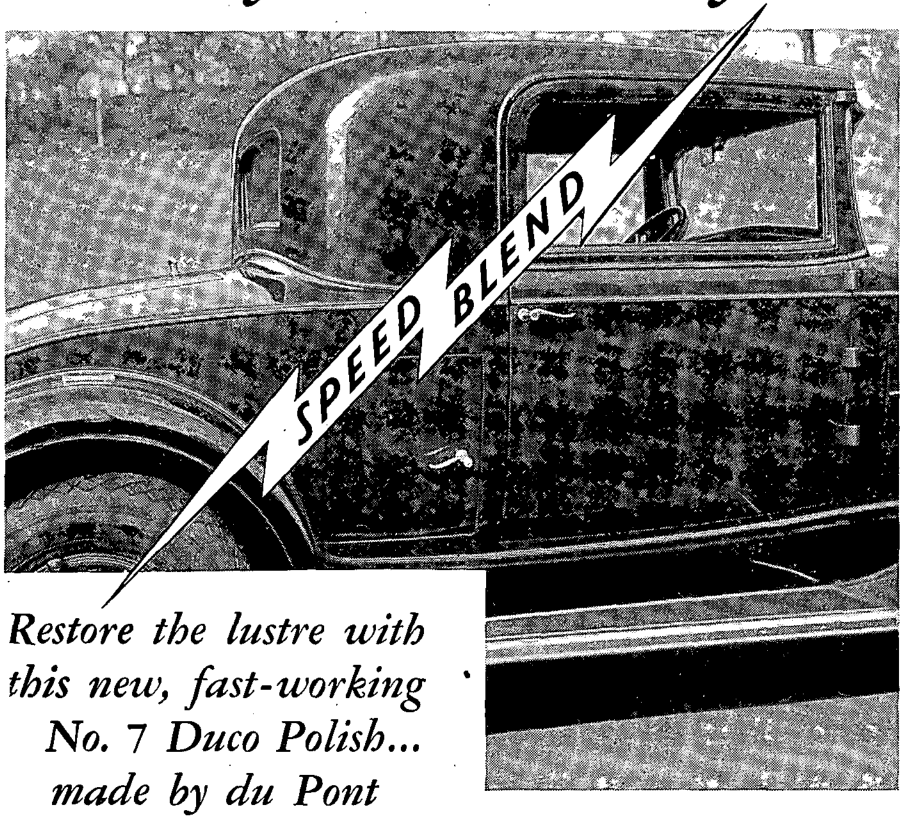

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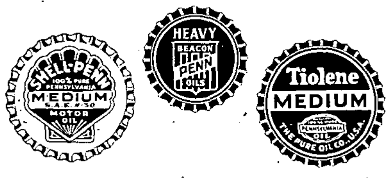

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(Continued from page 49)

The cattlemen, upset by the Porters' reticent stand, were momentarily at a loss. By ones and twos they went their way, uneasy and uncertain. These were men quick enough in action, once they saw their way, but very slow to make decisions which would alter old ties.

Tom Frazier stayed after the others. The Sunrise sheriff was a lank, loose-knit man with a friendly eye and huge, competent hands.

"People," he said, "this here is a real serious thing. I'm asking you, is this the right way to do?"

"Let's not begin to yell before we're bit," Raff Porter suggested.

"I'll smooth over whatever of this I can," Frazier assured him. "But hell's going to pop before we hear the last of this." He rode off, looking serious.

Now three days passed in that utter quiet which the untrusting human mind invariably associates with coming storm. In this time nothing was heard from Abe Atwood nor his faction. The sheep stayed on their own side of Mike's Wash. Yet the air was full of electricity. No one doubted for a moment that reprisals would come. The cowmen waited, restless and dark-tempered.

At the Diamond Dot, Raff Porter remained as good as his word: he had never asked his son for an explanation of his whereabouts upon the night of the raid, and Bob offered none.

On the fourth day Bob Porter saddled a good, tough circle pony, and guessed that he would go to town. "Don't look for me until tomorrow," he told Raff Porter. I don't know but what I'll be coming back in a kind of roundabout way."

The elderly, wistful look that came into Raff Porter's face swiftly turned to something pretty dark and grim. He opened his mouth; but he closed it again. Afterward he blamed himself for that, for that night saw history made on the Sunrise range.

Shortly after midnight a red flare once more painted the sky, and the rattle of gunfire perforated the desert night; far down-wind the coyotes pricked up their ears to the bleat of lambs lost from a stampeded herd, and their noses to the suggestive odor of burnt wool. It was the ultimate injury-upon-insult, the final turn of the screw.

Bob Porter and his ridden-out pony did not get in until the middle of the next afternoon.

His father faced him with bleak eyes, his face hard. "Bob, boy, what the hell am I supposed to think?"

BOB PORTER threw his hat at a nail, and skidded the frying pan onto the stove. "Dad, the fact is, I haven't been right sure what you'd think. But my mind was set. I figured to go about my own business my own way."

Raff Porter exploded. "You infernal young squirt!" he bellowed. "If you've gone to work and—"

"Take your time!" Bob Porter checked him. "We've got a visitor here."

Sheriff Tom Frazier was with them again, this time alone. He stepped in uninvited, and shot an angry glance from father to son.

"By God," he said, "this thing has got to stop! If you think you're going to send this country up in a cloud of yells and dust, you can think two times again!"

"Now just a minute," Bob said. "You want a stop put to this messing with sheep, do you? I'll put a stop to it for you."

"You're damn' tootin' you'll stop it. And that ain't all—"

Bob Porter turned so hard an eye upon Frazier that he was given time to speak. "Let me ask you one thing," Bob said. "Were you ever taken for a fool?"

"Maybe I was," said Frazier belligerently.

"So have I been," said Bob. "Not only by you, but by everybody on the Sunrise range; and even by my own dad."

"Who? Me?" said Porter.

"Yes, you," said Bob. "If I was going out and burn out a passel of sheep under cover of dark, you think I wouldn't have any more sense than to go at them yelling 'Ay, Che-wah-wah!'—the one yell that nobody uses but me? I'm sick and tired of this, and I don't aim to stand for it any more!" He started pulling on his chaps.

"Where you going?" Frazier demanded.

"I'm going to put a stop to these here night raids," Bob told him; "and don't you worry but what I know where to go!"

"If you're starting more trouble," said Frazier, "I'm coming along."

"You'll stay back," Bob told him. "There isn't going to be any trouble; not any trouble at all!"

IT WAS sundown by the time Bob Porter, arriving by the saddle cut-off, pulled up at the Circle Slash.

Lee Heston was there. It had taken no great application of brains for Bob Porter to figure out where to start looking for him. Just now he was sitting with Madge Alexander on the top rail of the corral.

Bob Porter swung down without being invited, and tied his horse to the fence.

"Howdy, Bob," Madge said.

"Heston," said Porter, "I'll talk to you."

Lee Heston stiffened. "Go ahead and talk," he said.

"Heston," said Porter, "there's going to be an end to this hazing of Double O sheep."

Lee Heston regarded him ironically. "You should know best!"

"I'll make it my business to know. And one reason for that is, the Double O sheep are my sheep!"

"They're what?" Heston was jolted out of his studied calm.

"I took over the Double O yesterday. The losses from last night's stampede are my losses."

Heston looked blank. "It's an outright lie," he decided. "You haven't got enough cash to buy half interest in a thrown mule shoe!"

"You'll find that Abe Atwood and the Sunrise bank figured I had enough."

"Then," Lee Heston hazarded, "you ran those first two stampedes to break Atwood's price; and you ran another last night on a corral of your own—willing to take a loss to cover up your tracks!"

"There isn't going to be any loss," Porter told him. "In the first place, I bought the Double O for the same price I offered before the first stampede. In the second place, Heston, you're going to pay damages for every sheep you've run to death. You're up against a cowman now."

"You mean to say I—"

"I mean to say it's you that tried to start this sheep war, and put it off on me. It's been almighty thin. I know exactly how you found out each of those three times that I was going to be away from home; I know what your idea was—which was to break Abe Atwood's price to where you could swing it yourself; I even know what horses you rode."

"You'll never prove a nickel's worth of it," Heston lathered. "If you think you can come back here and high-lord me—why, you worthless saddle bum, I'll—"

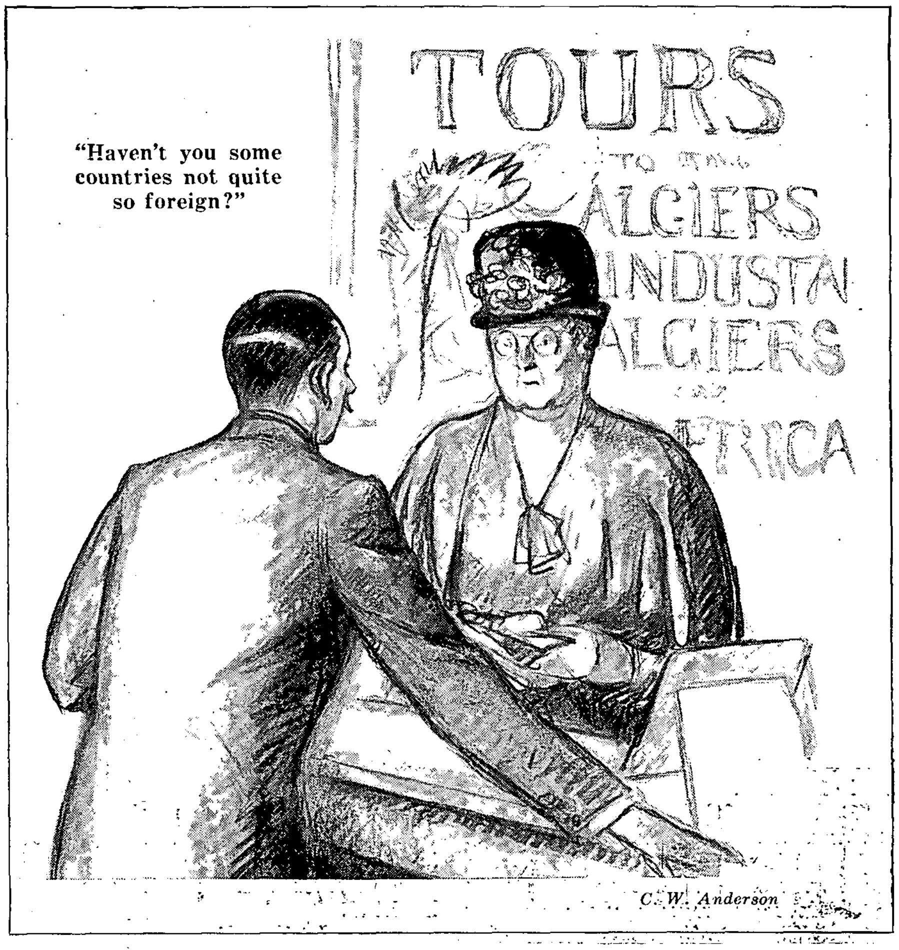
"I'll high-lord you all right! I'm ready to prove what I said, but that will come later. Just a minute ago you gave me the lie. Heston, my lad, you're about to have that remark jammed right back down your throat."

"WAIT a minute," Heston snapped. He turned and ran for his saddled horse at the far end of the corral. As he turned toward them again they saw that he was buckling on his gun belt. "Now come on with it," he raged. "You talk big, standing there with your gun on, to an unarmed man. Come on with your—"

"You make me sick," said Porter. He strode forward, his gun swinging idle against his thigh, and with his right hand slapped Lee Heston's face with such a swinging crack that Heston reeled backward against the fence.

It must be said for Heston that he was neither a coward nor a fool. He shot one glance at Porter's still idle gun;

(Continued on page 52)



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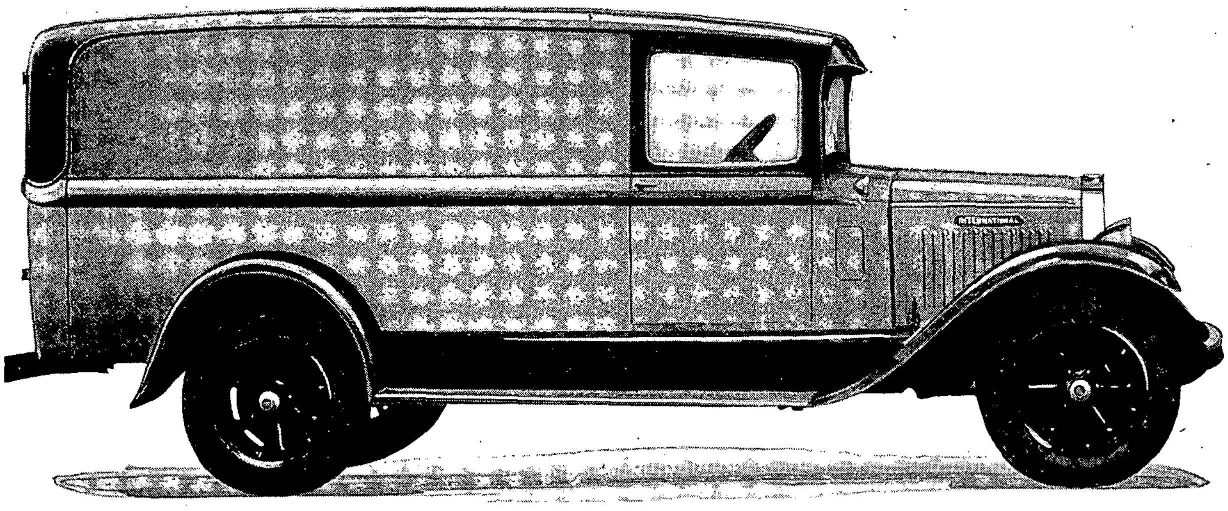

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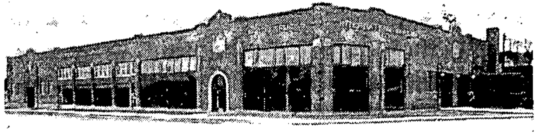

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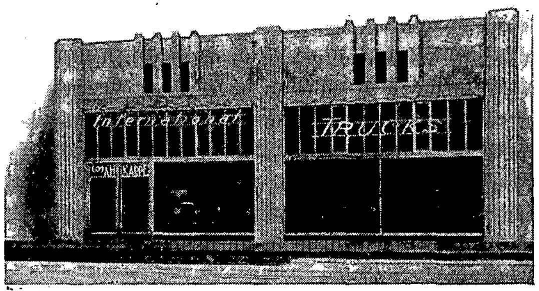

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Saddle Bum

Continued from page 50

then let his own alone, put his hands in front of him, and came on.

Between those two was not enough ring science to fill a glove. They swung long full-armed blows, pouring in punishment with the fury of fighting dogs. Under their trampling boots a fine haze of hoof-ground corral dust rose, thickening the obscurity of the twilight. Jess Alexander and two Circle Slash cowboys came up on the run to offer unheeded cries of advice.

ABRUPTLY, without forecast to the watchers, Lee Heston's rushing attack was brought up as sharply as if he had run into a braced timber, and his whimpered curses were checked in midword. He was thrown reeling backward, and brought up against the pole corral.

Madge Alexander screamed, "Bob, look out!" She had not moved from her seat upon the top rail, nor uttered any sound; but now she was the only one of them who saw Lee Heston's right hand grope and find his displaced gun. Porter, who had turned away, whirled and once more drove in upon his man. He wrenched the bright forty-five from Heston's grip as it came from its leather, and threw the gun into the horse corral. Then as Heston's hands came up once more, Porter brought his right to the jaw in one last knee-lifting jolt. Heston's head snapped back, and his whole weight seemed to lift; he swayed dizzily for an instant, then went down in the dust like a dropped saddle.

"Throw some water over him," said Bob Porter thickly, "and stick him on his horse."

"That was a right interesting brawl," said Jess Alexander. The cowboys were untangling Lee Heston, who was out sufficiently cold.

Porter hunted around for his hat. When he had found it he stood for a moment before Madge Alexander, holding the battered Stetson in his two hands. "I'm sorry to bust loose, this way," he said; "but it was needful, I guess. And I couldn't seem to get hold of him any place but here."

"That's all right," Madge said.

"I'll be drifting along now," he told her. "I'll just say this: everything I said to him was true." He turned away.

Madge Alexander caught her father's eye, and they held each other's gaze in a long, sidelong interchange, without words. "I don't know," Madge said, "but what the boy has got his gumption back."

"I don't know," Jess Alexander agreed conservatively, "but what he does seem more like himself."

Madge slid down from the fence. "Wait a minute! I believe I'll be riding your way, a little piece."

They were silent on their idling horses for a mile, two miles. The afterglow was draining away, leaving behind it a starlit desert night.

"I've got something I want to talk to you about," Bob Porter said.

"I thought maybe you did."

"I arrived back here from my general tour of the cow belt kind of out of guts," he confessed.

"I noticed that," she agreed.

"I was looking for a place where I could set up my own stand. After I found it I meant to come back and get you to throw in with me. I don't know as I ever mentioned that in so many words."

"I don't know as you did," Madge said. "Still, you did kind of leave me with that general impression."

"There isn't any such place as I was looking for," he declared. For a while after I found that out it seemed to me there wasn't any room for a fellow to go ahead with anything any more; and that was the way I was feeling when I got back here."

"Anybody can see that things have changed," Madge said. "Anybody that wants to bet that they haven't, or that they won't—he's sunk, that's all."

"IT'S just lately come to me," Bob said, "that there's one more bet open, yet I'm willing to bet now that times will change again."

"What way, Bob?"

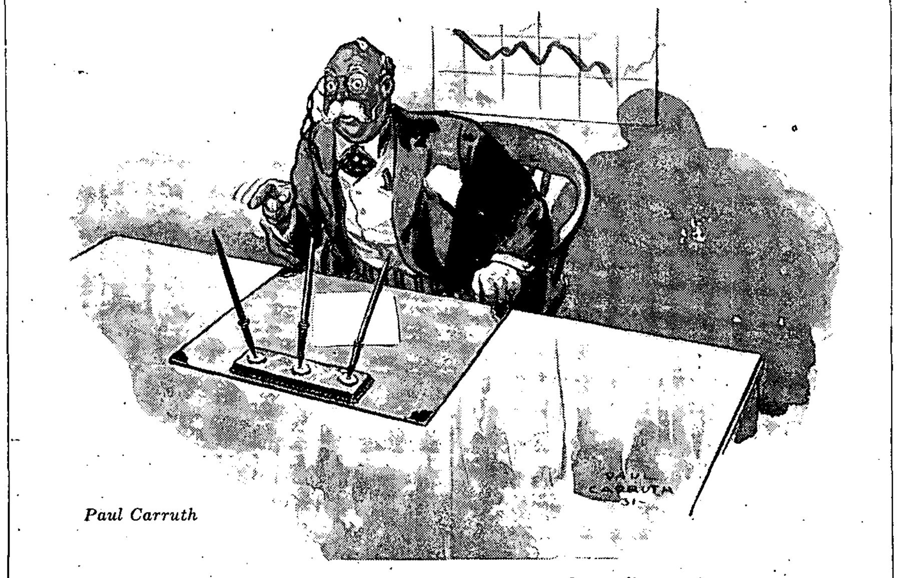
"Madge, bad as conditions are, we've got our hooks in an almighty power of land here. It won't always be public domain. Some day those of us that stick it out will make these ranges our own. And by that time something else will have happened, too: a cow on the hoof is going to be worth some money then!"

"I thought you were going in for sheep."

"Sheep? I'm going to strip this range of sheep. I've put up all I had, and everything I could borrow at the bank, to make first payments on the Double O; and I'll put that range in cows. I don't know how we're ever going to make ends meet long enough to see it through. But somehow we're going to hang on, and keep on hanging on, till that day comes."

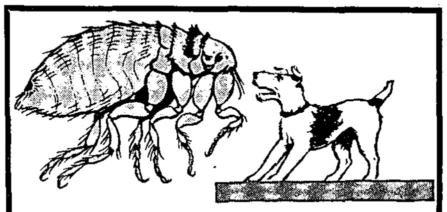
"We?"

"You and me," he told her.



Paul Carruth

"Eeny-meeny-miney-mo, catch a—"



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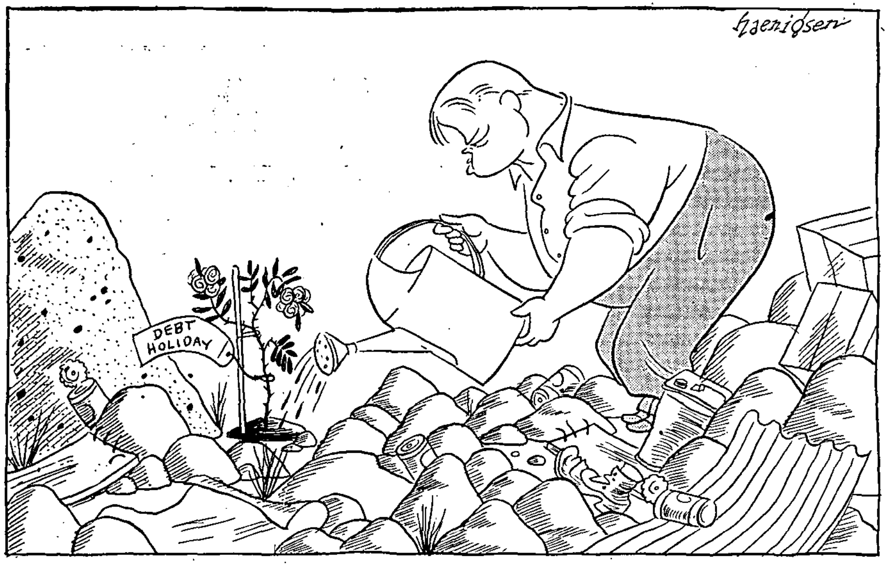


Until Debt do us Part

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S postponement of debts and reparations has changed, for the moment at least, the aspect of the 1932 campaign. The Republicans are hopeful and the Democrats are anxious as the whole world cheers his attempt to stave off the collapse of Germany.

If all the present hopes are realized Mr. Hoover will be a hard man to beat in the next election. But one will hardly know till next year whether the hopes will be realized. And the real political effects of what Mr. Hoover has done cannot be truly estimated until we know from experience whether Mr. Hoover has merely prevented the world economic situation from growing much worse or whether he has started an upward movement which will give this country a considerable swing toward prosperity by next fall. Everything will depend upon the economic situation when the next national campaign is on.

It is possible, however, to say what has been accomplished and to point out some of the factors in the future. He has removed one great source of anxiety. London and New York were full of the gloomiest predictions as to what was likely to happen in Europe.

It came near being said officially here that the German government was about to fall, that the Fascists would succeed to power, that the French would again enter the Ruhr, and that then Germany would go Bolshevik. That is precisely what international financiers were saying. Whether they were unduly apprehensive or not, their state of mind was being reflected in extreme business caution.

A Problem in Psychology

Mr. Hoover is firmly convinced that the depression is largely psychological. Psychologically he has done much to improve future prospects. But this depression seems to have many causes. Whether or not they are material factors—the world-wide system of excessive tariffs, the monetary disturbances in Asia as a result of the loss of purchasing power of silver, the bad distribution of gold, for example—which will hold up recovery, remains to be seen.

If these factors are too obstinate to disappear before an improved psychology, one may foresee difficulties coming to a head in 1932. The year's suspension of debt in reparations payments comes to an end in 1932. If the world has become fairly prosperous meanwhile, they may be resumed at the end of the period named by Mr. Hoover. Or both debts and reparations may be revised downward to a point where there is a reasonable prospect of their continued payment.

If, however, the economic results of the moratorium are disappointing, the question of a further postponement will come up in the midst of the national campaign. It may be an awkward time. Postponement of allied debt payments adds about a quarter of a billion dollars to the American deficit, a sum easily wiped out if incomes swell as a result of recovering business. If they do not, the necessity for increasing taxes will be more pressing. Generosity becomes irksome as the bills come in.

The International View

Moreover if unemployment continues this winter, it will be said cruelly that Mr. Hoover is always ready to do something for Europe but is never willing to come to the help of the jobless people in his own country. This won't be fair, but in politics men do not scruple to be unfair. And the increased deficit, with the unwillingness of both parties to add to the tax burden as a national campaign comes on, will make it impossible for the Federal government to aid exhausted municipal and private charities.

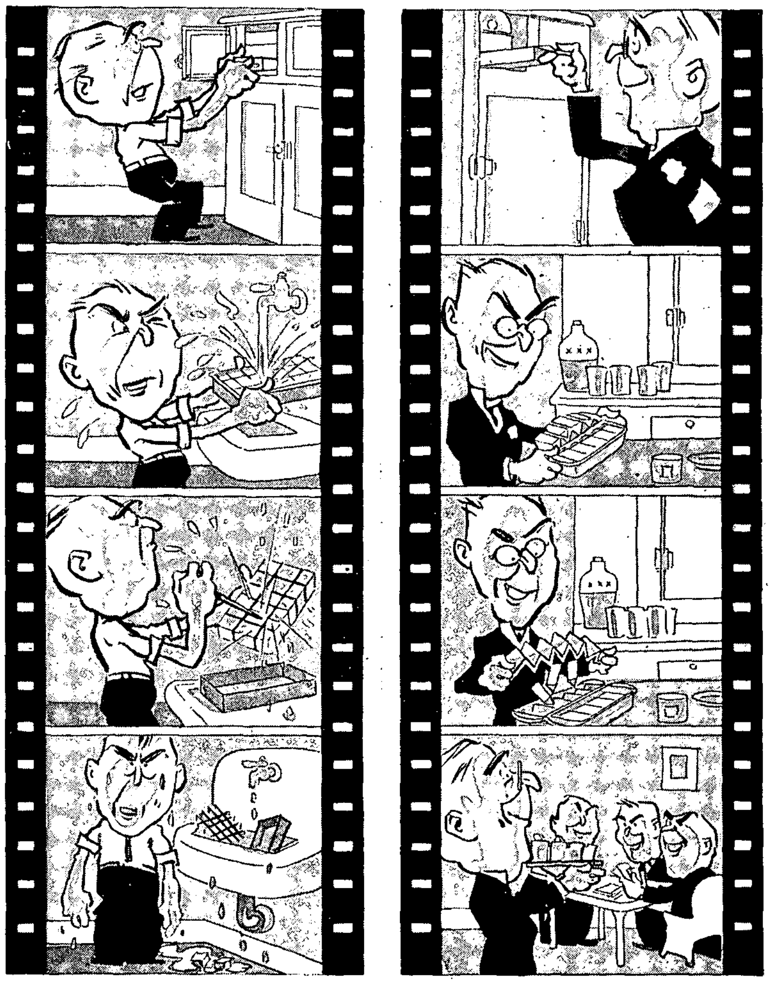
Also, if the economic results in this country prove disappointing, Mr. Hoover's recognition that the causes of the depression are world-wide will direct attention to the tariff as a factor in the depression.

The financial disease has been diagnosed by Mr. Hoover's action as international. Mr. Hoover will, of course, move on to removing other world-wide obstacles to prosperity. Is he ready to recognize the necessity of international reasonableness in tariffs?

Mr. Hoover has gambled his future and the future of his party upon the success of this one throw in restoring prosperity here and in the rest of the world.

Circumstances have to some extent forced him. But still, when all allowance is made for them, what he has done is bold and splendid. If he perceives and follows the logic of his own recognition that the whole world is interdependent, provided that the situation makes this necessary, he will be one of the greatest statesmen and benefactors the world has ever seen. If Mr. Hoover is to be beaten, he will have to be beaten by a man who sees the interdependence of the world more clearly than he does and whose party is less bound by isolationist traditions than Mr. Hoover's is.

MOVIES
of Two Men Getting Ice Out of Their Refrigerators



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ALL-METAL TWIN ICE TRAY

Out Comes the Ice in a Jiffy Without Holding Under Water—Ice in the Newest Shape—BARS—20% to 50% Faster Freezing—Quicker Cooling of your Drinks

Ordinary ice trays are all wet! We mean that literally. And you're all wet after you use them. Why take a shower bath every time you want a piece of ice? Why hold the tray under the faucet and then have to do the same with the grid? Why waste a whole trayful of ice just to get one or two pieces?

The Easy-Out gives you your ice in a new shape—ICE BARS. And you don't need hot water to get them out. The grid comes out of the tray in a jiffy and by twisting the grid, you free the ice bars without water. With the Easy-Out, you can take out one or two ICE BARS and leave the rest in the tray.

Ask your druggist, department store or electric refrigeration dealer for Easy-Outs—or if Easy-Outs have not yet arrived in your city, send us the size of the tray you are using and the make of your refrigerator and we'll send you as many trays as you need. Prices $2 and $2.50 per tray, depending on the size. We'll ship your order C. O. D.—you pay the postman, he'll pay us!

Send in your Order today to the Refrigeration Accessories Dept.

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False Teeth Tight
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your troubles. 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us. We will mail you a box. Send us 60¢ when satisfied.
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DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN Sell the livest line of advertising specialties on the market. New hot Christmas number just out. Quick sales. Big commissions. Write for details.
Oak Specialty Co., 6711 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Gold Bricks by Radio

Continued from page 11

on the air from these small stations. And there is no law to stop them.

Here's how the lottery racket boys are working their new game:

They go to a small town, where there is a small station, and sign a short-time contract to pay the station as high as twenty or twenty-five dollars an hour, for several hours a week. Then they go among the merchants of the less important type and make contracts with them to advertise them over the air. Part of the merchant's duty is to offer either goods or actual cash, as prizes in some form of a lottery. This helps a second-rate merchant to compete with the first-class stores of a community.

A small town can get quite heated up over an enterprise of this sort. Folks tune in for the first minute of the broadcast and stay on until the last prize has been announced. And, as yet, it isn't against the law. The local newspaper would not be permitted, under the law, to make such announcements, either of the lottery or of the winners. But the town radio station, being a very new institution, is under no such handicap.

Therefore, these "games" are spreading by air. As I approached Butte, Montana, on a train, not long ago, the radio in the lounge car blared forth the names of lucky winners of cash in some dance-hall enterprise. Near St. Paul and Minneapolis we heard someone giving away newly hatched chickens and ducks, though we did not catch the station name.

These two gentlemen—the patent-medicine man and the lottery man—were long ago subdued by law and by journalistic ethics in the world of ink and paper. But here they pop up in the ether, as lively and as successful as ever. Just to show how the lottery-racket boys sound on the air and how they are able to make advertising announcements that no local newspaper would dare to publish under the anti-lottery postal laws, here is, in part, a sworn statement of a broadcast in a Southern town secured for the Federal Radio Commission:

Something for Nothing Again

"This is station X X X X. Stand by for the correct time, sponsored by (a local jeweler). Take advantage of the great closing-out sale of (the jeweler). Save money and give fine presents. Saturday night at 9 P. M. they give away a fine ninety-five dollar diamond ring. Free chance with each purchase. Never has there been such a wonderful opportunity. . . ."

Here's another, sworn to as evidence for the Federal Radio Commission:

"Eight-thirty A. M. Station Z Z Z Z, (name of city and state). The Blank Furniture Company, of —— Street, is giving away today, absolutely free, a four-piece bedroom suite of furniture. Come in and find out how and why. You have as much chance as anyone. Announcement will be made Wednesday who wins the suite of furniture."

The record shows that this furniture store was almost swamped by women on the afternoon in question.

The boys who appeared in that little town and sold this idea of raffling furniture to one of the second-rate merchants of the town, later on went to the first-class merchants in various lines, and offered similar gambling advertising to them, which, in the interest of decent business standards, they refused.

But it is not only the patent-medicine man and the lottery game that have been restored to our midst by radio.

The fortune teller, whose operations are forbidden in most of our cities, has pitched a ghostlike but giant fortune teller's tent from the antennæ poles of smaller radio stations and is making money in generous piles by telling fortunes.

A Vicious New Angle

"A couple of young fellows," one government radio official in Washington told me, "who were helped by a girl with a fine voice, got to dashing about the country, from one small station to another, coining money. They would pay from twenty-five to fifty dollars an hour, an extra high rate for a small station.

"They used music—phonograph records—and plenty of their own glib talk to announce, 'Moo-Moo,' With the Second Sight' or whatever they called her.

"'Send her one dollar, care of this station,' they would announce, 'together with any question you want answered! Be sure to give her the exact date of your birth, even to the hour, if possible, and give her a sample of your handwriting. She will answer your question over the air.'

"These boys did so well," this radio official told me, "that finally they made a try and discovered that they could get two dollars for an answer instead of one dollar. They were cleaning up about six hundred dollars a week, on the average small station, at the one-dollar rate, but they jumped to one thousand dollars a week when they charged two dollars."

In one of the amazing new government test stations, to be described later on, a government man caught one of these small fortune-teller programs for me. It had a vicious ring to it, considering the blind confidence with which the victims may have received the ultimatums of the speaker, evidently a young girl. The fortune tellers were only too obviously interfering with human lives, for the sake of putting a thrill into their talk and gaining the confidence of their hearers.

Some comments by the fortune teller ran as follows:

"Don't marry that man. It will mean nothing but trouble. I believe he has a terrible disease."

"Yes. You will marry So-and-So sometime between February 20 and 28th, next year."

"Yes. Ask her to marry you. She will say yes."

"No use of proposing to the girl you mention. She loves a man in a small town in Iowa. You don't know the man. It's her secret."

"Buy the stock you mention. You will make about two thousand dollars on the deal within sixty-five days."

"Stay away from that man. He doesn't intend to marry you. I hope it isn't too late already. Is it?"

"It appears to me that the man you say you love has spent time in a penitentiary. Better look up his past before you go any further."

It's easy to see that this new ethereal fortune teller's stunt is far more seductive than the old tent with the cheap cloth signs flapping on its sides. That was *secret* fortune telling, in the old tent. But this is public fortune telling, with the outside world listening in and being attracted by the very cocksure "infallibility" of the fortune teller.

This radio fortune telling is far more vicious than the old-fashioned kind. And here's why:

A fortune teller does not make his money solely by the small fees which he collects from chance customers. His chief aim is to hook a real sucker and get him or her—and preferably her—completely under control. The money maker among the fortune tellers secures the full, blind confidence of a visitor whenever that is possible; that means the victim becomes a repeat customer and visits the fortune teller again and again for advice. In many cases, as every police department knows, the fortune teller is able to obtain full control of his victim's pocketbook and even of his or her personal, physical welfare.

Playing with Human Lives

The fortune teller does this by secretly securing information about the victim. The fortune teller, working, say in a tent or a room, possesses what he calls a "library." It is made up of city directories from scores of towns and is of course hidden. When he talks to his victim, an assistant, listening behind a curtain, is seeking in the "library" for information about the relatives and family of the visitor. Very often the "library" yields no information.

Perhaps only one time out of a hundred does the assistant secure facts which he passes out through a curtain to the fortune teller. But in this one case the fortune teller is able to stun his visitor with his knowledge. It is such victims that turn their fortunes and their fates over to the fortune teller and become tools in his or her hands.

It is the aim of the fortune teller to keep such a victim in a turmoil of al-

(*Continued on page 56*)

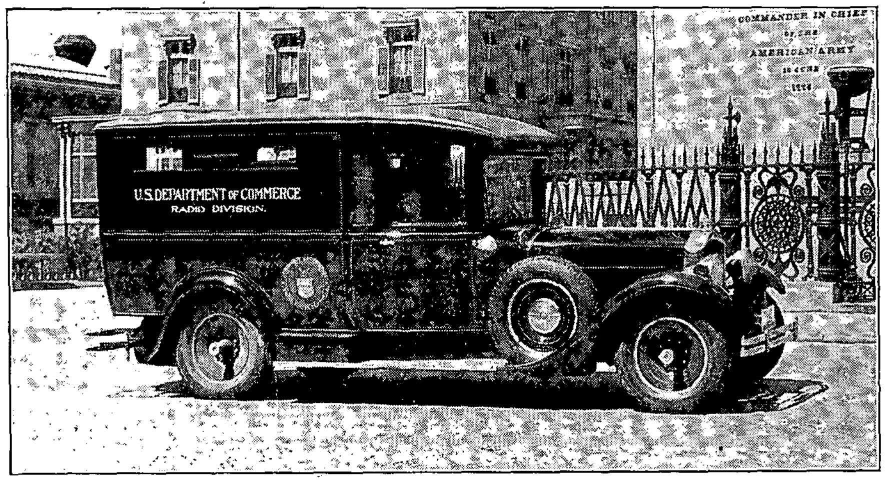


Photo by Harry B. Leopold

One of the specially equipped test cars with which the Federal government keeps track of what's going on in the air

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

"It takes just about two minutes to whisk off my beard with BARBASOL *and leave my face feeling smooth as velvet and fresh as a daisy. If I had a thousand chins, I'd shave them all with* BARBASOL."
—LEW AYRES

LEW AYRES, recently crowned "King of the Movies," Universal star in "All Quiet on the Western Front," who will be seen in his new picture, "Heaven on Earth," a story of the Mississippi.

Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

IF there's one thing that's needless, it's the punishment some men persist in taking from old-fashioned shaving methods.

Throw away your shaving brush; use Barbasol: the modern shaving cream. No brush needed here. There's no lather, no rub-in to irritate. Just spread on Barbasol and shave—that's all.

This cool, smooth cream holds the whiskers erect . . . so your razor can slice 'em off clean and quick. No pull, no scrape.

And here's one thing you've got to hand it to your wife for knowing . . . a cream is easier on the skin than a soap. Barbasol leaves the natural oil in the skin—keeps it soft and smooth. Protects it from wind and sunburn.

Try it next time you start to mow your whiskers. No matter how tough your beard . . . how tender your skin . . . or how often you shave . . . Barbasol will leave your face feeling better than you ever thought it could feel after shaving.

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on evenly between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

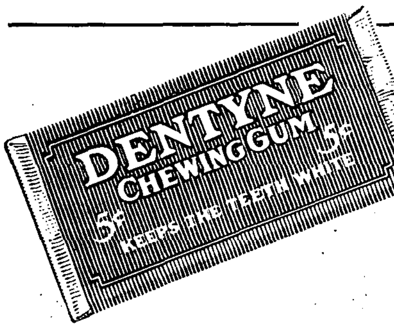
That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 41, Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush No Lather
No Rub-in

Listen to the Barbasol Program—Songs you can't forget—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia Network: Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WOKO

Keeps teeth white



A CHARMING smile wins more friends than a dozen well-meant hand shakes.

And the charm of any smile depends largely on teeth—gleaming white teeth.

So if you treasure your smile, chew delicious Dentyne. It *keeps* teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm, because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. And Dentyne is the finest chewing gum that money can buy.

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

EARN EXTRA CASH!

Both Men and Women Increase Their Incomes!

MISS APPLEGATE of Indiana and Mr. Stratman of Wisconsin are just two of our hundreds of representatives who earn extra money in spare time by looking after the local subscription interests of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. You also, can increase your income by selling us your spare time. For free particulars, *write now!*

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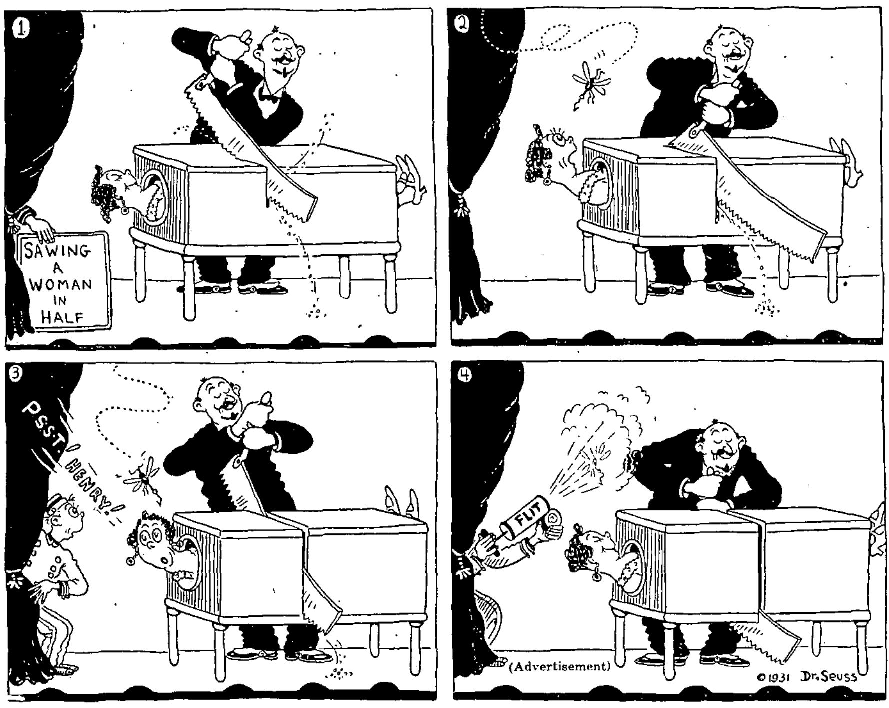


Gold Bricks by Radio

Continued from page 54

ternating terror and gratitude. The fortune teller will foresee terrible things that are to happen. And then he will take money, very often in the form of monthly payments, to prevent the happening.

There is the recent case of Mrs. Sarah Koestner, in Chicago. She was happily married, with two young sons. She fell into the clutches of an unknown fortune teller and came to trust this man or this woman blindly.

The Inevitable Tragedy

This fortune teller "rigged up" troubles, from time to time, for the woman and, presumably, "saved" her from them for a payment. Finally this person told the woman:

"Your husband will leave you soon, and your older boy will go blind."

How much money the fortune teller demanded to "save" her from this double tragedy is not known. But, evidently, the woman could not raise the sum. Wherefore she decided to take fate into her own hands and change the plans of Destiny as they had been described to her by the fortune teller. She sat down and wrote this letter to her husband:

"Dear Louis. I do not want to stand in the way of you folks. May God bless them. Take care of the children very good. Have Harold's eyes tested twice a year. He might catch cold if he sits on the wet ground. Have Edward's tonsils removed and he will be all right. Be good to the children and they will be all right. SARAH."

Next, to fool Providence, she went to the Saranac Hotel and jumped from a window on the ninth floor.

"She was always happy until she began going to that fortune teller," her husband told the police.

The fortune teller, in this case, did not operate on the radio, so far as is known. Whatever trick he first played to obtain the confidence of the woman must have been done, with some degree of difficulty and sleight of hand, right before her eyes.

The radio fortune teller works with more ease. A victim writes him a letter containing questions to be answered over the radio and encloses one, two or three dollars, as the fee may be. The fortune teller has days or perhaps even weeks in which to "look up" the private affairs of his victim. The answer which he carefully prepares and finally sends out over the air is "loaded." It may seem a very simple one to the air audience, but it is calculated in its adroit wording either to astonish or utterly dismay the victim, so that he or she will seek the fortune teller privately and ask further questions. That's the beginning of mental and often physical misery for the believer in fortune telling.

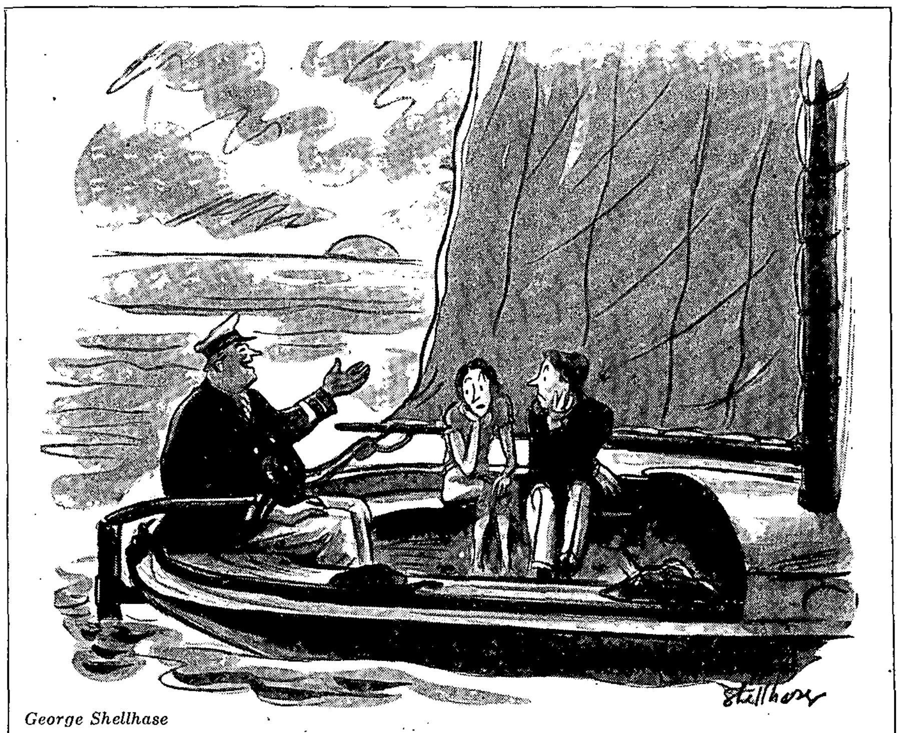
Fortune telling, banned in hundreds of cities by state law or city ordinances, reaches everywhere by radio. Radio enhances its viciousness a thousandfold. In the air it is uncontrolled by police of any sort.

One reason for the outburst of questionable enterprises on the air, in recent days, is the comparatively small cost of setting up a broadcasting station. That's one reason why we have the present day "ether rush." It's cheaper to start a small broadcasting station than to start a small newspaper. And the newspaper is held down by laws and also by journalistic ethics that do not affect the broadcaster in any way.

The Outlaws of the Air

Up to now the only punishment that the Federal Radio Commission—or anyone else in the government, for that matter—has been able to hand out to the violators of decency in the ether is a refusal to renew the broadcasting permit of a station.

One man in a Western state, called "The Wildcat," filled the air with his hatreds, animosities and prejudices, liberally emphasized by oaths and obscenities, for several months before the station permit required renewal. "The Wildcat" went permanently off the air, in that district, at least, before the renewal was granted. That was the extent of his punishment and the punishment of the station itself. But he may bob up again, somewhere, at one of the smaller stations, sometime, after paying the station a fee of perhaps $10 an hour.



George Shellhase

"Well, folks, the wind seems to have gone to its little beddie with the sinking sun!"

One doctor, in Kansas, created a famous case by advertising to renew youth by the use of animal glands. He had all Kansas listening and when the newspapers began to attack him, he ran for governor, over his radio station, and secured several hundred thousand votes. His station was finally put off the air.

In every one of these cases the complaint came from the public. If the public in each community had not raised a tumult over outrageous air performances, Washington would not have heard of them.

Policing the ether is an extremely difficult task, but the news of this article is that the Federal government, through the Department of Commerce and the Federal Radio Commission, has begun to do this. As you sit and listen to the program in your home you may be pretty sure that somewhere, perhaps a thousand miles away, a Federal man is also listening in—at least for a moment or two now and then—to see what's going on.

Uncle Sam, Radio Cop

Perhaps the most amazing radio station in the world is now being operated by the Department of Commerce at Grand Island, Nebraska. That prairie spot is as close to the geographical center of the United States as it could be conveniently located.

It is not intended as a sending station. Its massive apparatus does nothing but receive broadcasts.

"What stations can you get at Grand Island?" I asked a Federal man.

"Every station in the world," he said. "And that's what the station was built to do."

No matter, Mr. Radio Fan, what station you're listening to, this great so-called "Constant Frequency Monitoring Station" of your Uncle Sam may also be listening in.

It is constantly measuring stations to see whether they are sticking closely to their channels and are not using too much power.

Sticking to your channel is a very easy and simple thing. One of the Federal radio men handed me a little metal box about the size of a fat cigarette case. "That's what keeps 'em in their frequency ranges," he said. "There's a piece of crystal or quartz in that little box. The radio waves must pass through that before they go out onto the air. That crystal has been tested so that, at a certain temperature, it passes out waves at just the proper frequency. It's heated by electricity. A thermometer is hooked onto it.

"When we find a station is off its frequency, someone says, 'That station ought to cook its crystal a little more.' That means heat it up a little bit more. Or, 'They ought to put a little ice water on their glass.' That means it's too hot. After we've sent a message in dignified language to the effect that the crystal heat is not right we'll watch our instruments and within a few seconds we'll see the station get back into its right channel. It makes you feel like a witch to watch those needles swing back into their proper places."

But the one big station can't do all the detective work.

Twelve substations are situated throughout the country to aid it.

Night and day men in these substations are measuring the channels and the power of the stations in their district.

I, as an ordinary radio fan, saw a piece of magic in the "monitoring station" at Baltimore one night not long ago.

A young man, operating ten times more dials than you ever saw on a receiving set—for he was fixed to catch both high and low waves—listened for a moment to a distant station, glanced at a dancing electrical needle on a dial, made some calculations with a lead pencil; looked at a book, and then, amid the blare of the music, announced the name of the station—Minneapolis and St. Paul. Within five minutes we heard the announcer give the name of the station; the Federal man had calculated faultlessly.

It was ten o'clock on a rainy night in Baltimore when we set out in the test car. I was made proud by the announcement that I was the first private citizen to be admitted to one of these mysterious cars. Truth to tell, it had been almost as difficult to get into this car as it had been to get to the front as a correspondent in the Great War.

"And now," said the chief, "we'll see how much field strength the local stations are using." He explained that stations were allowed to send out their waves only so far, to cover only so much territory.

He caught the music of a great Baltimore station, in a huge building not many blocks distant.

A needle on an illuminated glass dial began to waver. He turned another knob. It began to waver in another direction. With pencil and paper he worked out some sort of an elaborate calculation.

"Forty-one millivolts," he finally announced to his assistant. "Look at the log book, please." The log book showed what the millivoltage ought to be.

The assistant opened a book, its pages filled with notations in ink.

"Forty-one and one tenth," he said, as if he were correcting an error.

"Where was that reading made?" he asked.

"Near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station."

"Well, that accounts for the decimal point one difference," said the chief. "Let's go over to the Baltimore and Ohio station." That was about half a mile distant, but nearer the radio station.

Again at that spot the chief took five or six minutes to work with his needle and his pen and paper.

Triumphantly he handed the sheet to his assistant at last.

"Right," said the young man. "Forty-one, decimal point one, millivolts. They're keeping inside their field strength, O. K."

Some Needed Legislation

"Can we keep the ether decent and free of roguery?"

I put this question to an official of the Federal Radio Commission.

"We can't do it alone," he said. "There are now almost fourteen million radio sets in operation and over 600 stations. We can't catch all the violations of decency and ethics. As a matter of fact we have a big job keeping all the stations in their proper channels and seeing that no one gets out of the assigned channel. That's more a traffic cop's job than anything else. Up to now, no one has made us crime hunters.

"We'd like fair complaints from the public. We'll investigate every one of them. We can't entertain controversial matters about religious stations, but every complaint about profanity, misleading advertising, gambling or cheating in any form will be trailed down either by the Grand Island station, one of the twelve substations, or, if necessary, by a test car."

"And what's more," he added, "I know that the Federal Radio Commission and the Department of Commerce hopes that the next Congress will pass laws to keep rogues and crooks out of the air."

Learn the TRUTH about modern laundry service

How Science safeguards your clothes; studies of washday methods constantly being conducted ↗ ↗

In the laundry "test pieces" are constantly being sent through to check up on the quality of work. Often these pieces receive as many as 20 launderings in one week—an entire year's service in the average home.

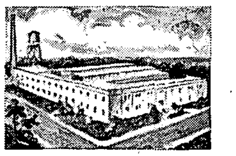
Below—Mrs. Martha Lang, Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering, showing visitors a test towel, fresh and serviceable after scores of washings.

SCIENTIFIC research now enables the laundry to safeguard your clothes as never before. Gentler, yet more efficient washing through the *multiple-suds method*, developed at the American Institute of Laundering, is now offered by the present-day laundries that follow its recommendations.

Thousands of women have told us their washday requirements, thus helping the scientists constantly engaged in perfecting laundry methods. Step by step the industry has gained new standards of excellence. And in so doing, public confidence has been won . . . and held!

Now 8 million women "let the Laundry do it." And steadily, year by year, the number of new customers grows. To make laundry service still finer, studies of washday methods are being conducted, week after week, in laundries throughout the land. Your weekly washing is as well done as Science can make it. Phone a present-day laundry now, and judge for yourself! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

Let the LAUNDRY do it!



The Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Ill.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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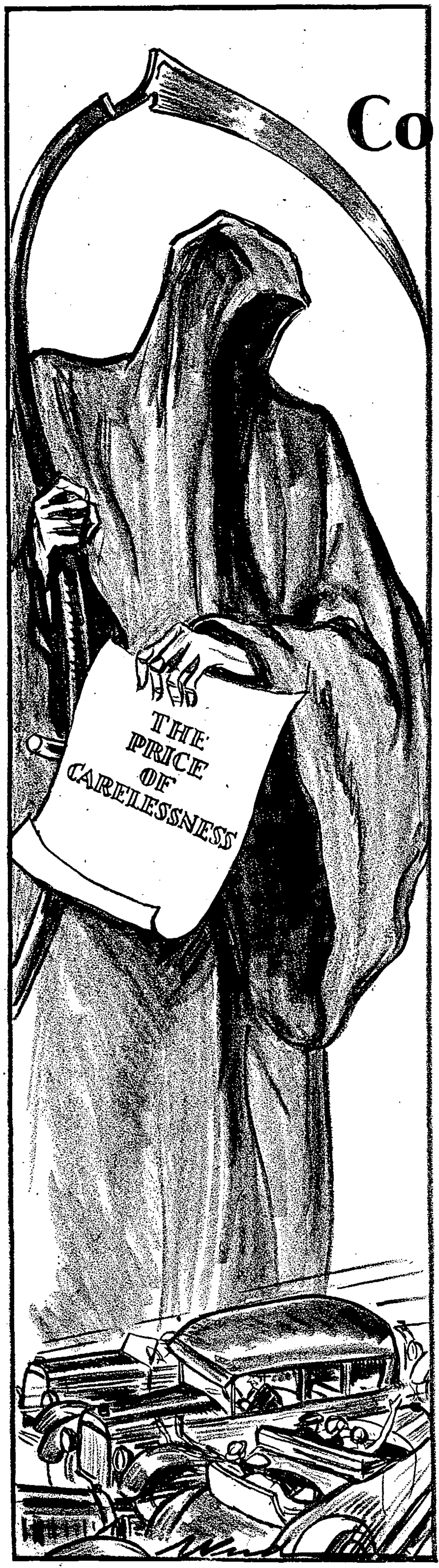
Courtesy of the Road



IF IT were necessary to kill 33,000 people a year and to injure approximately 1,000,000 in order to use motor cars, we should doubtless continue to use them regardless of the tragic loss.

As it is, we go on killing, maiming and incurring losses of hundreds of millions of dollars through property damage because somehow we have come to think that road accidents are inevitable in our motor age.

Any intelligent examination of the facts assures us, however, that most of this tremendous loss is unnecessary and avoidable. Wherever reasonable efforts have been made to protect life and property, notable success has been achieved.

For example, the number of children killed in motor-vehicle accidents is declining in many sections of the country. The decline is notable where safety is emphasized in the schools and especially where school patrols have been established.

The most important contribution to safety now possible is the exercise of consideration by the individual driver.

We have assumed in this country that practically everyone who could find the money to purchase a motor car was fit to be allowed to run it on the public highway. This assumption may have been an error. Possibly the time will come when the privilege of operating a motor car will be rigidly restricted. Not everybody is allowed to run locomotives, airplanes or even stationary engines. If the loss in life and in property becomes too heavy, unquestionably licenses to drive will be issued only after much more searching examinations than now obtain anywhere.

Meanwhile, we can best protect ourselves and others who are using the roads by the exercise of consideration and courtesy.

It is a curious fact that men and women who are courteous and considerate in other relationships seem to be suddenly transformed for the worse once they grasp the steering wheel of a motor car.

Many a man who would never think of pushing or shoving while walking along a crowded street does not hesitate to rush along a highway disregarding utterly the rights of pedestrians as well as of other motorists.

Somehow the fact that he is guiding a ton and a half or two tons of steel in rapid motion appears to convince him that it is unnecessary to pay any attention to anyone else.

No greater blunder could be made. Wherever in similar conditions men are entrusted with heavy vehicles the most elaborate rules of consideration have been developed. Ship captains, before they are allowed to operate a boat, must learn the rules of the sea and must steer a course which takes into account the intentions as well as the rights of other users of the waterways. Not so upon the motor roads. There the rule of the survival of the fittest or of the most reckless too often governs.

We need more road courtesy. Not everybody may be capable of decent behavior on a motor highway but most of us are able to exercise far more consideration for the rights of others as well as for our own safety than we are accustomed to show.

Wilfully improper driving is tremendously widespread. More than half a million accidents, which killed 33,000 people and injured a million more, were recorded last year. Speeding, driving on the wrong side of the road, passing on the wrong side, passing on a curve or hill, cutting out of line and similar stupid violations of traffic laws and road courtesy were responsible for this loss.

It has been suggested that safe drivers report to the public authorities cases of reckless driving, such as passing a red light, whether or not an accident actually resulted.

There are disadvantages to such a plan but some stimulus is needed to bring about better driving. Certain states, among them Massachusetts, which has been a leader in traffic regulation, are already enforcing more strictly the laws against improper driving.

The Massachusetts state police arrested one third more motorists the first six months of this year than in 1930.

Speed too fast for conditions, failure to slow down before intersections, passing another car while the view was obstructed and driving while under the influence of alcohol were the offenses charged. Those who commit such violations ought to be arrested and punished drastically.

The sense and consideration which govern other relations between decent people are, however, the best recourse. The exercise of courtesy on the road can do more to safeguard motor traffic than can the severity of police and magistrates.

We have tried nearly everything else. Why not try courtesy? It will make the use of the motor car a much safer and more pleasant occupation.

So delicious . . . so wholesome . . . you keep on repeating

Dill's Best

SINCE 1848

is America's Best

DILL'S BEST TOBACCO
TRADE MARK
DILL'S BEST
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MILD - COOL - FRAGRANT
D, VA., U.S.A
NO STEMS IN DILL'S – ONLY THE FLAVOR-FULL BLADES OF THE LEAF ARE USED

J. G. DILL COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consider your Adam's Apple!!★

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

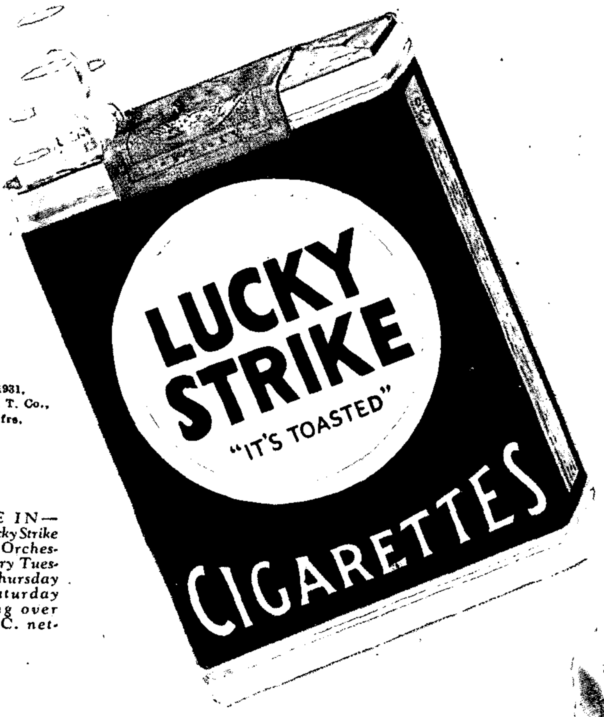
"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Place your finger on your Adam's Apple. You are actually touching your larynx — this is your voice box — it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat — your vocal chords.

What is the effect of modern Ultra Violet Rays upon tobacco? Dr. E. E. Free, one of America's well-known scientists, who was retained by us to study Lucky Strike's manufacturing process, addressing the Illuminating Engineering Society, said:

> *"The essential effect of the Ultra Violet is the production of better tobacco and of cigarettes regarded by virtually all smokers who have tested them as milder and with a lesser tendency to cause throat irritation."*

Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette that employs Ultra Violet Rays in connection with its exclusive "TOASTING" Process — the only cigarette that brings you the benefits of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos.



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LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

Estelle Skinner
NEW YORK, N. Y.